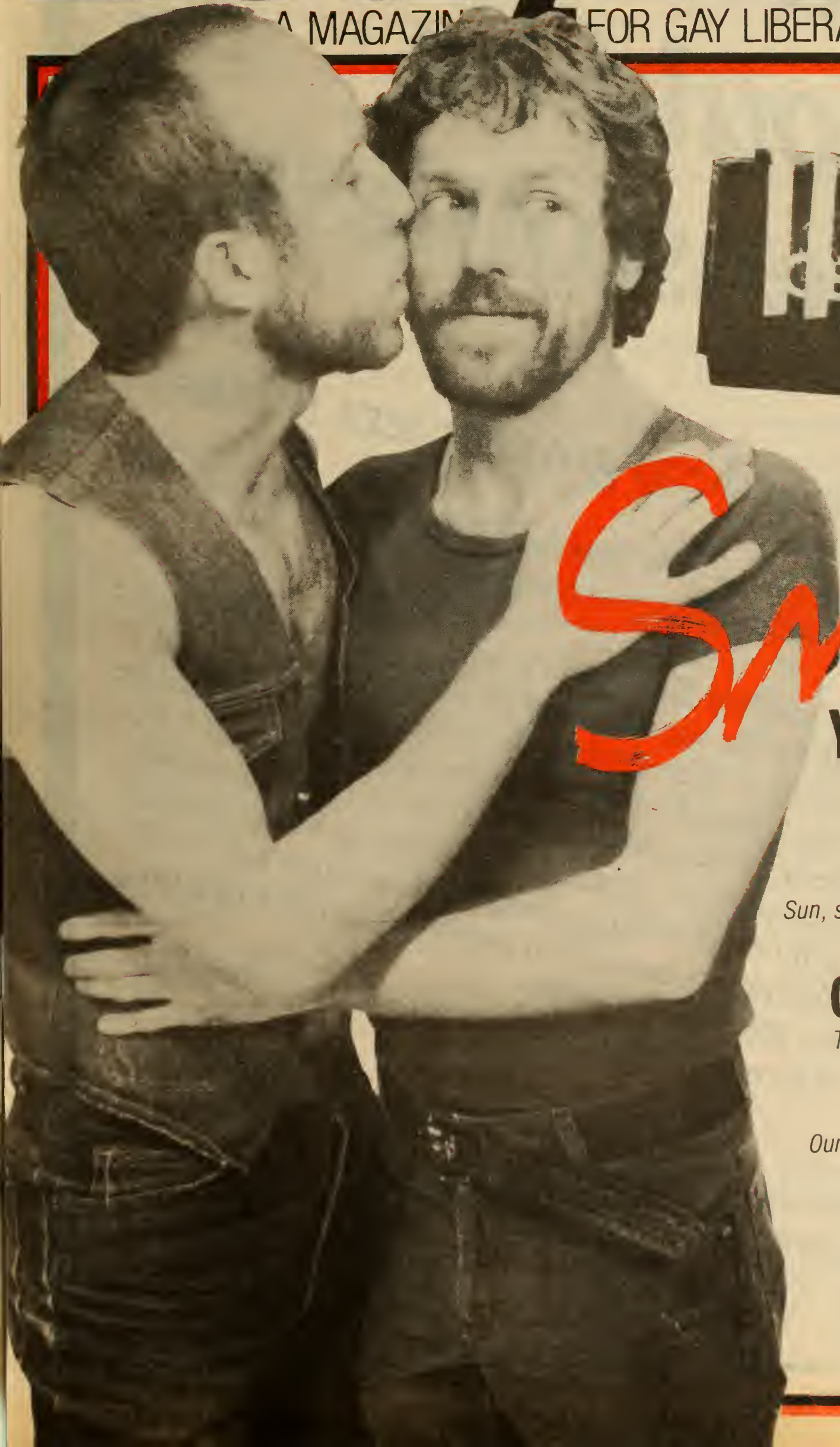


WHY SEWELL AND HISLOP LOST: A FOUR-PAGE ELECTION ANALYSIS. P 9

Body Politic

A MAGAZINE FOR GAY LIBERATION



Smile!

YOU'RE ON TV!

Or are you? The CBC's new homo-docudrama may not be about homosexuality at all. p 28

GAY IN COLOMBIA

Sun, sex, and the stirrings of gay consciousness — Tim McCaskell reports from South America

CHRISTMAS AT THE BATHS

Trading sentiment for steam on The Back Page

FLICKS AND OPERA

Our Image reviews Lulu, Otello and Festival films

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THE NYLONS
AND MORE**

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Education has to have DIMENSION

This Issue

Number 69 / December 1980/January 1981

Body Politic

A MAGAZINE FOR GAY LIBERATION

"The liberation of homosexuals can only be the work of homosexuals themselves."
— Kurt Hiller, 1921 —

The Collective

John Allec, Christine Bearchell, Rick Bébout, Leo Casey, Gerald Hannon, Ed Jackson, Stephen MacDonald, Tim McCaskell, Ken Popert, Roger Spalding, Paul Trollope, Robert Trow, Alexander Wilson

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Tim McCaskell, Leo Casey

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Andy Fabo, Martha Fleming, Steve Johnson, Jon Kaplan, James Tennyson

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Note: This is our winter double issue. The next TBP will be dated February 1981.

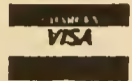
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Albanian mentalities

To the Body Polituro:

Forgive me for being just a trifle annoyed that the ogre of Correct Politics has broken my whimsy on the wheel of ideology.

In the last *TBP*, a letter of mine was printed — or rather, misprinted — in which I attempted to introduce a note of humour into what is all too often a stupefyingly uplifting paper. My little message protested the abduction of some gnomes in Peterborough. As it would be presumptuous of me, a mere homo (sapiens), to speak with the voice of a gnome, I signed my letter as "Scarborough Spokeshuman" of the Gnome Liberation Front. Some censorious addle-minded cretin cavalierly changed this — without informing me — to "Scarborough Spokesperson." Spokesperson is not a word, at least not in my vocabulary. It is Newspeak.

The censorship of my language eliminated a tiny point I and my letter were endeavoring to make — a small satire on the stupid little ideologies of the day that lead sophomoric musicians to steal garden ornaments from old ladies and sanctimonious apprentice editors to trim everyone's utterances to fit their own humourless Albanian mentalities.

Stop it, do you hear? Stop it this minute. And do not censor me again, or you will be bidding farewell to yet another scribbler fed up with suffering your witless indignities.

Ian Young
Scarborough, Ont.

The apprentice editor replies:
The offending alteration occurred neither through the intervention of our committee of red-eyed revolutionaries nor by the grace of our panel of fatties and fems, whose censorious gaze is, in any event, confined to the classifieds. It came about because of the inattention of an overworked typesetter, who asks to remain nameless lest he bring down upon himself the Wrath of Scarberia.

Local talent snubbed

Lana Turner Has Collapsed!, Sky Gilbert's play about the life, times, and relationships of gay author Frank O'Hara, has closed. This closing is due in no small part to a conscious action taken by *The Body Politic*.

TBP reviewed the play and apparently wrote a glowing report of its merit — and then, at the last minute, did not print the review owing to a lack of space in the last issue. Because it's hard enough getting publicity for an openly gay work, *Lana Turner Has Collapsed!* found itself at the mercy of Toronto's straight press. Without the essential coverage in *TBP*, few gays found out about the play and this production folded.

This is not an isolated incident by any means. Michael Ridler, a painter who has earned two showings in the past six months, has been ignored by *TBP*, although he has requested, invited, encouraged reviewers to critique his work.

I think what must happen is that *The Body Politic* decide who their audience is and what the mandate of the paper is.

If *TBP* is a publication for those outside Toronto, then perhaps this unstated policy of snubbing local artists makes sense. But if *TBP* is to be bought and sold in this city, then it had best overturn its consistent practice of overlooking local talent.

Lana Turner Has Collapsed! has closed here, but I personally hope it gets a showing in New York or San Francisco. Somehow I feel American eyes will marvel at this happy, original play — and Mr Gilbert will be celebrated for what he is: a truly gifted, audacious craftsman.

Burke Campbell
Toronto

Our Image responds:

Yes, of course we should have reviewed *Lana Turner Has Collapsed!* and the last issue would have been the ideal time to do so. Our decision not to run a review was by no means an intentional snub of local works, but rather a result of mechanical problems. It was based on commitments to copy that had been commissioned months in advance. Given the problems a monthly publication has in running current reviews of local productions, we have not seen it as possible nor actually as our role to scramble to cover works as they are being produced. This is a problem of labour, space and organization. The last is one we are trying to overcome.

TBP as a whole recognizes the need to provide the Toronto gay community with information on upcoming cultural events, and is in fact planning a new Toronto section which will focus on such matters, to begin appearing in the spring of 1981.

More on Whitman

I want to make these additions and corrections to my article on Walt Whitman, "The Lover of his Fellows and the Hot Little Prophets," (*TBP*, October).

Whitman saw the black-gowned priests everywhere in eastern Quebec, not eastern Ontario.

Bucke's sending Ed Wilkins from the Asylum to Camden in 1888 was anticipated reciprocally five years earlier when Whitman sent his "darling boy" Harry Stafford to work in the Asylum during the winter of 1883-84. Harry greatly missed Walt, writing him, "Your boy is away among strangers and a good long letter from his dear friend will do him good."

Unhappy while at the Asylum (whose rules were "absurdly strict and of a military form"), Harry nevertheless managed to read Haeckel and Darwin there!

Finally, Whitman's Canadian sojourn lasted closer to four months than to three. He remained in London until the end of September, and on September 28 was in "Niagara Falls America" where, as a true tourist to the Falls, he wrote many postcards to friends in many places — including one to Edward Carpenter in Brighton.

Dr Bucke accompanied him to Niagara. In the light of Bucke's insistent questioning during Whitman's visit as

**"After reading Mr Waugh's critique,
I felt just like someone must feel after being
bitten by a venomous snake."
— Le Groupe Sortir**

to why he never married, it is interesting to note that Peter Doyle, whom Whitman had seen only infrequently since leaving Washington seven years earlier, came up from Washington to meet him in Niagara Falls and accompany him back east.

But before making that trip, Walt and Pete spent a short time together in the nation's honeymoon capital. As Whitman later wrote to Thomas Nicholson, one of the young attendants in the Asylum to whom he took a fancy, "We stopped a day & a night at Niagara & had a first rate time."

I am not sure (as of today, 15 October 1980) whether Bucke stayed in the Falls with Whitman and Doyle, or whether he accompanied them on the train back to New York and Philadelphia.

Was this the first time the future editor of the *Calamus* letters met their recipient?

Michael Lynch
Toronto

Snakebite

At last! I thought you would never mention it. After all, the *Semaine du Cinéma Gai* was held in Montreal and not in Toronto. But there it was, two full pages in the September issue of *TBP*. Better late than never, I thought. But after reading Mr Waugh's critique, I felt just like someone must feel after being bitten by a venomous snake. Mr Waugh's little piece of "cherchez la bête noire" is erroneous and deserves correction.

You first said that the *Semaine* was unrepresentative of the entire gay community. We must point out that this event was never intended to be a gay and lesbian film festival. Good lesbian films were simply not readily available and we had decided to present a male-oriented programme which was accurately reflected in our advertising.

As a commercial enterprise, *Le Groupe Sortir* bears no responsibility to please everyone, but still, we did consult and open ourselves to the gay community in the organization of this event. In *Attitude* magazine (April issue) and on *Productions 88* (gay TV here in Montreal), the *Semaine* was presented, discussed and feedback was invited. Members of the gay community were also invited to an advance screening of one of the feature films, *Race d'Ep*. This screening was well attended by representatives from ADGQ, *Le Berdache*, *Productions 88* (represented by a lesbian) and people from Radio-Canada.

In his article, Mr Waugh refers to "token coverage by the press." The only token coverage this event received was from *TBP*. Prior to and during the *Semaine*, the Montreal media gave the most extensive coverage a gay event has received in many years. Newspapers, radio, television, press agencies (CP, AFP) all ran articles or pieces on the *Semaine*. For the first time *La Presse* ran an article using the word "gai" instead of "homosexuel." Only *TBP*, who were sent a press kit in advance, failed in promoting the *Semaine*.

As for the film *Word is Out*, although it is certainly a very good film, a two-hour documentary in English has limited drawing power in Montreal, as we found out. After two disastrous screenings, especially the last one, when there were less than 50 people in a 650-seat auditorium, it was decided to cancel the film and replace it with other films more popular with our audience. At the scheduled third performance of *Word is Out*, all five people who showed up were refunded their money.

Misinformation aside, our main complaint with Mr Waugh is the wall of bad faith and scepticism he has thrown up which is all too typical of the gay political press. Certainly, there were mistakes made in the organization of the *Semaine du Cinéma Gai*. But remember, this was the first time this event was presented. What is missing from Mr Waugh's critique is a little recognition of the promise of gay cultural events that take gay people out of the bars (for a while at least) and provide an alternative so badly needed by the gay community. We find the attitude of Mr Waugh does more harm than good to the gay community.

Le Groupe Sortir
Montreal

Tom Waugh replies:

It is an important milestone in any critic's career to be compared to a venomous snake, but I am afraid that I do not qualify for this honour. Sortir failed to notice that the overwhelming tone of the Body Politic coverage was positive: two full pages, almost 4,000 words, five photos, and detailed sympathetic appreciations of four films. Describing the Semaine as a "major event," "without precedent," and a "feast," I congratulated the organizers for their "coup" of importing "four major new French films" and predicted an important result, namely improved gay access to our films. The treatments of individual films included such sceptical wording as "hit," "a prototype for the gay cinema," "a fine model...that lesbians and gays would do well to explore further," "encouraging," and "a beautiful," "aesthetically pleasing and touching," "sumptuous feast."

I also offered some sympathetic and constructive suggestions for future Semaines — concerning programming, the scope and diversity of film selection and commercial status. A recommendation cut by TBP had to do with possible subsidies.

My remarks about press coverage were equally supportive. Sortir are kidding themselves if they think the straight press was any better than indifferent in the best of cases. In the worst case, the virtual boycott of the Semaine by Montreal's largest paper, The Gazette, this alone was the deciding factor in the commercial failure of the Semaine, in my opinion, and certainly in the disappointing turnout for Word and other English-language films. (My complaint about this to The Gazette was of course never published and the reference to it in TBP was cut.) As for La Presse, this most influential French-language paper regularly devotes the

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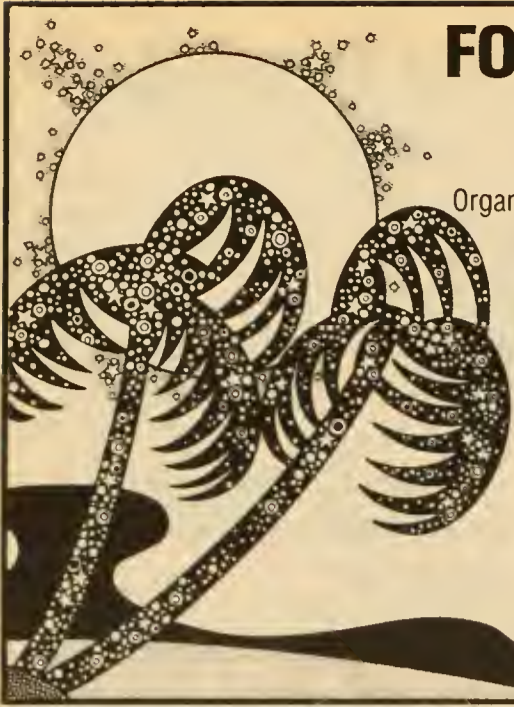
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"A critic who provided Sortir with the raves they seem to think constitute criticism would be worthy of the title of venomous snake."

— Tom Waugh

front page of its entertainment section and huge photos to the slightest cultural twitch, including homophobic convulsions like a recent stage production of *La Cage aux Folles*; their reserved, routine, photoless coverage of the *Semaine* was buried deep, deep, deep.... This is no cause for celebration, *Sortir*; it's called homophobia.

So what are *Sortir* complaining about? Perhaps they're right about TBP's Torontocentricity — I've made the same complaint. But, as Montreal critic, I accept no responsibility for whatever decision or deadlines prevented the free advance publicity *Sortir* was expecting. It is true, however, that TBP Montreal critics were not invited to the advance screening that *Sortir* seems to feel constitutes community consultation. And while we're on the subject, neither were two major gay groups who have worked most visibly in film and the cultural struggle over the years (both groups include lesbians, by the way), nor were a good number of gay militants who work prominently in the area of film. Furthermore, Toronto readers should note that the major organ of the gay community here, *Le Berdache*, is missing from *Sortir*'s "list" of two "media" that announced the *Semaine* in advance, one of which consists of a compilation of bar ads.... This is not only a refusal of the principle of consultation (despite your fine achievement of luring a lesbian to see your advance screening of *Race d'Ep*, a "century of homosexual images" which included not a single lesbian image), it is also a refusal of community expertise and resources which would have greatly aided the *Semaine*.

I won't dwell on my major criticism of the *Semaine* pertaining to its exclusion of lesbians, since *Sortir*'s letter vividly validates the criticism. I will just make two points:

Lesbian films are available: Last month's gay film series within a larger independent festival here is a case in point — fully five lesbian films were included, more than one-third of the titles, including a French feature and a subtitled American film. Donna Gray, an American lesbian filmmaker — fluent in French, incidentally — was among the guests of the festival. *Sortir* has no excuse: as I mentioned in another paragraph cut by TBP, "similar past festivals in New York, Washington DC, San Francisco, London, Paris, Kingston (Ontario!) and Montreal (1977) have all had their flaws, but every one managed to do much better than this one in combatting the oppression and invisibility of lesbians on the screen" (as does the ongoing Toronto series, by all appearances). The tricky issue of French-language availability is also not a justification for gross negligence — Montreal movie-goers and festival organizers have long since learned to overcome this obstacle in several concrete ways.

My second point is more general. It's surely a basic principle of our movement that gay male institutions (economic, cultural, social) should share their superior resources and power with the lesbian community. In explicitly rejecting this principle, *Sortir* allies itself

with the *Rush* and *Honcho* hawkers and the *Mafia* discos. Cultural products, our images of ourselves, are not commodities like liquid incense. At a time of growing attacks against us by the media, the police and the judges, and growing attempts to divide us, an exclusively "male-oriented" cultural event of the scope, outlay and influence of the *Semaine* is inexcusable and unacceptable.

A critic who provided *Sortir* with the raves they seem to think constitute criticism and who failed to question *Sortir*'s phallogocentrism, as well as their assumption that "commercial enterprise" can provide an "alternative" serving the gay community, would indeed be worthy of the title of venomous snake.

Feminist take-over

There have been many groups which have attempted to co-opt the gay movement in order to use it for their own ends. None have been so successful as the feminists — and at least nineteen examples could be given of their success — but sometimes in the darkness there is a light which shines. Such a light was Brian Mossop's "Gay Men's Feminist Mistake" (*TBP*, October), reinforced by the enduring truth of the Kurt Hiller quote on the *Body Politic* masthead.

Walter J Phillips
New York

Brian Mossop replies:
Since lesbians are part and parcel of our movement, feminism can hardly be seen as an outside force trying to take us over. My article simply said that feminism is not a basis for organizing gay men.

Cheers



Anonymous
Toronto

The Body Politic welcomes your letters. Send them to us at: Letters, *TBP*, Box 7289, Station A, Toronto, ON M5W 1X9. Letters selected for publication may be edited for length. Submissions intended for our Taking Issue column should be marked as such, and should not exceed 1,000 words in length.

by Dan Healey

Spiteful bunk, divisive nonsense

As I sit down to write this in a university pub, my ears perk up when I hear the conversation at the next table. Some young men are listening to one of their group telling a joke about fags; later they discuss the idea of going to see the "fags' parade" at the St Charles Tavern on Halloween. I give their ringleader a good, angry stare and he notices it: the subject changes to mid-term exams.

I have just finished reading the November *TBP* Letters, and I am angry with the last four contributors. An hysterical Stephen Foster of Florida says he can't stand gay feminists, gay communists, gays "who think that they are hermaphrodites" and the political orientation of any homo north of Disneyworld. Cate Lazarov of North Bay lashes out against gays who don't like straights and against gays who like disco music. John Yorke of Toronto inveighs against neighbours who won't greet him in the street. And Jim Loveless, of Topeka, Kansas, saves his snide commentary for radical fairies and their "sarong-styled dresses."

Now, I'm not usually one to get all het up about letters in *TBP*, but this month I'm hopping mad. After reading these four in quick succession, why shouldn't I feel personally persecuted? I'm a clone (I come from a distinguished line of clones), I'm "political" about being gay and I even like some of "feminism's sacred cows." In spite of my conscience, I often enjoy gay bars more than meetings for gay rights; I'm homophobic and love to lampoon the foibles of heterosuburbanality; and I think that those radical fairies may be on to something pretty neat. I'm also all in favour of being friendly to gays I don't know on the street, but some days I just don't have the time or the chutzpah.

By now it should be apparent that each of the four letters I mentioned earlier contains at least one idea I don't care for. So what?

So this: it's disturbing to see so much invective being traded by people who share a common oppression. If we hate each other so much, is it any wonder that the rest of the world has trouble learning to respect us? How can we hope to end the oppression of homosexuals if we gleefully take part in it ourselves? From the four letters I have cited the message is clear: attacks on personal "styles" are all the rage. The result is a sickening display of self-oppression.

Stephen Foster would rather lie down with Anita Bryant than learn to understand "the sort of gay/lesbian 'brothers and sisters' " who produce gay newspapers. Foster is so afraid of radicals that he claims to have separated himself from them *geographically* by moving to Florida! The sad thought is that Foster cannot extricate himself from radicalism and still be a gay man in North America in 1980. The very act of coming out to oneself (not to mention being so bold as to send letters to the editor) is an act of revolt against society: a *radical* act.

Those who make the personal choice to accept their gayness owe a debt to feminism, for it was the feminists who showed us how our patriarchal society subverts our right to choose our own lives. Those who choose to speak to so-

ciety about their homosexuality, to become "political," again owe a debt to feminism and to other radical thought for showing us that when we question society's authority over our *selves*, we challenge its authority over everyone. Foster is afraid of the radical within himself. He projects his fear on others and unwittingly becomes a bigot.

Cate Lazarov's well-meaning letter, in which she bemoans the dearth of gays who are willing to cooperate in their own liberation, also attacks gays for their personal "styles." Again we read a litany of homophile foibles which displease the author: "'attractive' 25-year-olds" only interested in companionship, "anti-heterosexual propaganda," "our disco closets." Lazarov is so annoyed at having to carry the burden of liberation on her own (chipped) shoulders that she has become "tired of our own people." She declares that we are our own worst enemies, that we ourselves hinder gay liberation. Lazarov misdirects her anger in a self-oppressive fashion. Instead of directing it at the heterosexual society which forces us into the closet, she takes aim at homosexuals who still haven't come out. Society thinks we are flighty creatures incapable of serious behaviour, and Lazarov still believes this myth. Why else would she be so harsh with the people she means to help?

With Jim Loveless's letter the silly debate between the clones and the radical fairies drags on. At one time this debate honestly questioned and appraised differing values, but now all you hear are cheap attacks on the lifestyle of the "enemy." Consider Loveless's characterization of the anti-clone: "the 'fairies' who could only 'come out' in the mountains have returned to their economy apartments (only clones own homes in the Loveless world), slipped into their dresses with the peace of mind that they are disease-free from clonedom. BUNK!" Bunk indeed. This is nothing but self-oppressive, spiteful nonsense.

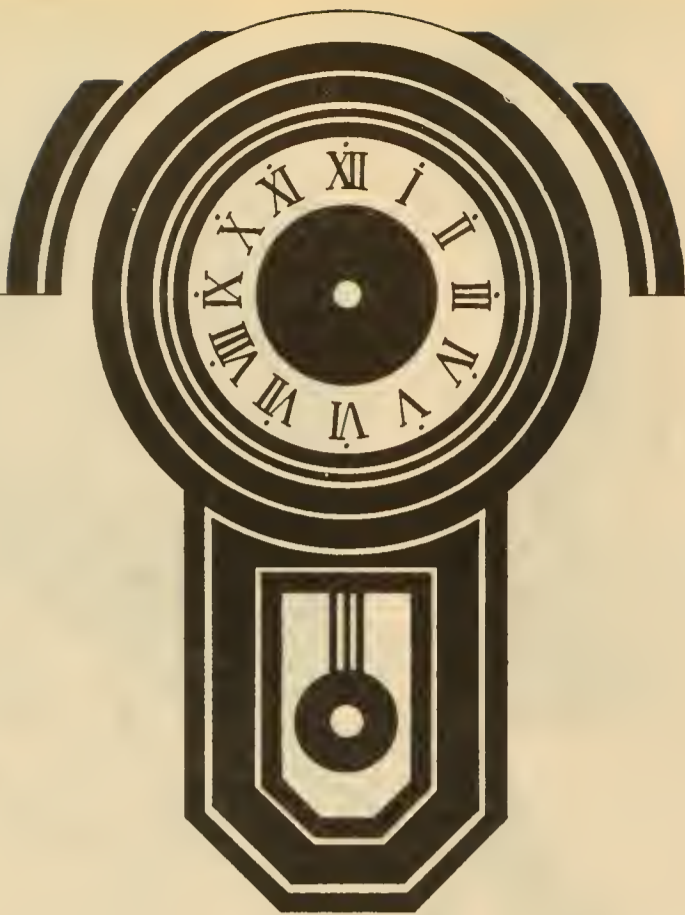
And it's the spite which bothers me. These people don't offer criticism, they go for the jugular. They accuse each other of insanity, irresponsible "disco" closetry, political indifference, reckless consumerism, rudeness in the street, and even hermaphroditism. These four letter-writers are ready to dismiss other gay people with amazing alacrity just because they wrap themselves in sarongs or look for "attractive 25-year-olds" to keep them company. It seems that hundreds of us can be brushed aside at the stroke of a pen, all for such petty differences. And yet we expect heterosexuals to respect us for the big difference we all share!

Those hets in the campus pub probably don't worry much about the difference between macho clones and radical fairies. And I doubt whether they could ever conceive of a "disco closet." I am pretty certain, though, that they have firm ideas about fags. Their notions are full of fear and hatred, and they make me uncomfortable. And angry.

Wouldn't it be better if we could harness some of our divisive anger and use it against the people we all oppose? Wouldn't we be healthier for it?

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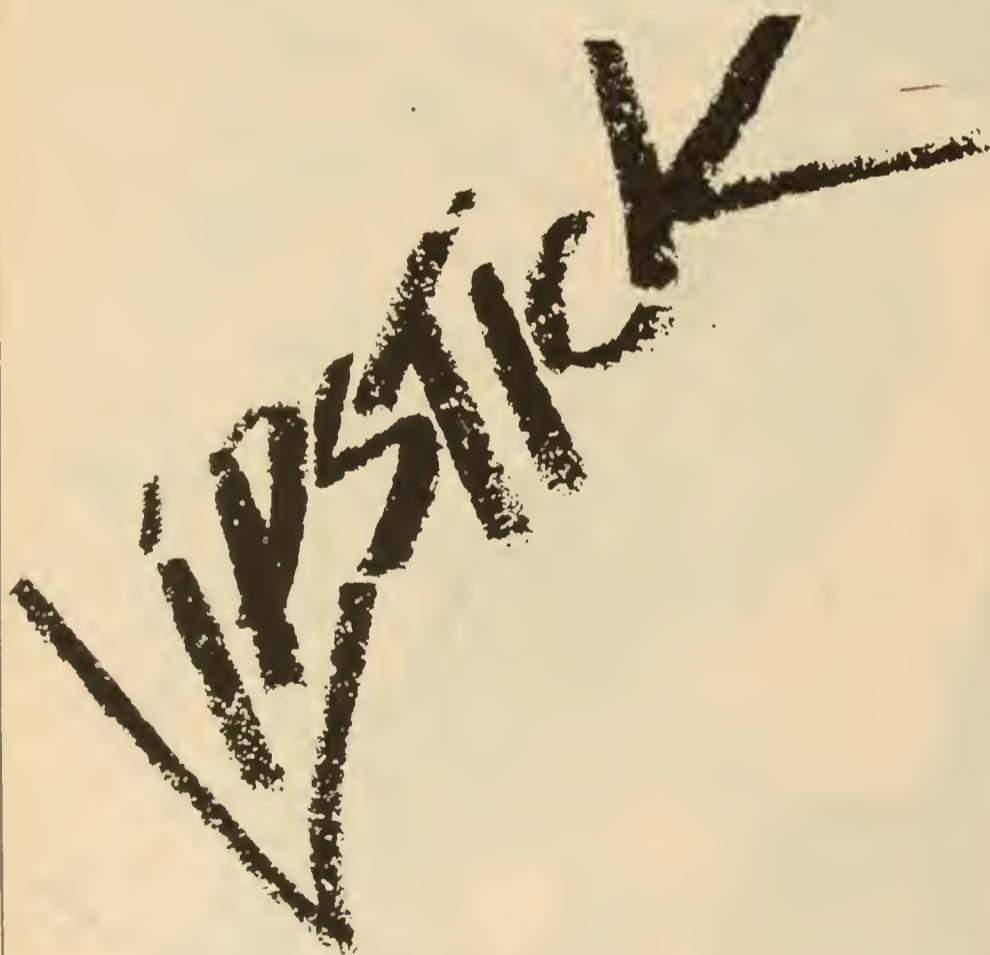


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Losing and learning

We lost. John Sewell lost. George Hislop lost.

For the last two months gay people found themselves at the centre of municipal politics in Toronto. Our image, so carefully crafted by the media and the Right, became the spectre of "gay power at city hall."

That spectre vanished with the first light of dawn November 11.

How serious was the defeat? How much of it was attributable to homophobia?

At first glance, the effects of the outcome of November 10 are depressing. John Sewell, the first Toronto mayor to dare accept as a principle that all minorities have rights, lost his bid for re-election. His voice at city hall will be missed — and not just by our community. The homophobes and the racists in the police force and elsewhere will face much less opposition than they have for the last two years.

George Hislop, who many feared — or hoped — would be swept into a Metro Council seat by a massive outpouring of gay voters, came in a respectable third. If the Conservatives at Queen's Park were at all worried about how "gay power" might upset their plans to refuse once again to include sexual orientation in the Human Rights Code, they must be now heaving a sigh of relief.

But the experience was not an entirely negative one. Sewell, who won in a three-way split in 1978, saw his popular support increase by more than 13,000 votes. In every ward in the city, he did better than in his last election. That happened despite the fact that the issues in 1980 were posed far more radically than they were two years ago. Just fewer than half of those who voted were not willing to be stampeded by big-business manipulation and Right-Wing hysteria.

George Hislop made a respectable showing. His campaign brought into political action hundreds of gay people who had never before been involved in politics. Canvassing, organizing, thinking about strategy and tactics — that's a big step forward from the apathy and cynicism that have all too often characterized our community.

Hislop also talked to thousands of straights during the campaign — his creditable image and Ward 6 Community Organization backing put bigotry on the defensive. For an openly gay candidate even to have *run* for public office, and to have been backed by a progressive straight organization, shows how far we have come in ten years.

The campaign should also teach us some lessons and point out some of our weaknesses.

First, we never really knew how many gay people lived in Ward 6. Our own speculations, magnified a thousand-fold by the media architects of the gay-power myth, lulled us into complacency. Ironically, both Hislop and Sewell seemed to take a large gay vote for granted and concentrated their energy on other issues and other communities. We must now recognize that either far more of our community lives outside the city core than we had estimated, or that those who do live in Ward 6 are not as gay-identified and politicized as we had imagined. That realization should have a profound effect on our future strategy.

Second, it is time that progressives, the gay community, and gay members of the New Democratic Party took a long hard look at the NDP. Its failure to co-operate with the W6CO was an important factor in the Hislop defeat. The failure of the NDP to work with Sewell in several crucial wards may have meant the difference between victory and defeat for the mayor. And, in spite of its formally pro-gay stance, the NDP in its literature and public profile seemed all too ready to ignore "the gay issue" — to leave that burden for others to carry.

Finally, it seems that we still lack the language to talk about homosexuality in a political way. Hislop says he encountered very little homophobia when canvassing. But it seems that perhaps people were simply too polite to discuss what was, to them, a personal and even embarrassing issue.

Although Sewell's own stand was fairly clear, his campaign organization saw the gay issue as nothing but trouble and wanted only to bury it. Yet it was *the* question that everyone was asking — *the* question that most desperately needed answers. And in the absence of answers, homophobia held sway.

The elections were an important test of strength. Not unexpectedly, conservatism is still stronger than its opponents in Toronto. The coalition that backed Sewell has a lot of work to do in the next two years. Especially the gay community. We will remain objects of public curiosity and fear — the Right will see to that. Homophobia must be confronted head-on if we are to build an alliance strong enough to establish a progressive city government. □

The candidate who happened to be gay happened to lose, and so did the pro-gay mayor. But not by much. An analysis of the Toronto civic elections by Ed Jackson

CLOSE, BUT NOT ENOUGH

Nathan Phillips Square was darkening into night. As I hurried across its concrete expanse to City Hall, the clock tower of the nearby Old City Hall began to boom out the hour. Eight o'clock.

Today was November 10, and the polls had just closed on another Toronto municipal election — the first in the city's history in which the gay community had played a central and visible role. In a few hours we were to know whether the voters had elected the city's first openly gay alderman and had continued their support for its most progressive and gay-positive mayor.

The huge circular foyer of City Hall was a crazy forest of cables, wires, lights, cameras, newsdesk sets and bustling technicians. All the local radio and TV stations had set up operations at city hall to cover the election returns as they flowed in on computer terminals dotted about the floor.

Expectations were high. At 8:01 an over-confident CBC Television had declared John Sewell mayor of Toronto for another two years. But the expectations were soon dashed as returns began to trickle in. The first reports from Ward 6, where George Hislop was running as the "candidate who, among other things, happened to be gay," came from the business polls. Art Eggleton, the accountant contender for mayor, and Gordon Chong, the conservative newcomer to the aldermanic race, were ahead.

Fuller returns never really changed that initial picture. Chong and Dan Heap, the NDP incumbent, maintained healthy leads in Ward 6. Hislop was never to get beyond third place. For a while it was a cliffhanger in the Sewell/Eggleton race, with the popular vote percentages leapfrogging over each other minute by minute. By 10:00 however, Eggleton had widened his lead; by 10:30 it was decided.

Art Eggleton, the nondescript alderman who had used a pricey TV advertising campaign to construct his image, was the new mayor of Toronto. John Sewell had been defeated by just over 2000 votes. The final count gave Eggleton 88,953 votes and Sewell 86,919. Gordon Chong led the polls in Ward 6 with 9,640 votes, while Dan Heap remained as junior alderman with 9,344 votes. George Hislop had lost his first bid for a seat on city council, but came a creditable third with 7,386 votes.

Beyond Ward 6, Toronto voters indicated that they wanted city council to take a clear although not overwhelming shift to the Right. In addition to a more conservative mayor, the voters elected only nine Left-leaning aldermen to the 23-member body, now dominated by the 13 moderate and Right-Wing aldermen.

In the suburban races, Mayor Gus Harris of Scarborough was returned by a landslide despite efforts by fundamentalists to defeat him because he had spoken at a gay rights rally.

The Toronto Board of Education has also taken a turn to the Right, and the controversy over establishing a liaison with the gay/lesbian community is being cited as a significant factor in this shift. Two progressive trustees were defeated. One of them, Frank Nagle, says that his defeat was "95% due to anti-gay controversy." He is angry that the issue came up when it did. "It did a lot more harm than good for the Toronto school system," he says. He is convinced that moderate, and NDP-identified trustees who were returned to office will now "not want to touch the gay issue again."

The new 26-member board has ten trustees who are identified as progressives. The old board, by some counts, had thirteen.

On election night at the Eggleton victory party in a former topless bar on Richmond Street, the returns made the small crowd of supporters, mostly well dressed and 40ish, jubilant beyond their wildest expectations. Many had not thought Eggleton could win.

At one point the large-screen colour TV flashed to an interview at the Hislop party where an angry gay man was blaming the Hislop and Sewell defeat on the anti-gay literature distributed during the gay campaign. Eggleton's supporters loudly booed this explanation and suddenly one person yelled "The faggots lost," and another cried "A bas les gais." In a gesture somehow symbolic of the entire election campaign and its treatment of the gay issue, others in the room quickly shushed the offenders, pained at this blunder into overt bigotry before the inquisitive eyes of the media.

John Sewell conceded defeat to 200

glum supporters at a community hall festively decorated for a victory party. "Don't give up on the city," he urged them, and defended his stands on "good and valid issues." The stern-faced mayor wandered through the crowd, consoling his saddened workers. Characteristically, he turned discussion away from his own defeat and speculated on the impact of the new conservative city council. He worried to a *TBP* reporter that it might mean more difficulty for the gay community. Pressed by one reporter to explain his defeat, he first laughed and then replied, simply, "We didn't have enough votes."

Ironically, the location of the Sewell party-turned-wake was the Chinese Community Centre on Cecil Street, once the offices and short-lived community centre of the early 70s gay group, the Community Homophile Association of Toronto. George Hislop had been the group's first and only president.

Dentist Gordon Chong, a newcomer to city politics, came from relative obscurity to take the Metro Council seat in Ward 6 — to everyone's astonishment, including his own. "Winning the top spot was a surprise to me," he later admitted. The campaign of veteran NDP alderman Dan Heap tried a variety of tactics to secure the Metro seat and, although this failed, Heap's support in the ward remained solid. There was never any doubt that he would win. Arriving at the union hall celebration on his three-speed bicycle, the unpretentious Anglican priest and former factory worker joined the party faithful in cheering NDP wins in other wards. One observer told me later that the cele-

brants appeared much more upset that Chong was winning than that Hislop was losing.

At the St Lawrence Market North, in what was to have been the victory party to end all victory parties, Hislop supporters, mostly gay, stood around in small groups, still not fully comprehending the defeat. Finally, Hislop made his entrance in a jostling crowd of TV cameras and microphones.

Amidst applause and cries of "George! George!" and "Next time!", Hislop told the emotional crowd of 200: "The amount of love that has been shown toward me and towards the people who have worked in the campaign and towards our community in Ward 6 has vastly outweighed the hate we have seen demonstrated."

He was referring to the volume of hate literature distributed throughout the city in the weeks preceding election day, literature from groups with names like the League Against Homosexuals, Renaissance International and Positive Parents (see box for details).

"There is a serious gap in Canada's Criminal Code," Hislop said, "and it needs to be amended to include lesbians and gay men under the persons protected against such literature." He questioned the legality of Renaissance International's charitable status, flaunted in a tax deduction registration number which appeared in the previous day's two-page spread in the *Sunday Sun* calling for a defeat of candidates supporting gay rights. "It is a political movement masquerading as a religious organization," he charged.

Hislop continued in a graceful concession speech to congratulate his oppo-

George Hislop concedes: "It was the first time. Somebody had to put his toe in the pond." "Next time!" shouted supporters.



TIME OUT FOR SEWELL & SPARROW

For some ten years now, the City of Toronto has been cruising John Sewell.

To a city half out of love with the numbing security of politicians who portray themselves as downhome-hickish or business-bland, Sewell is a challenging figure, at once frightening and seductive. His gangly form, all arms and legs, the glasses ever perched at the end of his angular nose, the leather jacket and blue jeans — these have become the symbols of his exotic approach to politics: going to the people rather than the media, preferring issues to personalities, taking stands instead of shelter. Sewell represents the city which Toronto yearns to become, but fears to be.

He first came to public attention as a frontline foe of the developers who still hold parts of Toronto to ransom. His first crusade — to save the neighbourhood known as Trefann Court — gave him a base, as alderman for Ward 7.

In 1978, perhaps hoping that enough power would finally corrupt him and expose eagerly awaited feet of clay, Toronto put John Sewell in the mayor's chair. But the cynics were disappointed, for he quickly became the most hated, the most loved and the most effective mayor the city can remember.

Sewell is perhaps best known to the gay community as the first politician to stand up for gay rights both before and after being elected. He has taken as much flak over the police issue as he has over gay rights. And it is here, in the arena where defence of minorities and human rights are often sadly absent, that John Sewell showed himself to be a man of principle, not just rhetoric.

Also departing is alderman Allan Sparrow, the first politician to take seriously gay demands for an end to the Halloween hatefest. In 1979, he was roughed up while accompanying a gay self-defence patrol. More recently, Sparrow called the press conference that embarrassed the police into providing adequate law enforcement, for the first time, this year.

Sparrow says he ended up on City Council almost by accident. In 1974, the first candidate ever to be nominated by the W6CO backed out, Sparrow stepped into the gap and, to just about everyone's surprise, won. This indifference to the attractions of power and his faithful adherence to the W6CO programme have kept him "as blunt and forceful as I can be on political issues of importance to my constituents," he says.

One of those issues has been police reform, a costly interest for Sparrow. In 1975, he had a first-hand experience of Metro police methods. He says he was arbitrarily picked up (not arrested) and harassed by two officers investigating a robbery. The police contradicted some of Sparrow's claims. He said they were lying. The officers sued him for libel. The two cops ended up with what is known as "contemptuous damages" — in this case, an award of \$2. But, Sparrow was stuck with \$40,000 in court costs.

What's he going to do now? Well, write science fiction. And try to pay off some of those court costs. □



Sewell (above) and Sparrow: Sticking to their guns on some important principles.

nents and to thank dedicated workers in the campaign. As he spoke, Ron Shearer, Hislop's lover for 22 years, stood beside him, a consoling hand on his shoulder.

In perhaps the most touching moment of the evening, Hislop paid special tribute to Sue Sparrow, whom he once called his "tiny perfect campaign manager." As warm applause enveloped her, the steely calm and quiet confidence which had inspired campaign workers for weeks finally deserted Sparrow. She sobbed convulsively on Hislop's shoulder while nearby workers watched, stricken with the disappointment of the occasion.

But the tears and the mourning were short-lived. Next day, we all began to look at the returns more closely. Slowly, it began to dawn: we had lost, yes, but this was no resounding defeat. In fact, there was much to feel good about.

John Sewell, despite two years of taking uncompromising stands on a number of difficult issues, had increased his popular vote substantially, to 47%, up from the 39% he won in 1978.

"I got 87,000 votes," observed Sewell himself. "That's a lot of votes for someone taking such tough positions." It was an increase of 13,000 votes over the last race. In 1978, Sewell was running against two conservative candi-

dates, whose combined strength would have trounced him. This time, however, it was a two-way fight and, although he still lost in areas outside the downtown core, he picked up votes in every one of the eleven wards.

Although it became a commentator's catch phrase to say that "voters were tired of confrontation politics," the final result seemed to show that the city was rather evenly divided in its reaction to Sewell's style and policies. And, of course, it's always easier to sell a reassuring, don't-rock-the-boat approach. Art Eggleton and his image-maker, film producer Bill Marshall, picked it as the gimmick to win. As Ontario premier

Bill Davis has remarked, "Bland works." He ought to know.

One columnist said that this was a municipal election that turned into a referendum on tolerance. If this is true, then it was a referendum which was only narrowly defeated. The hard-core bigot vote, as indicated by the 3,466 votes that went to fundamentalist Christian mayoral candidate Anne McBride, represented about 2% of voters. Votes that went to Eggleton over the gay issue would tend more to represent the worried, the uneasy, the fearful, those who might pay intellectual lip service to equality but couldn't handle the realities of an increased gay presence in the city.

Toronto under Art Eggleton will probably not be immediately or noticeably worse for gay people. His predictable caution and silence on this and other issues, however, will have a chilling effect on the process of change. The police expect to feel more comfortable with Eggleton in office, and this could result in increased harassment of gays and other minorities.

Toronto has a weak mayoral system of government. John Sewell's unique contribution was his use of the limited powers of the mayor's office to concentrate attention on issues that he perceived could not be solved by other methods. Eggleton will never use this approach. More significant, however, is that Eggleton's compatibility with a more conservative city council and with Metro Chairman Paul Godfrey, the Tory party's unelected power broker in the city, will help to encourage business interests over social services and minority rights.

In Ward 6, George Hislop's 7,348 votes are significant because they represent two kinds of people: gays politicized to the extent that they will vote for a gay voice at city hall, and non-gays who are not frightened by a candidate's gayness and have sufficient trust in his abilities to represent other interests in the ward as well. It is now much more difficult to claim that being openly gay is a political albatross.

"It was the first time," said Hislop. "Someone had to put his toe in the pond, so I did it and a big crab got me." I cannot see that bite as any more than a flesh wound that will soon heal. Changing the political consciousness of both the gay community and the wider voting public is no short-term project to be achieved by a couple of months of media attention-grabbing.

It's heartening that Hislop got as many votes as he did. The question is: why didn't he get more?

"I was very worried about complacency," says Hislop. "The belief that we were a shoo-in really harmed me." Hislop was given a high public profile by the media early on in the campaign and things seemed to be going deceptively well. It seemed inevitable, so inevitable that many people did not bother getting out to vote. Hislop reports a common reaction from people after the election: "I didn't vote because I didn't think it was necessary. I'm really sorry. I will next time."

The closet bigots seem to have been another significant factor. These were the people who smiled politely at Hislop canvassers at the door, but harboured too many reservations to vote for him. Bigot may be too strong a word; misinformed and fearful may be more accurate. They did not have the language or the understanding to discuss sexuality easily.

A fundamental problem in the election, in fact, was the failure to define

Continued next page

AND ON YOUR RIGHT...

Renaissance International, the League Against Homosexuals, the Nationalist Party, Positive Parents, the Ku Klux Klan, mayoral candidates, aldermanic candidates, school trustee candidates — one after the other they tumbled out of the woodwork. And out of the churches. They were the groups and individuals — opposed to homosexuality in general and to gay people in schools and city halls in particular — who responded to the municipal election in Toronto.

Some acted as lobby groups to defeat pro-homosexual aldermen, trustees and mayors. Others ran directly as candidates on an anti-homosexual platform. Some made homosexuality their major issue. Others merely added it to their repertoire of ultra-conservative stands because it seemed to be what was getting all the attention. Some groups distributed flyers that would have been classified as hate literature if they had been directed against any other minority group. Others couched their opposition in the rhetoric of righteousness; still others employed a hodgepodge of distorting "facts" and statistics. Some pretended to be speaking out of love. Others made no effort to conceal their hatred.

It was the most concerted hate campaign this city's gay community has ever experienced.

The opposition has two main sources: Christian fundamentalists becoming involved in politics on the one hand, and, on the other, Right-Wing groups who have resurfaced to play on the old chords of fear, bigotry and resentment. So far, few direct links have been found between the Christian Right and the fascist Right, but they are generally united in being anti-communist, pro-family, racist and anti-gay.

Fundamentalists like Renaissance International, probably the best funded of

these groups, avoid overtly racist comments, but the emergence of the Klan in Toronto guarantees that racism has a virulent voice. The appearance of the Klan has focused new attention on the Right and the few familiar faces who reappear at each election as candidates for groups like the Western Guard or the Nationalist Party.

Their policies are primarily anti-communist and white supremacist, but their new focus on homosexuality is not surprising, given their concern with the purity of the race, their idealizing of the family, their opposition to non-reproductive sexuality, and their search for easy scapegoats.

Overall, in the 1980 Toronto municipal election, opposition to homosexuality was exploited in some way for votes by three Christian organizations, three Right-Wing groups, three mayoral candidates (one fundamentalist, one KKK, the other our next mayor), the police, at least four aldermanic candidates, one Christian school trustee who won, at least six other trustees who won again, four who lost, and the Salvation Army.

And the most astounding thing about all this has been the almost total absence of protest from responsible voices in the city. Of course, the League Against Homosexuals and its little pamphlet got criticized, but its very viciousness helped condemn it. Even the fundamentalists thought it "not tactful."

The established churches and the enfeebled Ontario Human Rights Commission say nothing. The politicians — in all parties — are silent as well. They do at least condemn the KKK — but with the demonstrable legacy of violence and murder attached to that organization, it hardly takes courage to speak out against it. In any case, it isn't acceptable to be racist in public life, but it's not so clear that it's unacceptable to be anti-gay. Especially if votes are concerned. □



Karl von Goetz



Alexander McQuirter



Ann Ladas

6. Leallet opposing trustees supporting liaison committee distributed widely in city. Translated into Italian for Ward 4. Sample line: "Your children are the bait in the deadly game of gay power politics."

Family and Freedom Foundation

President: Ron Marr, editor of evangelical newspaper The Christian Enquirer. Address: Box 339, Ridgeway, ON L0S 1N0. At request of school trustee Alex Chumak (Ward 1), Marr organized anti-liaison petition presented by Stew Newton. Marr circulated petitions and protest cards in bible-thumper churches throughout Ontario, making efficient use of fundamentalist network and direct-mail techniques. Marr has written Education Time Bomb, which includes section on "the homosexuals' plans for our schools."

Anne McBride

Unsuccessful candidate for mayor in Toronto civic election. Her newspaper ads said "the homosexual issue is the election issue." Is "against the homosexual takeover of our school board and city council." Would set up clinics to cure homosexuals. Claims "homosexuality is a devious lifestyle that causes murder, corruption and abuse of others' rights." Background: 61-year-old "semi-retired" widow from Nova Scotia, born-again Christian ordained in US, missionary in Africa and West Indies, worked in Anita Bryant campaign. Ran for MP in York-Scarborough in last two federal elections, winning fewer than 400 votes. "I had a calling to come back to Canada to get involved in politics." Campaign endorsed by League Against Homosexuals, but McBride didn't appreciate their literature: "It wasn't tactful." Got 3,466 votes (2% of total).

Fascist Right

Ku Klux Klan

National director: Alexander McQuirter. White supremacist organization established in US in 1867 with intention of re-subjugating Negroes after the Civil War. Responsible throughout American history for much violence, bigotry and murder directed especially against blacks, but also against Jews and other ethnic minorities. Aim: to protect and preserve white culture and "purity" of race. Also once well-organized in Canada. Now claims a resurgence of interest, with more than 500 members and a number of "dens" in Southern Ontario. Opened office in Toronto's east end in June 1980. Moved office to 1962 Yonge St, but kicked out November 4 by Jewish landlord who didn't realize nature of organization.

Alexander McQuirter: 22-year-old devout Anglican with controlling interest in landscaping firm and management consulting firm. Became involved in KKK at age 17 after meeting Imperial Grand Wizard in New Orleans. Once gathered signatures for registration of Right-Wing Nationalist Party. Opposed to Jews, "niggers" and "degenerate homosexuals." Lives with:

Armand Siksa: Mayoral candidate for KKK in Toronto civic election. 37, born in Latvia, once involved with Western Guard and once arrested for spraying Western Guard slogans. Ran for school trustee in Ward 7 in 1972 and 1974. Wants to control immigration, linds homosex-

uals "disgusting" and wants to keep them out of the schools. Received 865 votes.

Nationalist Party, Western Guard and Edmund Burke Society

Edmund Burke Society formed by Don Andrews and J Paul Fromm in 1968 as anti-communist and white supremacist organization. Evolved into Western Guard around 1972. Major activities: spray-painting, smashing windows and disrupting meetings. New name since 1976: Nationalist Party. Low profile since leader Don Andrews convicted and jailed in 1978 for conspiring to commit arson, possessing explosives, and mischief.

Robert Smith: Unsuccessful candidate for trustee in Ward 8. Secretary of Nationalist Party. Denied in letter to Star that party involved with KKK. "It's entirely a separate and autonomous organization."

Chris Greenland: School trustee candidate in Ward 8. Asked Nationalist Party for support. Ran as Western Guard aldermanic candidate in Ward 8 in 1972 and 1974, opposing drug pushers and porno peddlers. Also ran for school trustee in Ward 8 in 1978. Lives in east-end house owned by KKK leaders McQuirter and Siksa. Signed nomination form of mayoral candidate Siksa. Denies being member of KKK, although KKK material all over walls. Member of Mormon church. Wife Brenda Greenland also ran for school trustee in Ward 9. Both defeated.

Ann Ladas: Nationalist Party school trustee candidate, Ward 7. Once lived with Don Andrews, leader of Western Guard. Campaign literature calls homosexuality "moral pollution." Defeated by NDP, but got 3,801 votes.

Geza Matrai: Unsuccessful candidate for Separate School Board in Area 3 of city. In 1971 assaulted Soviet Premier Alexei Kosygin in Ottawa. Arrested in 1972 for participating in Western Guard disruption of forum on homosexuality. No campaign literature available.

League Against Homosexuals

Chairman: Karl von Goetz. Address: Box 275, Station D, Toronto, ON M6P 3J9. Telephone: 698-2886. Formed in October. Aim: freeing society of the presence of homosexuals. Calls itself a "registered non-profit organization" but is not registered in Ontario as a corporation, non-profit or otherwise. Produced one flyer distributed widely in Ward 6 and elsewhere in city, including RCMP office at airport and at least one police station, 52 Division. Flyer headline: "Queers do not produce: they seduce." Uses word "queer" repeatedly throughout, and says "it's a good idea to have queers and their perversions declared a crime against nature, with stiff mandatory prison terms." LAH endorsed Ann McBride for mayor and distributed her literature.

Karl von Goetz: 34, born in Paris, lived in Maryland, USA until 1968. Joined French Foreign Legion and fought as a mercenary in Chad, Brazil, Chile and Rhodesia. Claims to have killed many men, including wounded fellow soldiers and inept recruits. Denies being member of either Ku Klux Klan or Western Guard. In Canada since 1978 but not a Canadian citizen. Once wanted on assault charge in Maryland; immigration officials tried to deport him. Married Carroll Clark, who sponsored his re-entry into country. Carroll von Goetz is now secretary of LAH.

Uniformed Right

Metropolitan Toronto Police Association

President: Paul Walter. In September a director of association sent confidential memo to members asking for volunteers for "special project": involving off-duty cops in Gordon Chong's Ward 6 campaign — to help defeat Hislop. Hislop broke story to press and police backed down, saying memo was "trial balloon." Comment of Walter after Hislop defeat: "Rather than make a personal attack, let's just say the choice the voters made is well supported by the police association."



Anne McBride



Stew Newton



Ken Campbell

Christian Right

Renaissance International

President: Ken Campbell. Address: Box 100, Milton, ON L9T 2Y3. Also operates as Renaissance (in Education) Canada Inc, Renaissance Ontario, Renaissance Family Institute, Toronto Renaissance Committee and Ken Campbell Evangelistic Association. Opposed to godless humanism and "belly-up downstream" permissiveness in schools. Registered for charitable status as Renaissance International (eligible for tax deductions for non-political purposes only). Spent \$138,000 in 1978. Brought Anita Bryant to Canada in 1978. Held anti-gay rally during Body Politic trial in January 1979. Set up office at 61 Indian Road to intervene in Toronto municipal elections. Printed and distributed widely 100,000 copies of newspaper tabloid called Liberation, calling for defeat of Toronto mayor John Sewell, Scarborough mayor Gus Harris and the "Gang of Nine" — school trustees who voted to consider the establishment of a gay/lesbian liaison committee with Toronto School Board. On day before election, published two-page ad in Sunday Sun calling for vote for "Toronto the Good." Cost: \$3,874. Star rejected ad as "potentially misleading or libelous, or both." Ken Campbell: evangelist, also president of Richmond College. Testified against Body Politic during trial in 1979. Though non-resident of city, spoke against gay liaison

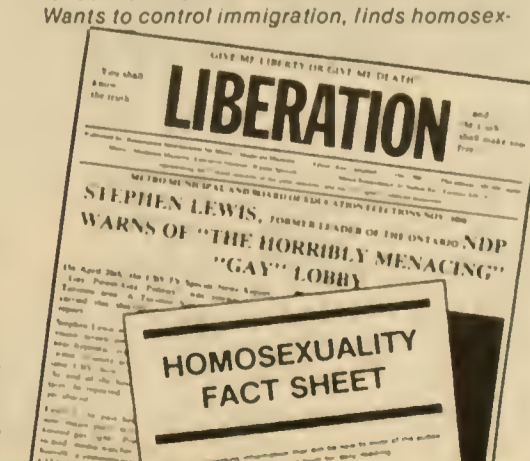
committee at Toronto board. Has links to Jerry Falwell, head of US Inby Moral Majority: Falwell spoke at recent Renaissance banquet and Campbell has preached at Falwell's church in Virginia.

Metro's Moderate Majority

Formed two months before election. Address: 2459 Islington Ave, Rexdale, ON M9W 3X9. Executive director: Wayne Sproule. Consists of "me and my wife just now." House owned by Sproule at 61 Indian Road is Renaissance's Toronto office. Sproule is born-again Christian, a reformed druggie from Vancouver. Claiming to be acting "just as a citizen," distributed thousands of copies of leaflet "Homosexuality Fact Sheet" door to door throughout Metro. Typical "fact": "1 out of 3 sexual assaults on children are committed by homosexuals."

Positive Parents

"Pro-family crusade against the radical homosexual lobby." Membership: Stewart Newton and wife Margaret. Newton submitted petition to Toronto School Board containing 18,000 signatures opposing gay liaison committee. Organized "Decency" rally at city hall October 19 which drew Ken Campbell, mayoral candidate Anne McBride, "reformed" homosexual Andy Koonstra, a gaggle of Salvation Army officers in uniform and 200 others. Stew Newton is 57-year-old Downsview jeweller and father of 3. Claims to have been raped at age



the "gay issue." People spent most of their time saying it wasn't a real issue.

The major strategy of the Hislop campaign was to show that Hislop was not a one-issue candidate. It assumed that everyone had a clear idea of what the single issue was, and its efforts in literature and canvassing were spent in proving that he was a credible candidate on a variety of other issues. Obviously, this was important to do, but the single-mindedness of the strategy made it impossible for the campaign to respond quickly to the misinformation contained in the hate literature being distributed.

"It was a mistake," admits Hislop. "Next time we will know better what to do."

Although it was the media that first focused attention on Hislop's campaign, they did so mainly because of its novelty value. The media incessantly played the numbers game: How many homosexuals were crammed into Ward 6? Were there ten thousand? Did they represent a block vote? This approach put the matter purely in terms of gay clout. It assumed that homosexuals didn't live anywhere else in the city, that the gay community was clearly defined socially and physically, with all of its members politicized at exactly the same level, and ready to be mobilized at the drop of an election. It is a completely static view of community and of the process of politicization.

And finally, the Sewell campaign, irretrievably embroiled though it was in the controversy, did not know what the gay issue was about — and didn't want to know. The mayor, at least, was able to find a framework of analysis that allowed him to comprehend the gay community as integral to the social life of the city, and to recognize the importance of minority voices in its political arenas. His principles made him stick to

this line despite the clamour of advisors to cool it.

John Piper, Sewell's campaign manager, championed the cautious approach. His aim, of course, was to get Sewell re-elected, and anything which might undermine that goal had to be avoided. From the beginning, the gay issue spelled one thing only to Piper and his fellow strategists: trouble.

"It was amazing to me," said one source close to the centre of the Sewell campaign, "that the Sewell people had not thought through the gay issue beyond realizing that it was not proper to make disparaging remarks about gays. It was seen as a nuisance, not as a political issue."

Not surprisingly, in the immediate aftermath of Eggleton's win, one of the first people publicly to attribute Sewell's defeat to the gay issue was John Piper. "1980 was a bit too early in the twentieth century for that issue," he said. "People just couldn't buy it. It tipped the balance in Wards 1 and 9."

In Ward 9, Sheila Meagher, the defeated NDP school trustee who had been identified by opponents as a supporter of the gay/lesbian liaison committee with the Toronto Board of Education, also said bitterly: "The homosexual thing did it. I was defeated on the homosexual issue and not on educational issues such as lowering class size, which I helped accomplish."

In these remarks, uttered in the emotion of the moment, one message is clear: defending the gay community and facilitating its genuine integration into the public life of the city is perceived neither as a political issue nor as an educational issue. It is a personal thing, a bogus problem, a red herring, certainly not a worthy enough issue to be defeated on.

One factor influencing voting pat-

terns in Ward 6 was the decision of the NDP to run an independent campaign. Previously, the NDP had run joint campaigns with the candidate from the progressive Ward 6 Community Organization in order to prevent a business candidate from capitalizing on a divided progressive vote. Over the years that cooperation had deteriorated, and in this election those NDPers impatient to field a complete NDP slate across the city finally held sway.

The NDP is clearly the party which has done the most for working people and for minorities. It is the most *organized* progressive force in the city electorally and it is a force which must be reckoned with. Eight of the twelve candidates the NDP fielded in the City of Toronto were elected to city council. Anne Johnston is now the only independent progressive voice left on council.

Was it politically wise for the NDP to avoid alliances with other progressive candidates? How well, in fact, can the NDP unite the "progressive vote"? This vote takes many forms and includes people who have been politicized around many social issues, whether they be neighbourhood preservation, day-care, sexuality or stopping expressways. In the process of running as an independent party, the NDP appears to have shut out other progressive candidates. In at least Ward 2 and Ward 6, the policy contributed to the election of conservative aldermen.

In Ward 6, the strategies of the NDP served not only to put the Sewell canvassing in disarray but also to undermine the strength of the Hislop campaign. Sewell relied on both Ward 6 candidates — Heap and Hislop — to distribute his literature and to canvass for him. Since the NDP would not cooperate with the Ward 6 CO, the canvassing had to be arbitrarily divided into

east and west sections, Hislop being assigned the east, where association with his name would likely do the least damage. The result was uneven canvassing and a legacy of distrust and misunderstanding between groups who should have been working together.

The final piece of Heap literature revealed the NDP strategy: it was more important to get Heap to Metro-Council than it was to make any distinctions between the other serious candidates. Since Hislop and Chong were relatively unknown quantities in the ward, this distinction was crucial. On a superficial level, Chong and Hislop appeared to be similar kinds of moderate candidates. As a candidate of the W6CO, however, Hislop was committed to a progressive programme which differed only in detail from NDP policies. Chong, on the other hand, although he did not appear to be the business candidate, was busy courting the business vote. In addition, he never rejected the help of off-duty police sworn to defeat Hislop.

There were, therefore, important distinctions to be made, but the NDP did not make them. Their strategy ultimately backfired because it did not get Heap the top seat, it allowed Chong to sweep ahead and it lost Hislop votes.

The 1980 municipal election in Toronto taught the gay community a great deal about itself and its potential. We learned that it is possible to make gay people think about electoral issues *as gay people* — once those issues appear to have some connection to our own lives. We learned that many people can become involved in a political process — nearly 300 were working regularly in the Hislop campaign alone.

And we learned valuable new information about the diversity of lives and opinions within a largely uncharted gay community. The response, for example, to an election leaflet distributed in the bars and baths indicated that many people were genuinely interested in the election. From that leafleting we also discovered that many downtown bar patrons not only do not live in Ward 6, but come from boroughs and suburbs outside the city itself. The election marks the beginning of the end of the myth of the exclusive Ward 6 gay ghetto.

A random survey conducted in bars by *The Body Politic* three days after the election confirmed that a political consciousness of a kind is budding in the community, a consciousness which would have been absent even two years ago. Most of the individuals questioned had voted for John Sewell, most either voted for George Hislop or would have if they had lived in Ward 6. Most were disappointed by the results of the election but they were not discouraged or in despair.

It was a first, they said. They didn't expect it to be the last.

Observers of the emotional scene at St Lawrence Market North on election night were aware they were witnessing more than the defeat of an individual candidate. In a sense, the entire gay community had had a stake in the election, and this defeat was a collective rite of passage — although in a context not entirely of our own choosing. I think that the struggle was worth it, for the community ended up being both challenged and strengthened by it.

Peter Maloney, Hislop's assistant campaign manager, speaking from the stage that night, summed up the new spirit of anger, hope and determination which was emerging even at the moment of defeat: "We'll be back — again and again and again. This city has just begun to know about us." □

THE WINNING COMBINATION

In Ward 6 this year, the introduction of a gay candidate for alderman gave a real jolt to traditional voting patterns.

Since choosing a full slate (mayor and two aldermen) is optional, voters could resort to a variety of combinations which do not show up in simple vote totals. The Hislop campaign workers kept meticulous records of voting by individual ballot and this has allowed for a more detailed analysis than usual.

George Hislop, Dan Heap, Gordon Chong. A progressive homosexual, a socialist priest, a conservative Chinese dentist. These were the real choices for alderman, although there were four other candidates on the ballot as well.

What happened in the polling booths of Ward 6 in 1980? A summary of data analyzed by CBC Toronto Radio News, based upon a 72% sample (15,195 ballots of a total 20,430 cast). Information courtesy Hislop campaign.

- How did 1980 totals compare to 1978? Chong received 9,640 votes (compared to business candidate Dan Richards' 6,470 in 1978). Heap got 9,344 votes (compared to 7,624 in 1978). Hislop got 7,386 votes (compared to predecessor Allan Sparrow's 8,158 in 1978).

- Mayor John Sewell increased his totals from 7,840 in 1978 to 11,717 in 1980.

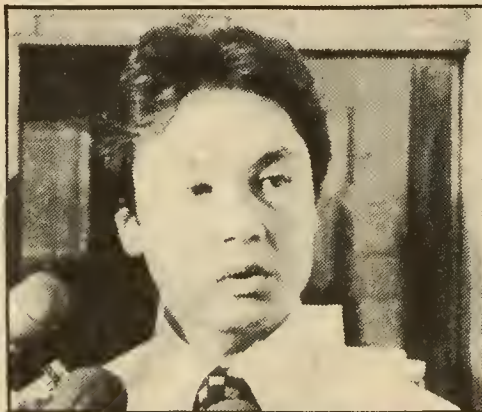
- The Sewell campaign favoured Heap because they feared association with Hislop would lose them votes. In fact, roughly the same proportion of people voted for a Sewell/Hislop combination as for a Sewell/Heap combination. And more than twice as many votes went to an Eggleton/Heap combination as an Eggleton/Hislop combination.



- Many voters wanted only one alderman. Over 36% of votes cast were "plumps" (votes for a single alderman). In the sample, Chong plumps were 2,446, Hislop plumps 1,149 and Heap's 1,093.

- NDPer Heap needed just over 300 votes to get the Metro seat. If the NDP had agreed to a joint campaign with W6CO, enough Hislop votes would have been released to give Heap the votes he needed.

- W6CO thought that Hislop could at least maintain Sparrow's vote across the



Eggleton (left), Chong (top) and Heap

ward. In fact, Hislop decreased that vote in almost all polls outside gay-dominated buildings.

- Many people did not vote ideologically. Heap found himself in strange combinations as a result: 24% of dual aldermanic votes went to Chong/Heap.

- Heap picked up votes from the last election all across the ward, including the more conservative buildings. Something was pulling him up and it appears to have been homophobic votes on both the Left and Right. □

*Liquor licencing says TAG is a real service group:
"The need does not have to be one that is required by the
entire community," the tribunal pronounces.*

Community pressure prods police to act, and Hallowe'en hate-fest comes to end

TORONTO — "This place sucks. There's nothin' happenin'. I came down here to see somethin' happen."

That comment from a disappointed young woman on Yonge Street October 31 probably summed up the feelings of thousands of others who flocked downtown from the suburbs Halloween night to discover that the trick was on them. Not only was there no drag parade into the St Charles Tavern (which hasn't happened in about five years in any case, though you'd never know it from the media), there was not a 20-foot stretch of Yonge between College and Wellesley that didn't feature at least one very real police officer. They were in uniform and plain clothes. They were patrolling nearby back alleys as well as Yonge Street. They were on motorcycles, in cars and on foot.

Well known as a gay bar, the St Charles Tavern has been the focus in recent years of one night of ritualized homophobia. Four to five thousand people — most of them young men and women from the suburbs — would place the bar under siege, do about \$500 worth of damage, pelt it and passersby with eggs and occasionally start up a chilling chant that echoed up and down the main street of Canada's largest city: "Kill the queers." Most frightening of all, adjacent streets and lanes became an unprotected combat zone, patrolled by gangs of thugs who knew what they wanted to do if they ran into any queers. Not infrequently, they did it.

The scene had become so terrifying that the Westbury Hotel, across the street from the St Charles, simply closes down 120 of its rooms that overlook Yonge Street.

This year not a single egg was thrown. Every now and then somebody would scream something about faggots but it never got picked up. There appear to have been no attacks. The police arrested 13 people, most for public drunkenness. Last year, police arrested 130. Ninety-five got picked up in 1978.

Obviously, something very different had happened this year. That "something different" was what gay community activists had been demanding for the last five years: that the police simply do their job and prevent a crowd from forming in the first place. This year they did it with 60 or 70 police officers — the same number as last year, when they found dispersal impossible and had to opt for a policy of "containment."

The original plan for this year, concocted at a meeting October 7 between the police and gay community reps, had been to block the view of the St Charles by parking a flotilla of garbage trucks in front of it. Police backed off that plan, however, after it had been made public through the media.

Instead of garbage trucks, metal barriers were up on the east sidewalk by early evening, effectively cutting its width in half. By eight o'clock, there were so many police officers on Yonge

Street it was beginning to look like a replay of the October Crisis. And by nine, the time when in previous years the really ugly scenes would begin, there were crowds all right — but they were moving. The police were extremely aggressive about keeping people on the go — no one was allowed to stop at all for any reason.

Superintendent David Sproule of 52 Division was in charge of the operation. He denies that the then-upcoming civic election had anything to do with the police finally knuckling down and doing their job. "We don't get involved in elections," he said. "And gay clout didn't enter my thinking at all. This year we just laid the rules down: no party atmosphere. We learn from experience too — in previous years we failed, so this year we tried something different. We got in earlier, for one thing."

The St Charles Tavern is plunk in the middle of Ward 6. At a press conference October 30, every credible aldermanic candidate in the ward came forward to deplore the violence and hooliganism of Halloween, and to endorse four demands put forward by Alderman Allan Sparrow. One of them read "This year the community expects the Toronto Police Department to ensure that an ugly mob does not form, as in previous years, and that lawbreakers are apprehended."

"It was perfectly clear," George Hislop said later, "that the entire community just wouldn't tolerate suburban punks coming downtown to get their jollies — at our expense."

Hislop also feels that the media played a large part in creating the Halloween phenomenon, and that this year they played a responsible role and helped to kill it. He says CHUM-FM had been one of the worst offenders, urging

people to go downtown and see the gay parade. This year, media outlets received both a letter from Sparrow and calls from the police urging them to discourage their listeners from going downtown, and several radio and television stations co-operated.

Police even paid little visits to local merchants, urging them not to sell eggs to any but their regular customers on Halloween night, and Sproule said that "most were quite co-operative."

Finally, however, as Allan Sparrow pointed out, it was the combination of political and community pressure that made the difference. Representatives from both the North Jarvis Community Association and the Ward 6 Community Organization made it clear that anti-gay violence on Halloween was of concern to the whole community, not just to gay people.

The test, of course, will be next year. Sproule says the police will be there, but observers are already wondering whether they will be as responsive now that Hislop and Sewell are off the political scene, and other politicians may feel a little queasy about aligning themselves with the gay community.

Gerald Hannon □

Tribunal rules group qualifies for licence

TORONTO — Toronto Area Gays (TAG) has won a victory in a dispute with the Liquor Licence Board of Ontario (LLBO) that has been simmering for several years between gay groups and the board.

On October 16, the Liquor Licence Appeal Tribunal (LLAT) ruled that TAG fulfilled the requirements of an

"association" even though it had no constitution or bylaws. It found that TAG's activities in the area of telephone information and counselling did serve a community need, and therefore TAG was entitled to a special occasion permit for fund-raising purposes. The tribunal directed the LLBO to issue the permit for TAG's proposed October 25 dance.

TAG member Bob Stout said that, until the tribunal ruling, the board had wished to issue a social event permit only. Events so licenced cannot be advertised, and liquor prices are set by the board. TAG had applied for a fund-raising permit, which would allow it to advertise and set its own prices.

The LLBO's policy, however, was that the latter category of permits was given only to organizations with a constitution and bylaws, and which the LLBO believed were charitable in nature or served the entire community.

TAG contacted lawyer Gary Curran, who took the case without charge and filed an appeal to the LLAT. Curran argued that an organization did not have to have a constitution and bylaws in order to be a properly constituted association. He submitted that an organization serving any identifiable part of a community was serving that community.

LLAT chairman John Yaremko agreed. Discussing TAG's telephone counselling work, he said "the Tribunal is of the opinion that the activity of Toronto Area Gays does serve a community need. The need does not have to be one that is required by the total community; many community needs are not. ... The Tribunal directs the Liquor Licence Board to issue the Special Occasion Permit applied for."

Commenting on the decision, Stout said he thought the LLBO would "have to change its methods of dealing with community groups as a result of this decision. There shouldn't be any problem from now on, but if other groups encounter similar difficulties, my advice would be to fight like hell."

Paul Trollope □



No suburban punks: The St Charles Tavern looks here as it might on any night of the year — except that this photograph was taken on Halloween when the bar is usually under siege by thousands of egg-throwing suburban punks. This year police prevented the crowd from forming. Below, a fundamentalist Christian watches aghast as a Mae West look-alike tears one of his tracts to bits before entering the St Charles by the heavily protected back door.



This year, we need a voice in Ottawa.

For Human Rights

The government has committed itself to broadening the prohibited grounds for discrimination in the Human Rights Act. The Canadian Human Rights Commission has recommended the inclusion of "sexual orientation" and the Department of Justice has supported that recommendation in its report to the Minister. **That recommendation needs our support on Parliament Hill.**

For Criminal Code Reform

"I intend to table bills on sex crimes within the near future... The new bill will be a true reflection of the 1980s." (The Honourable Jean Chrétien, Minister of Justice and Attorney General of Canada, appearing before the House of Commons Standing Committee on Justice and Legal Affairs, June 26, 1980.) **Only our vocal presence on Parliament Hill can ensure that these Criminal Code amendments truly are a reflection of the 1980s.**

This year, we've got a voice in Ottawa: CALGM, The Canadian Association of Lesbians and Gay Men, an organization dedicated to lobbying for you at the national level.

I want my voice heard in Ottawa!

- Enrol me as a member of CALGM (\$10)
- I wish to contribute \$_____
- I wish to pledge \$_____ per month for _____ months.
- I wish to volunteer my time.
- I am not able to contribute financially at present, but you can put my name on CALGM's mailing list.
- You may You may not use my name with my member of Parliament.
- I have enclosed a cheque or money order.

- I wish to charge my membership and contribution to Visa or Mastercard. My charge information is given below.

Charge my membership fee and/or contribution to:

Visa Mastercard

Card number _____

Expiry date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Postal Code _____

Signature _____ Phone _____

CALGM

Cheques should be made payable to CALGM. Mail to: The Canadian Association of Lesbians and Gay Men, Box 3343, Stn D, Ottawa, ON K1P 6H8.

IN THE COURTS

Gay cop's trial postponed

ST CATHARINES — Paul Head's trial on a charge of indecently assaulting another man at a party has been postponed again.

The openly gay Ontario Provincial Police (OPP) constable had been ordered reinstated in his position by the Supreme Court of Ontario, but an OPP appeal of that decision is still pending. Meanwhile, on April 29, Head was arrested in suspicious circumstances by Niagara Regional Police and charged with the indecent assault charge noted above.

However, Head told *TBP* that when he appeared in court October 22, his name was not on the docket and he was not called before the judge. He later found out the Crown had purported to adjourn the hearing to January 5, 1981 because its witnesses were not available on the earlier date.

Normally such an adjournment cannot take place on an indictable (serious) offence except in court with the accused present. Head and his lawyer intend to argue that the court has lost jurisdiction over the matter because of the Crown's alleged failure to follow proper procedures.

Hot Tub defendant fined

TORONTO — Timothy Lafontaine, 21, of Hamilton, has been fined \$300 for participating in a gay porn movie made in a Hastings-area cottage in the summer of 1979.

The Hot Tub Club defendant was also fined \$100 in Provincial Court October 15 for permitting the Isabella Street premises to be used as a common bawdy house.

The film in which Lafontaine participated was one of two seized in the Hot Tub Club raid after a five-month police investigation.

Sauna David trials continue

MONTREAL — Three men charged with gross indecency in the April 1980 police raid on the Sauna David, a gay bath, have had their charges either withdrawn or dismissed.

On November 5, a Sessions Court judge here agreed to a withdrawal of a gross indecency charge against one man after the Crown asked it be dropped on the ground of insufficient evidence. The Crown was scheduled to proceed November 10 with the trial of two other men, but due to the absence of one of the two key police witnesses, a Superior Court judge dismissed the charges.

A further case involving two men was taken under advisement October 17 by the presiding judge. In that case, counsel for the accused demonstrated that there had been no physical contact between the men, since one stood at an open door masturbating, watching the other man do the same. Defence counsel Dida Berku argued that physical contact was a precondition for conviction on a gross indecency charge.

Stuart Russell □

Sexshop loses Customs appeal

MONTREAL — In an October 23 decision, the Federal Court of Appeal dismissed an appeal by the gay sexshop Le Priape following a Customs ban on the importation of gay erotic literature.

Following seizure of a large number of magazines by Canada Customs, later upheld by the Deputy Minister of National Revenue for Customs and Excise, the gay-owned store launched an appeal to Quebec Superior Court.

After hearing Le Priape's case, the panel of three judges adjourned to consider the case, and then returned to state it was not necessary for counsel for the federal government to present his arguments and the appeal was dismissed. No reasons were given.

During the hearing, however, one of the judges, Mr Justice Louis Pratte, made a statement to the effect that the Quebec Charter of Human Rights and Freedoms protects only homosexual persons, not homosexual acts.

Le Priape is now considering further legal proceedings.

Ron Dayman □

Teacher wins trial delay

TORONTO — The trial of the Toronto teacher *TBP* has called Bob has been delayed again. In a brief court appearance November 14, Bob's case was adjourned until December 15 to set a new date for trial.

Bob, 58, is completing his 32nd year of teaching and hopes to retire on full pension at the end of this school year. It now appears that his trial will not take place until June 1981 at the earliest.

In addition to the charge of keeping his own home as a common bawdy house, Bob is still awaiting trial as one of 17 men allegedly found in The Barracks, alleged by police to be a common bawdy house.

Compiled by Paul Trollope □



*Poetic licence not needed: Don Garner, charged by Metro police for selling poetry without a licence, has won a small victory in his battle with bureaucracy. The charge against him was withdrawn November 14. Garner told *TBP* he was sure the harassment resulted from an interview in our October issue. "The police don't like being told they don't know the law," he said. The police prosecutor told the court the wrong charge had been laid. □*



No joy for Gerry: Manitobans protest Attorney General Gerry Mercier's banning of gay sex books.

Banned sex guides back on sale despite AG's threat to prosecute

WINNIPEG — *The Joy of Gay Sex* and *The Joy of Lesbian Sex* have been offered for sale again by Liberation Books, despite threats by Attorney General Gerald Mercier and the Winnipeg police department that any stores found selling the books would be prosecuted.

The books were put on sale November 1, following a demonstration in front of the provincial legislature. More than 150 people representing gay, leftist and civil libertarian groups turned out for the demonstration. New Democratic Party MLA Jay Cowen also attended.

The issue arose in April 1980 when a

woman picked up a copy of *The Joy of Gay Sex* in a Winnipeg bookstore, mistaking it for *The Joy of Cooking*. Her complaint resulted in the AG's office ordering copies of both guides off the shelves under threat of prosecution.

When asked whether he would press charges against Liberation Books, Mercier stated that the books had never been formally banned, but that the bookstores had merely "volunteered" not to sell them. It seems more likely, however, that Mercier backed down in response to widespread public and media opposition to the ban, and favourable media coverage of the demonstration.

The Manitoba Association for Rights and Liberties has written Mercier asking to present a brief protesting the banning. The brief deplores the use of unofficial "warnings" to censor materials and states that such matters should be decided by the courts.

It is unlikely that other bookstores will follow the lead of Liberation Books. However, a member of the bookstore's Anti-Censorship Committee purchased a copy of the gay sex guide from a WH Smith store in September, while the unofficial ban was in effect. A clerk at the store told him that police had advised the chain they could sell the book under the counter, as long as they were not on display.

So far, police have taken no action against Liberation Books, and the store will continue to sell *The Joy of Gay Sex*, *The Joy of Lesbian Sex*, and *The Joy of Cooking* to all interested buyers.

Robert Trow □

Victim of hate mail loses in bid for mayor

TECUMSEH — Cam Frye, the reeve of the town of Tecumseh, a small community near Windsor, Ontario, surprised everyone two years ago when he won reelection after pleading guilty to committing an indecent act likely to make a male child a juvenile delinquent.

This year Frye was not so fortunate, losing November 10 in his attempt to unseat Tecumseh's mayor, Don Lappan. The campaign was marked by the distribution of hate literature which

claimed Frye would promote "a gay lifestyle" and lead the town into "moral decay." Lappan denied any involvement with the smear attempt.

The race was expected to be extremely close, as both men had strong support in their community. Each had about 150 volunteer workers. But Lappan's campaign received last minute help from high-powered organizers from all three political parties: Conservatives, Liberals and the NDP.

The mayor won by a landslide: 1,954 to 1,164.

Frye called a press conference when the defamatory leaflet was circulated to the town's businesses, but refused to answer questions about his sexual orientation. "This whole affair has done a lot of personal harm to me and I wish at this time not to get into personal issues which have nothing to do with my political standing," he said.

Frye is 29. He was first elected to town council at the age of 21, one of the youngest successful politicians in the province. He was well known in Tecumseh as the president of the local little league and minor hockey association, and as a Big Brother to four boys.

Upon his conviction on the morals charge in 1977, town council requested Frye's resignation. Thirty residents attended the next meeting, calling on the reeve not to resign. He decided to remain on council, and while he won his bid for re-election as reeve, Frye says that the mayor and others have made his personal and political life unbearable for the past three years.

Jim Monk □

Prairie festival blooms

Kissing, clowning and consciousness-raising in Saskatoon

"Metamorphosis," the brochure explained, "is a change in form brought about by magic or natural development, and the butterfly is the most dramatic example of it in nature. The butterfly is therefore a suitable symbol for our continuing growth and coming out."

Butterflies were everywhere — on posters, banners, and ceramic pins — at the weekend of dancing, feasting, performing, marching, singing, and sharing of cultural artifacts, in Saskatoon October 10 to 13. More than 300 lesbians and gay men turned up for the Metamorphosis 1980 — the festival organized by the Saskatchewan Gay Coalition. They came from all the western provinces.

And there was a hoppity-skippity feel to the whole affair, with people flitting from event to event in a random way, sipping here, drinking there, then off again. Some of the events were tightly organized, others were unstructured almost to the point of non-existence. You either found the lack of co-ordination irritating, or you loved it because it seemed to be saying that people were more important than organization. Someone interrupted a workshop on the nuclear industry to sing a song about seagulls; at a concert, signers for the deaf unexpectedly appeared to inter-

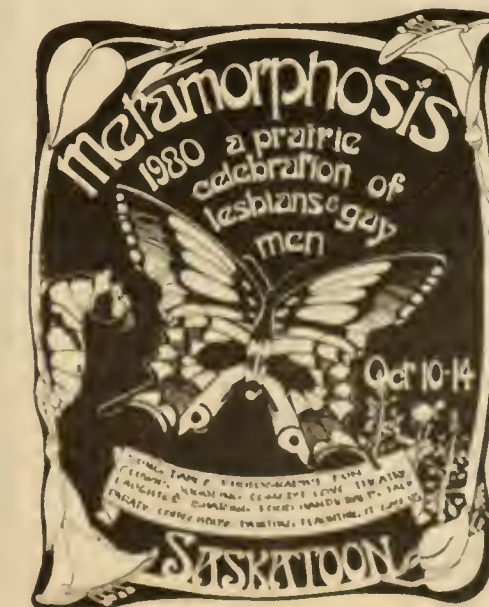
pret the words of songs (thereby providing for those who did not actually need it a fascinating extra dimension to the performance). People were expected to blossom. And they did.

Was it a hothouse blossoming? The Saskatoon community has always been characterized by an intense emotionality. Visitors are frequently surprised by the (uncamp) kissing and embracing that accompany meeting and parting here. At the end of the Sunday night concert, the entire audience held hands and sang songs of solidarity. For most people, such communal moments were obviously inspiring and moving, but for others they had a different effect. "It's like a goddamn evangelical movement," complained one participant who is not constitutionally the type to greet the brethren with a holy kiss.

The highpoint of the weekend was that Sunday evening concert. It was a four-hour marathon with Carol Street, David Sereda, Chris Tanner, and Peter McGehee — all from the West, or San Francisco. Some of the songs were the homemade kind — long on words, short on music — but altogether the concert was a fresh, rousing experience, the whole thing tied together by the excellent clown team of Mark Eriksson and Maureen

Johnson ("I thought you said this was a convention of butterfly collectors").

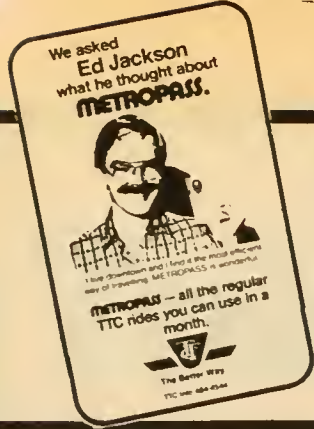
Other things to note: extraordinary warm relations between the men and the women; unusually high number of children present; dismal technical quality of the arts and crafts; startlingly positive coverage by the local radio stations; unstated conviction that grassroots organizing with occasional boosters like Metamorphosis is the only way for the national movement to go. And that once again, the prairies are showing the way — Saskatchewan the Conscience of Canada.



A changing of form? A continuing of our growth and coming out? At one point I was talking with two women on leave from the armed forces. They had taken part in the downtown march wearing masks. One of them recounted for me a chilling story of harassment by the Special Investigation Unit (the army's version of the secret police), of bugged interrogations, of photographs clandestinely taken, of subtle blackmail. She had joined the march, she said, because she was tired of the witch-hunt, and wanted to show the other gay people in the forces that they were not alone. The interview went something like this:

Q: Do you consider yourself a gay activist?
A: Oh no.
Q: But you went on the march.
A: That's true. But that was the first time. We were very uptight.
Q: Do you think this weekend has changed you in any way?
A: Yes. I will fight like hell if they try to kick me out again.
Q: Do you mean you would go public?
A: Well no. That's pretty scary.
Q: How would you fight, then?
A: I'd raise hell with the officers at the base.
Q: And that would be enough to keep you in the forces?
A: I don't know. Maybe not. I hadn't really thought about it, but I guess I'd better start

That seems to be metamorphosis.
Peter Millard □



The real METROPASS as it appeared in all three Toronto dailies for a week. TBP's Ed Jackson really was chosen at random at a subway turnstile, and says that his role as a tout for the TTC got him more notice than his role as a defendant in TBP's trial. Some trial-watchers, including the Toronto Sun, were quick to point out the irony of the TTC's slogan: The Better Way. Jackson's uncensored praise appears below.

Cops get at least 12 in subway washroom

TORONTO — Police say they have arrested at least a dozen men for gross indecency over the last few months in the washroom at the Islington subway station. One of the arrested men has told TBP that the circumstances of his arrest suggest the police may be using an adjoining utility room as a spy post from which to observe washroom activity.

The police would neither confirm nor deny that allegation.

The man who contacted TBP said that one of the arresting officers was in plainclothes in a cubicle, "acting as if he were drunk," and that a second officer came out of the utility room.

An examination of the washroom indicates that it is not likely that anyone in the utility room could see activity in the stalls, but it would be possible to observe any action near the urinals.

Staff Inspector Lennox claims that the police "are not targeting in on homosexuals," but that those arrests are made almost incidentally during

stakeouts for drug deals.

Staff Sergeant Kenneth McGivern of 22 Division was more emphatic on the subject of gay men using the area for sexual purposes.

"They'll be charged every time," he said. "We're at Islington, we've been at Royal York (another subway station in the west end), and we'll be at Kipling when it opens."

Gerald Hannon □

Last issue, we reported that at least 20 men had been arrested in the washroom below the Miracle Food Mart at Jane and Wilson. A large glory hole helped set up a situation the police seemed glad to take advantage of.

Since TBP's news story appeared, the hole has been repaired, and the police say there have been no further arrests.

TBP was alerted to the situation by readers arrested there. If you have been arrested in a washroom, call Gerald Hannon at 977-6320. Confidentiality guaranteed. Your name will not appear in print, but your story may help prevent the same thing from happening to someone else.



Whitmaniacs meet

Canadian scholars gathered October 19 to discuss the American poet Walt Whitman's 1880 visit to Canada and its effect on his Canadian disciples.

Of particular interest during their conference was a discussion of the correspondence between Hazel Wagner of Detroit and the important Canadian feminist Flora Macdonald Denison, pictured above with an unidentified snuggling friend. In the tradition of many 19th-century woman-to-woman correspondants, Hazel Wagner adopted a masculine name and role when she wrote her love letters to Denison. Her pseudonym? "Peter Silver."

Fifty-three persons attended the conference, the first ever to be sponsored by the Canadian Gay Archives. It was held at the University of Toronto's Mississauga campus. □

"I laid it on them that we wouldn't tolerate any future harassment," he said, "and I have also instructed the union executive board to watch that this discrimination not happen again."

Although the Alberta Human Rights Commission is investigating the Shumaker case, it could do little but make informal recommendations to Celanese since gay people are not protected by Alberta's Individual's Rights Protection Act. However, rights commission chairman Bob Lundrigan has been quoted as saying that this case "will have a definite effect on whether the commission will recommend a change in the act (to protect gay people)."

The commission has previously refused to consider such a recommendation.

Shumaker is presently attending school in Ontario.

Gerald Hannon □

Art committee resigns over censored erotica

TORONTO — A controversy over works in the gallery of the feminist Pauline McGibbon Cultural Centre resulted in the dismantling of the exhibit "Women's Images of Men," and the resignation of the seven-member Gallery Committee.

Hilda Wilson, chairwoman of the centre's Board of Directors, says a "significant number" of complaints were received from among the centre's 700 members about drawings and lithographs of male nudes by artists Diane Pugen and Claire Weissman. Two of Weissman's drawings which were homoerotic drew the most criticism. Ten women had works in the show, which opened September 18.

After the exhibit closed October 19, the Board of Directors issued a series of demands with which the Gallery Committee felt it could not comply. Diane Pugen, who is also the former chairwoman of the committee, says that "the main issue is the autonomy, integrity, and artistic freedom of a curator to pursue the aesthetic concepts he considers important, and the extent to which compromises are made to placate a board of directors, a minority of members, or strong financial supporter — in our case the International Order of the Daughters of the Empire."

Claire Weissman stresses that she understands former Ontario Lieutenant Governor Pauline McGibbon herself to be "a woman of intelligence and taste," someone "who is capable of taking certain risks. What the ladies with the blue-rinse souls don't understand is that they have insulted her — by doing this they have made her smaller than she is."

None of the protesters aired their complaints about "Women's Images of Men" in a panel discussion of the exhibit organized by the Gallery Committee. During the event, panelist Barry Callaghan quoted Dostoyevsky — "The viewer does not judge the painting; the painting judges the viewer."

"I'll say," Weissman agrees. TBP is planning a feature on her work in a future issue. □

Shumaker case leads union to back gays

EDMONTON — The case of a man who says he was forced to quit his job because he's gay may result in union demands for sexual orientation protection in its next contract with the company.

Rolf Nielsen, National Representative of the Energy and Chemical Workers' Union, told TBP that "we want to expand the non-discrimination clause in our collective agreement to include sexual orientation" as a result of the Bob Shumaker case.

Shumaker, a chemical plant worker with Celanese of Canada, says he was harassed out of his job last July after fellow workers discovered he was gay. Although Shumaker resigned, he says he was asked to do so by management because "staff members were having difficulty dealing with my sexual orientation."

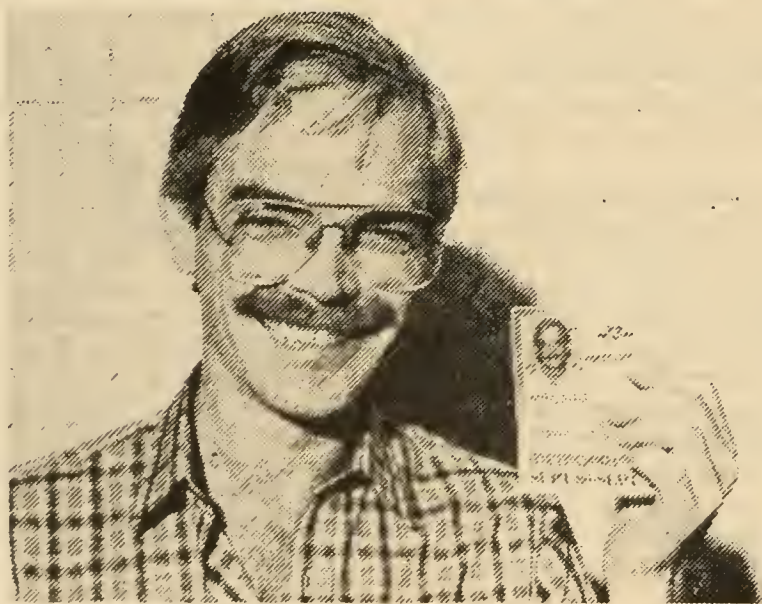
Nielsen points out that the fact that Shumaker was not fired, and did not note on his letter of resignation that he was resigning under protest, has made it very difficult for the union to do anything.

Nielsen says he met with company representatives in September and October, "but they're relying on the fact that he did resign, and we have no legal avenues to follow. It's a shame, but the door's closed. My aim now, though, is to make sure it doesn't happen again."

We asked

Ed Jackson
what he thought about

METROASS.



"I'm one of Metro's estimated 300,000 homosexuals, and I spend a lot of my time downtown. I use METROASS all the time — to go to bars, the baths, my fitness class at the Y....

METROASS used to be good for TTC washroom cruising too — but since the police crack-down that's just too dangerous. Really, you used to meet some of the nicest people in TTC washrooms... much nicer than that Royal York crowd. Still... there's always the streetcar drivers. METROASS is wonderful."

METROASS — all the TTC rides — and riders — you can get in a month.



The Better Way.



On the move: Several members of the Metropolitan Community Church in Toronto fill the stairwell for a final photo as the group says good-bye to its home at 29 Granby Street. Top to bottom: Rev Brent Hawkes, Deacon Warren Hearne, counsellor Bernardine Thompson, Shirley Oowler, MC News editor Debby Randall, and Bob Osborne.

For almost three years the small house on Granby housed not only the MCC offices, but the offices of the Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario, Gay Youth Toronto, the Gay Community Services Centre and Metro Community News. Ten other groups used it as their mailing address.

The MCC is taking over the south wing of Bathurst Street United Church at 736 Bathurst St, and the group will finally have both its office and sanctuary at the same address. Previously, services were held at the First Unitarian Church on St Clair Ave.

The first service in the new space will be held December 7 at 7:30 pm. □

IN BRIEF

No welcome at Ryerson

Recent attempts to set up a gay organization at Ryerson Polytechnical Institute in Toronto have been met with abuse, harassment and a bomb threat.

Club organizer Mike Balz, a second-year business student, said posters advertising the group's first meeting were torn down. He added that he and fellow organizer Randy Henkel were taunted and insulted while putting up the posters, and a meeting November 6 was interrupted by a false bomb threat.

Ryerson's student union group says it's willing to provide the group with up to \$400 in funds. This is the second attempt at a gay group for Ryerson — a similar group dissolved two years ago.

Quebec coalition dies

While many groups are flourishing in Quebec, the Regroupement national des lesbiennes et gais du Québec is not. At the annual Quebec conference for lesbians and gays in Montreal this Thanksgiving, delegates were asked to vote the coalition out of existence. In its two year lifetime, the group generated little enthusiasm and attracted only 6 organizations as members.

Quebec mag gets grant

Le Berdache, which is published by l'Association pour les droits de la com-

munauté gaie du Québec in Montreal, has received a \$2,200 grant from the Quebec ministry of cultural affairs.

Le Berdache is in its second year of publication and is distributed free within Quebec. The grant will help cover production and promotion costs.

For more information on the journal, write ADGQ, PO Box 36, Station C, Montréal H2L 4J7.

New Quebec paper debuts

L'Actualité-Gaie published its first issue in October. The 24-page tabloid makes its debut with articles on Edith Piaf, the language of flowers, and heterosexism, and becomes the second French-language gay publication in Quebec.

For more information on the monthly write *L'Actualité-Gaie*, PO Box 424, Station N, Montreal H2X 3N3

Gays remember too

For the second year in a row, representatives of the Gay Alliance for Equality (GAE) in Halifax have placed a wreath on the cenotaph during Remembrance Day services.

This year Emerald Gibson and Gerald Gray laid a wreath reading "For the gay dead of all the wars" among the many others on the monument. "We also wanted to commemorate those gay men and women who died in Nazi concentration camps," said Gibson.

Although one high-ranking member of the Royal Canadian Legion objected to GAE's participation, Gibson said the Legion had invited GAE to lay the wreath this year.

Santa Claus, "oral sex"

CBC Vancouver followed its broadcast of the Santa Claus parade November 2 with a short called *Black and White*.

Produced by Pacific Wave, it is a gay-made effort concentrating on police entrapment in washrooms. It shows no sex or nudity.

CBC's switchboard apparently lit up like a Christmas tree at the end of the broadcast. A shot of two men kissing drove one enraged viewer to complain the CBC was showing "oral sex."

CBC programme director Alex Frame said it was "quite inappropriate programming," and the matter would be investigated.

Atlantic Conference

The third Atlantic community conference of lesbians and gay men took place at the Turret Gay Community Centre in Halifax November 7-9. Fifty-two people registered from Fredericton Lesbians and Gays, Northern Lambda Nord, Moncton, Saint John, Charlottetown, Cape Breton, other parts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and a large contingent from Halifax-Dartmouth.

"Our next step is reaching out to gays in the rest of the Atlantic region," said spokesperson Tony Trask. "The conference ran smoothly and was very encouraging — there was such a good feeling generated as we shared our ideas." A meeting is planned for Fredericton in January to consider establishing a regional gay organization.

Compiled by Arn Gabel □

Rights changes due, CGRO plans brief

TORONTO — Prompted by a question from Liberal MPP Albert Roy (Ottawa East) on November 7, Labour Minister Robert Elgie promised the Ontario legislature that he would introduce amendments to the Ontario Human Rights Code "in the next few days." Roy was pushing for a commitment that the proposed legislation, which is expected to extend protection at least to the handicapped, would be brought down before the Christmas recess. As *TBP* goes to press November 20, however, no such legislation has been introduced.

In an interview with the *Globe and*

Mail October 23, Elgie said he plans a thoroughgoing revision of the law. "It will be a completely rewritten code with several new additions," he said, but declined to say what they would be. They are not expected to include sexual orientation as a prohibited ground of discrimination.

The Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario (CGRO) has been lobbying Queen's Park for a sexual orientation amendment since it was founded more than five years ago. CGRO chairperson Jim Monk says the coalition anticipates that NDP and Liberal supporters of gay rights protection will "force the proposed amendment package into committee, which will give us time to make one last appeal to the legislators. A new CGRO brief is in preparation right now." □



A Right Honourable Lady: Six women pallbearers carry the coffin of former Liberal Minister of National Health and Welfare and Secretary of State Judy LaMarsh at her October 29 funeral in Niagara Falls. One of the most outspoken politicians of her time, LaMarsh's refusal to play Pearson's and Trudeau's game probably contributed to her virtual banishment by the Liberal establishment and precipitated her departure from official Ottawa.

LaMarsh, who never married and most of whose closest friends were women, enjoyed successive high-profile careers as a law professor, broadcaster, Royal Commissioner, author and lawyer prior to her untimely death from cancer October 24 at the age of 55.

In the lesbian and gay community, LaMarsh was probably best remembered for her legal defence several years ago of four lesbians charged by police when they refused to leave the Brunswick Tavern after singing "I enjoy being a dyke" on *Amateur Night*.

LaMarsh, the second female federal cabinet minister in Canadian history, was responsible for pushing through the legislation creating the Canada Pension Plan and universal medicare. She fought for the removal from the Criminal Code of the prohibition against abortions, long before such a reform was popularly accepted.

The award of the Order of Canada to Judy in hospital shortly before her death was the only formal recognition granted her by a political system which usually richly rewards its alumni with judgeships and Senate sinecures.

LaMarsh's two political novels, published in the last years of her life, gave a thinly disguised view of official Ottawa that revealed enough scandals and political skeletons in Liberal closets to make everyone realize that Judy was, in her own inimitable way, having the last word.

Paul Trollope

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School principal cancels reading by gay writer of children's books

TORONTO — A writer of children's books has been denied access to an East York primary school for one simple reason. He is gay.

Jim Quixley, a librarian at Glendon College and a member of the Writers' Union, was scheduled to do a reading December 2 from his book *Willie Won't Fly* to a grade six class at William Burgess School. The reading was part of a Writers' Union programme, funded by the Ontario Arts Council, for sending writers into the schools.

However, when principal John Franklin discovered from Quixley's résumé that the writer was a member of the Canadian Library Association's Gay Interest Group, he cancelled the reading.

"This type of thing is unacceptable in this school," Franklin said, adding he had personal misgivings about homosexuality. "I didn't want to risk riling up the whole community over the issue."

Quixley says he has given readings in several schools, including Sheppard Public School in Downsview and S Hearn Senior School in Scarborough, and has always been given a good reception. "That was when the Writers' Union was using my old résumé, though," he said. "It didn't mention my gay connections."

Quixley did emphasize that *Willie Won't Fly* has no gay content whatsoever.

Randy Haunfelder, the Writer's Union member responsible for booking Quixley into the school, said she was surprised by the blatant anti-homosexual stance.

"I told them that if they didn't reconsider their position, I would cancel the appearance of three other authors also scheduled to read at the school," she said. Franklin would not reconsider and Haunfelder has since cancelled all further bookings at the school.

According to Haunfelder, the

school's librarian, Margaret Boyd, told her, "Don't you think it would have been better if Quixley left that information off his résumé?"

Boyd refused to comment further on the incident, saying she didn't want to see a fuss made in the newspapers.

Quixley, when asked if he regretted including the gay group on his résumé, replied, "Oh no. I'm glad the whole thing has come up."

Fay Orr □

Balfour Park five get absolute discharges


TORONTO — Provincial Court Judge Charles Scullion gave absolute discharges November 17 to five men charged with committing indecent acts and gross indecency in David Balfour Park August 26. An absolute discharge means that the men were found guilty, but have technically not been convicted of a criminal offence.

This case came to media attention when one of the three arresting officers, Richard Dionne, discharged his revolver three times in the course of the arrest. Two of the men involved in the incident reported to *TBP*, on separate occasions, that they were standing on a path when Dionne burst in on them, firing his gun twice. He ordered them to the ground and fired a third shot with the warning "anybody moves gets shot."

The prosecution rested its case in a court appearance October 24. At that time Dionne claimed he fired his gun after other men in the vicinity "came at us (he and another cop) menacingly," and that one of them said, "There's only two of them — let's get them."

The case of two other men who were arrested in Balfour the previous night came to trial November 18. Judge Milton Cadsby has reserved judgment until December 19. □

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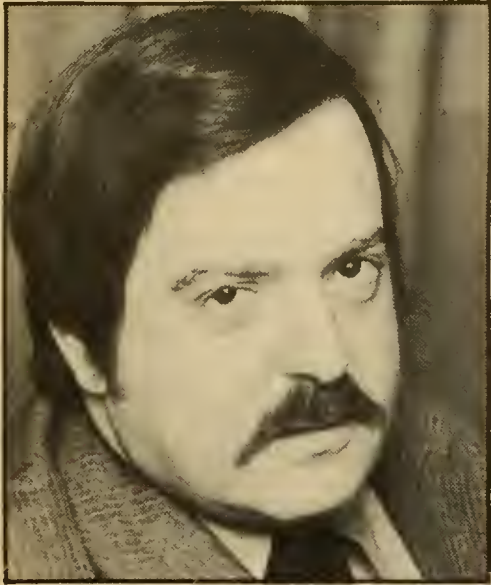
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That winning tush: Rodney Polich flaunts one of the assets that helped him win the Mr Blueboy Canada title in a contest held in Toronto at Katrina's disco November 17.



Party boy: Jean-Michel Lagacé, a Montreal gay activist, has been named president of the prestigious Montreal-area Corporation de la fête nationale — the organization which masterminds the celebrations for Quebec's national holiday June 24.

Lagacé was one of a slate of progressives backed by a coalition called Montréal Plus. The corporation's executive committee had been controlled by conservatives, but Montréal Plus supporters dominated the October 15th annual meeting and when the conservative slate withdrew, the MP candidates were acclaimed. Lagacé was subsequently voted president.

He has been active in a Montreal gay rights group and the Gay Social Services Project. □

Gay supporter wins Vancouver mayoralty

VANCOUVER — NDP-identified Mike Harcourt, with the active support of many gay people, soundly defeated incumbent mayor Jack Volrich in Vancouver's civic elections November 15.

An organization called Gay People to Elect Mike Harcourt campaigned actively in the gay community, citing Harcourt's support of human rights for gays, and his aid in setting up a gay/police liaison committee. However, the "gay issue" did not become a factor in the mayoralty race as it did in Toronto.

Volrich, who was running for his third term, claimed that gays were not a significant group worthy of council's attention. A proposal to declare Gay Unity Week in Vancouver was defeated by city council 8-3. Harcourt had supported the Unity Week motion; Volrich had not.

Volrich also refused to take part in an all-candidates' meeting November 3 sponsored by the Society for Political Action for Gay People (SPAG) despite the fact that it was the largest such meeting of the election.

A week before the election, the general consensus was that Volrich would be returned to office. However, Harcourt won endorsement from SPAG, the Committee of Progressive Electors, and the *Vancouver Sun*, and the tide turned in his favour as electors prepared to go to the polls. He won by a fairly comfortable margin of nearly 3,000 votes. □

Supreme Court kills appeal bid, Barracks case to go to trial soon

OTTAWA — Three justices of the Supreme Court of Canada, in an oral decision given November 17, refused the application of the five men accused of keeping The Barracks as a common bawdy house for permission to appeal their case to the country's highest court.

Mr Justice Willard Estey, Mr Justice Ronald Martland and Mr Justice Julien Chouinard listened for about 25 minutes to defence counsel Morris Manning's arguments, interjecting pointed questions about Manning's authority for his claim that the bawdy house laws should be struck down as unconstitutional and "void for vagueness."

After conferring briefly, the judges dismissed the application without calling on Crown counsel Jim Blacklock to refute Manning's arguments. Manning's case was based on four contentions which he had earlier argued unsuccessfully before the Ontario Court of Appeal (TBP, October).

Gay observers at the Supreme Court hearing said that although the judges listened carefully and patiently to Manning's arguments, the general impression was that they didn't think his case had much merit. The judges showed particular incredulity, observers said, at Manning's claim that wording in the preamble to the BNA Act, stating that Canada is to have a constitution "similar in principle to that of the

United Kingdom," meant the Canadian constitution was inextricably tied to the state of the British constitution at 1867, the year of Confederation.

"You're saying that Canada is not sovereign," suggested Mr Justice Willard Estey. Manning admitted he was.

With this latest defeat, the Provincial Court in Toronto has regained jurisdiction over the case, and can be expected to summon the men back to court to set a trial date fairly shortly.

Meanwhile, 17 men accused as found-ins at The Barracks appeared for about the tenth time in Provincial Court in Toronto November 13, only to be told they would have to return again April 9, 1981 to set a date for trial.

Lawyers for some of the accused men complained about the long delays in bringing their clients to trial, but Assistant Crown Attorney John McGregor told the court about the pending Supreme Court application in the keepers' case. He said it would be prejudicial to the alleged keepers to proceed to try the found-ins at this time.

A reference in our November issue to a Supreme Court appearance October 20 by defence counsel Morris Manning was erroneous. The hearing was originally scheduled for that date but had to be postponed to November 17.

David Garmaise
Paul Trollope □

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by Leo Casey

Facing up to the New Right

The American elections yielded a sweeping victory for the New Right, highlighted in the Reagan-Bush landslide and the crushing defeat of seven senior liberal senators by their conservative opponents. Lesbians and gays, along with racial minorities, women and labour, face some rather difficult days ahead.

These defeats in the United States are no aberration. They follow the Thatcher victory in Great Britain and the collapse of democratic Left initiatives in France and Italy, and they came shortly before the unexpected setbacks here in Toronto. An international shift toward the Right is beginning to take shape. While this trend does not spell instant Armageddon, it does represent a significant development which will have a negative effect on the immediate struggle for lesbian and gay rights.

A Reagan-Bush administration will be implacably opposed to any progress on gay rights and the Equal Rights Amendment, and will attempt to turn back the clock on abortion rights. It will appoint to the judiciary and the executive branch only those who support this "pro-family" approach. Most importantly, it will be sympathetic to legislative attacks on gays and women, as Reagan owes a great deal to the Phyllis Schlaflys and the ultra-Right fundamentalists of the Moral Majority, Christian Voice and Religious Roundtable who supported his candidacy from its start.

The new Republican majority Senate will be far more likely to join with conservatives in the House of Representatives and pass anti-gay and anti-feminist measures. Legislation along the lines of the Family Protection Act, a "pro-family" bill sponsored by Reagan's campaign chairman, Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt, has a distinct chance of success. Moral-Majority-sponsored congressmen will be in the forefront of such efforts, led by Florida's Senator Paula Hawkins and the seven New Right senators who vanquished McGovern, Bayh, Culver and the other liberals.

In sum, the election results have placed American lesbians and gays, and progressives more generally, at an extreme tactical disadvantage. The next two to four years, and perhaps the whole decade, will most certainly be a period of defensive struggles. How can this situation be transformed?

There is a base from which progressives can regroup: in many major urban centres liberal, pro-feminist and pro-gay candidates held their own. Although eight of the congressional sponsors of the national gay rights bill were caught in close re-election battles, six were victorious; 50 other sponsors who were in no danger were also re-elected. New progressives were also sent to Washington.

In this election campaign, the Democratic Party supported gay rights for the first time in its history, and openly gay candidates, while extremely few in number, did exceptionally well. In San Francisco, gay socialist Harry Britt was returned to the Board of Supervisors by a handy margin, as were strongly pro-gay feminists Nancy Walker and Ruth Carol Silver. In Minnesota, gay state senator Allan Spears was re-elected to another

term of office by a 70% majority, and radical newcomer Karen Clark, a lesbian-feminist, won a seat in the state House of Representatives.

But these victories bucked the general trend and should not be seen as an indication that the presidential and senatorial results were the work of happenstance. These defeats were more than the mere product of an incompetent incumbent president, or of an unprepared, demoralized liberal base. Not only did the New Right outspend and outorganize its liberal and Democratic opposition, but it also had an ideological focus and political purpose unmatched in the progressive camp.

And, in the final analysis, that is the real danger in these victories of the ultra-conservative Right: it is attempting to realign radically the political consensus to the right, and with some success. The ultimate goal of the New Right is to construct a new dominant ideology, a new Right-Wing common sense, and its electoral conquests demonstrate that this is a real possibility.

A Left counteroffensive cannot be limited to a rejuvenation of its organizational base; it must find ways to address the increasing popularity of the New Right's ideological themes. Particular attention must be paid to one of the axes of the New Right's common sense: the "defence of the family" against gay liberation and feminism.

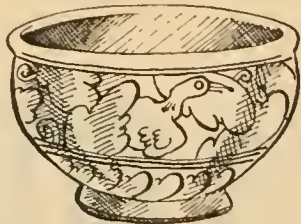
In the past, gays and feminists have been quick to dismiss those who embraced this call for the defence of the family as at best fearful of change and at worst irrationally bigoted. But more careful reflection might reveal that the New Right's use of the family theme speaks to some of the real dilemmas and concerns posed by the growing disintegration of the modern family: in short, it speaks to the desire for a world composed of more than isolated, lonely individuals.

The New Right's return to the rule of the father promises what it cannot deliver: an emotionally stable and supportive personal life and long-term relationships based on affection and trust. It acknowledges the need for emotional security in the raising of children, in overcoming the pain of growing old, and in facing serious illness. In the absence of any alternative vision, however, the romantic call to a fictitious golden past gathers support, if only because it alone is appealing to some powerful and unfulfilled emotional needs.

Unfortunately, the popular image of feminism and gay liberation is one of a rootless, middle-class cosmopolitanism that seeks absolute personal autonomy at the cost of these emotional needs. It is an image which we have partially created ourselves, as the pages of the numerous magazines for the "liberated" woman and gay show. Using this image, the New Right has been successful in casting lesbians, gays and feminists in the role of villain. And in its romantic narrative of the return to the family, there is no happy ending for the villain.

A different ending, a progressive, non-authoritarian vision of how to meet these needs, is up to us. □

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Shattering experience: Cony Littman discovers a cop nest under glass.

British brace for pedophile trial for conspiracy to corrupt morals

LONDON — British gays and pedophiles are bracing themselves for the Paedophile Information Exchange (PIE) trial, which they fear will be manipulated by the Right and the press to produce an orgy of anti-homosexual hysteria.

Five members of the Paedophile Information Exchange are slated to stand trial at London's Old Bailey January 5, 1981 on charges of "conspiracy to corrupt public morals." The men were arrested and charged in August 1979 after two years of increasingly sensational media reports about the group. Both the chairperson and the treasurer of PIE have already lost their jobs due to the publicity.

The charges relate to the contact-ads page in the PIE newsletter, used by pedophiles as a way of meeting or corresponding with other pedophiles for friendship and mutual support.

The conspiracy law makes it possible to sentence someone to life imprisonment for a crime with no victims, for an activity which in itself would not appear illegal. Three British law reform commissions have recommended that the law be abolished.

A group calling itself the Conspiracy

against Public Morals (CAPM) has been formed to support the five defendants. CAPM points out the danger of the conspiracy laws to the whole British gay movement.

The law was last used against the paper *International Times* in 1968 for its publication of gay contact ads. In convicting the paper, Lord Reid stated, "There is a material difference between merely exempting certain conduct from criminal penalties and making it lawful in the full sense." There is therefore no reason why the same law could not be used against those running a gay disco or even advertising a meeting. The law is even more dangerous in that one does not even actually have to corrupt public morals to be found guilty, but only to conspire to do so.

CAPM is asking for international support, and encourages groups to organize petitions to be handed in at British embassies and consulates calling for the dropping of the charges and the abolition of the conspiracy laws. The International Gay Association has also committed itself to raising support for the accused. CAPM can be reached at BM 1151 London WCIV 6XX England. □

Anti-gay politician buys sex, loses seat

WASHINGTON, DC — Representative Robert E. Bauman, a prominent anti-gay Republican congressman, lost his Maryland seat in the November US election. Bauman's defeat was universally attributed to public revelation of an incident in which he had solicited sex from a young male.

Washington police charged that last March 2 Bauman had paid \$50 to a 16-year-old male go-go dancer in exchange for oral sex. Bauman publicly conceded the truth of the charges, but pleaded that "acute alcoholism" was the cause of his "homosexual tendencies." In an unprecedented move for a case involving sex with a minor, the prosecution dropped the charges in return for Bauman's promise to enter a six-month alcohol-treatment programme.

According to a report published in the *Washington Star*, Bauman frequented several local gay bars, and was the victim of more than one attempt at blackmail and extortion. There is some speculation in political circles that Bauman was set up by the FBI.

Bauman was a major figure in the New Right's campaign against gay rights and women's rights. He was a founder of the ultra-conservative Young Americans for Freedom, and president of the powerful 29,000-member American Conservative Union. He is the holder of a 100% approval rating from the fundamentalist Moral Majority. In his six terms in the House of Representatives, he had consistently led the opposition to pro-gay and feminist measures.

Several Right-Wing organizations, including the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress, Religious Roundtable, and the American Association of Christian Schools, as well as *National Review* editor William Buckley, had demanded Bauman's resignation.

Bauman, however, chose to fight it out to the end. "I have confessed my sins, as my religion requires," he explained, "and I am now in a state of grace."

But out of office. □

Ulster gay sex ban violates rights pact

STRASBOURG, FRANCE — The European Commission on Human Rights has ruled that the ban against gay sex in Northern Ireland is a breach of the European Convention on Human Rights.

Although the report has not yet been officially released, there have been extensive leaks to the European gay press.

The Commission was adjudicating a complaint by Northern Ireland gay activist Jeff Dudgeon. Dudgeon claimed that the law outlawing gay sex in Ulster was an unjustifiable interference in his private life, and the commission concluded that the complaint was justified.

Britain will now have to defend the anti-gay law in the European Court.

The commission's report states, "It would be contrary to this principle (of the fundamental right to respect for private life) to allow a majority an unqualified right to impose its standards of private sexual morality on the whole of society...." □



Cops forced to end looking-glass wars

HAMBURG — With one dramatic blow this summer, West German Ecologist candidate and gay activist Cony Littman shattered police claims that they were not spying on homosexuals in public places.

In spite of police statements to the contrary, it had been suspected that a number of public washrooms were under surveillance. When Littman smashed a mirror in a downtown lavatory, he discovered a hidden corridor and an embarrassed policeman who turned and fled.

The story and photographs were carried by most European media, and the Hamburg police admitted that at least ten washrooms were being similarly watched. Embarrassed city officials declared that the false mirrors were a leftover from a time when "homosexuality received different treatment in the penal code." Police have been ordered to suspend mirror-related activities indefinitely. □

"We torture gays" say Ku Klux Klan

FONTANA, CA — At an election rally held here for Thomas Metzger, a Ku Klux Klan candidate for the 43rd District of the House of Representatives, three Klansmen openly boasted of brutal anti-gay violence.

According to the Klan members, they had beaten and tortured two gay men who allegedly propositioned them at a roadside rest room. "We tied the two fags up, and then stuck tire irons we heated with a blow torch up their asses," one of the group told the approving rally. "This is the way real men deal with these disgusting creatures of Satan."

At another rally, Metzger himself called for the extermination of all gay people. Local police have taken no action on these matters.

Democratic Party officials in California expressed great concern earlier this year when Metzger won the primary election which gave him the party nomination in this conservative region of southern California. The San Diego County Democratic Central Committee has begun an official investigation of Metzger's "worthiness for membership" in the party, a highly unusual move which could lead to his expulsion. American political parties rarely expel members.

A conservative Republican beat Metzger in the November election. □

World dykes gather for Amsterdam meet

AMSTERDAM — The first lesbian conference of the International Gay Association will be held here from December 27 to 31.

The conference was organized to help focus the growing participation of gay women in the international body, and to prepare for the IGA's annual meeting in Turin this Easter.

Proposed topics for discussion include child custody, pedophilia, female sexuality, IGA structure, religion, and working with men.

The cost for registration, food and accommodation for the conference will be approximately \$80.00. Those interested should contact the International Lesbian Information Secretariat, NVIHCOC, Fredriksplein, 14, 1017 XM, Amsterdam, The Netherlands. □

Lords let Scots fuck but turn down orgies

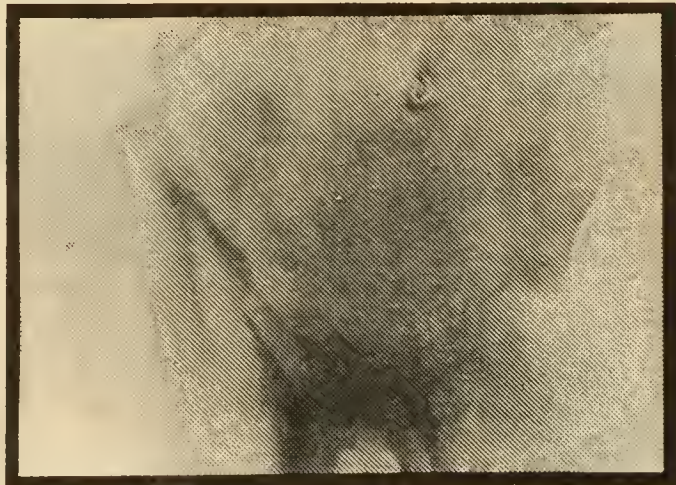
LONDON — The House of Lords voted 59 to 48 to approve the legalization of homosexual acts in Scotland after a bitter two-and-a-half-hour debate October 21. However, anti-gay peers did manage to pass an amendment to the bill to restrict gay sex between adults to two people only.

When the House of Commons passed the reform July 22 there was no mention of how many people could be involved, unlike the English reform of 1967 which had stipulated that such acts must take place "in private" — that is, between two people only. The Scottish reform had been nicknamed the "orgy bill" by both the gay and straight press.

Arguing for the two-only amendment, the Earl of Selkirk claimed that the Commons had passed the bill "in the belief that it was virtually the same as the provisions of the English act of 1967. This is not true, and if anyone takes in *Gay News* they will find it described as a 'licence for orgy.' I do not think for a moment that those who supported the clause had that in mind for one minute."

The *Gay News* "orgy law" headline was criticized by Scottish gay activists who felt that it had provided ammunition to the bill's opponents. A new organization, Parents Concern, initiated a letter-writing campaign which used the *Gay News* headline in an effort to oppose the reform. □

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Cop finally charged in Houston shooting

HOUSTON — A Harris County grand jury has indicted police officer Kevin M McCoy with negligent homicide in the June 28 shooting death of Houston Gay Political Caucus secretary Fred Paez.

The jury charged that McCoy had acted negligently when he placed a "loaded, cocked pistol against the head of Paez." The police officer had claimed that his gun accidentally discharged when Paez struggled to grab it. However, substantial evidence was discovered following the shooting which suggested foul play on the part of McCoy and a fellow officer (TBP, September and October).

The grand jury accepted McCoy's account of the incident, but still charged that he acted improperly in the use of his weapon. McCoy was under the influence of alcohol at the time of the shooting.

Houston Police Officers Association president Dave Collier alleged that the indictment was brought down to "soothe the political whim of the gay community." In addition, the Houston police chief has refused to suspend McCoy, an unprecedented step in the case of a pending grand jury indictment. □

co has a double standard of identification checks, one for the generally affluent white males of Chicago's Gold Coast section, and another for blacks, and to a lesser extent, women. "What white person carries five picture IDs?" their leaflet questions.

In a recently published report on racial and sexual discrimination in gay service establishments, the Gay and Lesbian Coalition of Metropolitan Chicago substantiated the black group's charges against Dugan's Bistro. According to the coalition, more complaints of such discrimination have been lodged against the disco than any other bar in the city. "In all cases, the form racial discrimination has taken has been the requesting of several identification cards by doorkeepers," the report concludes.

Herbert Jackson, co-chair of the black gay group, told Boston's *Gay Community News* that this protest was merely the beginning of his organization's work. "The gay community in Chicago has for a long time ignored the presence of black gay people, especially black gay men, and for the first time black gay men are standing up, speaking up," he said. □

Senate about-face sparks angry protest

PARIS — A vote October 16 in the French senate means a setback for the long struggle to equalize the age of consent for straights and gays in the French penal code.

The senate had twice voted to oppose any legal discrimination in age-of-consent laws: once in June 1978 and again in May 1980. However, a stalemate resulted when the lower house, the national assembly, twice voted to reaffirm 18 as the age of consent for gay sex. In France, heterosexual sex is legal at 15.

The senate rejected the unanimous recommendation of the law reform commission which had called for equalization of the age of consent. "This move would be understood not as the suppression of discrimination against homosexuals," argued senator M Dailly, "but as the suppression of a measure that permits the protection of minors."

The about-face came as a shock to gay activists who had expected that the senate would reaffirm its earlier stand. More than 3,000 lesbians and gay men marched through the streets of Paris in protest October 23. Le Comité d'urgence anti-répression homosexuelle (CUARH) has started a petition campaign to protest the continued legal discrimination against gays.

In an unrelated matter, more than 1,000 gays marched behind the CUARH banner October 7 when 200,000 people protested the rise of anti-semitism and racism in France. The far Right has been responsible for attacks on a number of synagogues in the last few months, while one Marseilles fascist group, *Renouveau Français*, has begun a petition campaign calling for the banning of gay groups and the deportation of all foreign homosexuals in France. □

Law school bans FBI for its anti-gay policy

PHILADELPHIA — The Temple University School of Law has denied the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) the right to engage in on-campus recruitment of its students because of the agency's anti-gay policy.

The decision to ban FBI recruitment was taken in response to a complaint by 13 Temple law students against the FBI's presence at the school's special recruitment day. The students maintained that the FBI's participation violated a school policy forbidding access to school services and facilities to those who discriminate on the basis of sexual orientation.

Law school dean Peter J Liacouras set up a special review panel to investigate the complaint, and it unanimously supported the students' position. The faculty of the law school then voted by a two-thirds majority to adopt the panel's recommendation to prohibit on-campus FBI recruitment.

David Webster, one of the 13 student complainants, was "delighted with the results of the faculty vote."

The FBI has so far not appealed the decision. □

Blacks picket disco for racist ID checks

CHICAGO — Demonstrators organized by the Committee of Black Gay Men of Chicago (CBGMC) are picketing and leafleting Dugan's Bistro, a mixed gay-straight disco here, contending that the establishment uses selective ID checks to keep blacks and women out.

CBGMC members charge that the dis-

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Australian movement confirms Left stance

SYDNEY — Analysts are still debating the significance of an apparent shift to the Left in this country's gay movement, as delegates to a national gay conference here voted with the Left on issues ranging from a shorter work week to aboriginal land rights.

"Of course, homosexual conferences have always been 'Left Wing' in their general tone," said Adam Carr of Melbourne's *Gay Community News*. "In the past, however, the dominant line was a sort of radical Left liberalism with a heavy emphasis on questions of individual freedom and cultural politics. This year a more hard-edged Leftism seemed to predominate." He was describing the mood of the 500-plus delegates to the Sixth National Conference for Lesbians and Gay Men, August 30 and 31.

Campaign, Australia's oldest gay publication, called it "Conference of the Lemmings" and accused participants of "self-indulgence" and "put-downs of the male leather scene, gay bars and the gay person on the street."

Controversy focused on motions to support the 35-hours-work-per-week campaign of the Australian labour movement, and support of aboriginal land rights. Both motions passed in spite of criticisms that these were not gay issues.

"The conference clearly appeared to accept the forcefully argued view that progress toward homosexual liberation could come only when general progress toward the destruction of the existing

economic and political order was made, and when we had firmly allied ourselves to that struggle," said Carr.

The conference also featured film showings, a concert, and workshops ranging from sissies' raps, racism, and mysticism, to Australian gay history and political activism. □

Judge hits Irish gay with \$90,000 costs

DUBLIN — Gays in Ireland and across Europe are reacting with outrage to the negative judgment October 10 in the David Norris case.

Norris had challenged as unconstitutional the Irish laws which provide a maximum life sentence for the commission of homosexual acts. The decision of Mr Justice Herbert McWilliam to uphold the laws was not unexpected, but the judge went on to order Norris to pay court costs of nearly \$90,000.

Norris has vowed to continue his fight in the Irish Supreme Court and, if necessary, in the European Commission on Human Rights.

Two Dutch parliamentarians have asked their foreign minister to travel to Dublin to convey the Dutch government's displeasure at the human rights situation for gays in Ireland. A Dutch pop group, Alcazar, is releasing a record called *Freedom*, and part of the royalties are earmarked to help finance the Norris campaign.

Donations may be sent to the Hirschfeld Foundation Trustees, the Hirschfeld Centre, 10 Fownes St, Dublin 2, Ireland. □

NOW supports lesbian issues, but veers right on boy-love, S&M

SAN ANTONIO — At its annual convention held in this Texas city October 3 to 5, the National Organization of Women (NOW) reaffirmed its commitment to lesbian issues. Once controversial within the organization, lesbian concerns now occupy a central and integral place in NOW's work.

In a major speech, Lucia Valeska, co-director of the National Gay Task Force, explained that she was part of a group that had once believed the 1979 election defeat of Arlie Scott, an open lesbian, was part of a "purge of lesbians." She had since realized that the defeat resulted from a political split. NOW's work on lesbian issues had considerably improved over the last year.

The question of relations with gay men was more difficult. Valeska urged NOW members to "move beyond a knee-jerk response to a culture that you don't know very much about," and argued for an end to self-righteousness. In her view, gay men are in the process of replacing a totally negative self-identity with a positive one, and feminists must try to understand the effects of oppression and the difficulties of that transition.

The problems of building feminist-

gay unity were dramatized when Pat Brown, chair of the Lesbian Rights Committee, introduced a resolution condemning pederasty, pornography, sado-masochism and public sex as matters of "exploitation, violence, or invasion of privacy," and not issues of "sexual preference/orientation." Joanne Phelps of California NOW defended the resolution as necessary to separate these four issues from questions of lesbian and gay rights, thus insuring that the latter would not suffer by being linked to such issues as pornography and boy-love. In contrast, Marianne Holder of Alaska NOW charged that the wording was inflammatory because it implied that gay men somehow supported exploitation and violence. Despite her protests that this approach would make work with gay men more difficult, the resolution was passed. □

International News Credits
Gay Community News, Boston; *The Sentinel*, San Francisco; *The Blade*, Washington, DC; *Gay Life*, Chicago; *Gay News*, London; *Campaign*, Sydney; *Gay Community News*, Melbourne; *Revolt*, Sweden; *Lampião*, Rio de Janeiro; *Gay Pied*, Paris; *International Gay Association Bulletin*, Amsterdam.

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Illustration: Erick Querel

In a country sharply divided between rich and poor, gay life can have its own special isolation. Tim McCaskell meets Jesús, William, and the movement that could change their lives.

GAY IN COLOMBIA: HIDING, HUSTLING AND COMING TOGETHER

It was a typical, old-fashioned square, bounded by colonial facades and a heavy church. Late Sunday afternoon filled it with people, chatting, strolling, sitting in the sun.

I first noticed him when the two soldiers strutted through, hassling everyone who was sitting on the grass or on the edge of the monument.

I found him attractive. He looked about 20, slight of build, tanned and dark-haired. After the soldier made him get up, he lounged against a lamppost on the other side of the plaza. For a moment I thought he was looking at me.

I continued reading my newspaper. When I had arrived in South America a week earlier, I had thought that just about everybody was cruising me. But it soon began to appear that the rules about eye contact are different here. That, or I didn't know how to respond correctly. I expected that he would be just one more of a long list of handsome young men who lounged everywhere and seemed everywhere unavailable.

When I looked up again he was still there. Although it was hard to tell because of the distance, he still seemed to be looking at me. I folded up my paper to go back to where I was staying, but decided to cross the square on the way for a better look.

As I strolled past I gave him a casual glance. He locked his eyes onto mine. It was so unexpected I got flustered and averted my gaze. I walked around the periphery of the square, and when I looked back he was walking toward me. I felt a delightful twinge of excitement.

I headed down a side street. He followed me on the opposite sidewalk. I crossed over in front of him and began studying a shop window full of dusty shoes. He passed me, crossed back to the other side and hesitated on a corner.

"This is getting silly," I thought.

I walked up to the corner opposite him. We both looked around and then at each other. I smiled.

"How's things?"

"Pardon?" he replied. We were still standing at least ten feet apart. I crossed over.

"How's it going?"

"Not bad. What's with you?"

"Nothing much. Whatcha doing?"

"Hanging around. You?"

"Hanging around. Where you going?"

"Nowhere in particular."

"Me neither."

It was painfully established that I was a tourist, unmarried, 29. He was a university student, unmarried, 18. I was leaving town the next day. He was just back from vacation. I was staying in a family-run house. He lived with his brother. His name was Jesús.

"Want to go for a walk together?" I suggested when we ran out of trivia to exchange.

"Sure."

"Where to?"

"I dunno."

"It's your city, suggest someplace."

"Not much around here."

"A park maybe?"

A few hundred miles away, another plaza, bigger but scruffier. I had checked it out earlier in the afternoon, but it hadn't been at all cruisy. I decided to detour through one last time before returning to my hotel.

The young man wore a yellow T-shirt. In the gathering dusk under the trees I wasn't sure if he looked at me or not. I walked past and, when I reached the perimeter of the square, looked back to see if he was following. He was standing looking after me.

I walked a little farther. He didn't budge. He was standing with his hands on his hips as if to say, "If you think I'm going to follow you all over town, sister, think again." This was obviously a different kind of cruising.

I walked back in his direction but lost sight of him in the dark. Just as I thought he was gone, he emerged from the shadows and leaned against a lamppost smiling at me.

"How's it going?"

"Pretty good. You?"

"Not so bad. What are you up to?"

"Just out for a walk. How about you?"

"Well, you might say I'm working. Or you might say I'm out enjoying myself. Let's say I'm combining business and pleasure."

There was no doubt about this one.

We made small talk and I asked him if he wanted to go somewhere for a beer.

"No, I don't drink beer. It's fattening. My family has a tendency to run to fat. They were this big, both my mother and father, when I last saw them. They

must be huge by now. I don't eat pasta or spaghetti or fat meats or anything like that. I have to preserve my figure, you know."

"Okay, no beer then. Listen, I work with a gay liberation newspaper in Canada. I'd like to talk to you about your line of work."

"You mean you want me for business or you just want to talk about it?"

"I want to talk about it. Are you sure you don't want to go somewhere?"

"Are you really a homosexual?"

"Sure I am."

"Well, okay. Let's just sit down here in the plaza where it's dark. I wouldn't want you to get in any trouble because of me. There are still a lot of people around."

We sat down together on the edge of the broken fountain in the plaza centre. Occasionally men would pass and he would shout out a greeting which they returned.

"It's really early for this kind of work yet," he said. "I usually don't come out until later, one or two o'clock. I'm a transvestite. I dress up like a woman. But sometimes I come out earlier as a boy, like tonight. Some men want you as a boy and others want you dolled up like a woman. I aim to please. I give 'em what they want. I'm a professional."

"So how did you get into this line of work?"

"I was born crazy for men. Well, for as long as I can remember, anyway. Some say we're born this way. Others, that we do it to ourselves. But I don't think that anyone, any psychiatrist or anyone, can change you. It's the way we are and we have to live it. I don't hide it from anybody. If they ask me I say yes, I'm a homosexual."

"Anyway, I was born in the country. My parents are peasants, but I left home when I was eight, basically because I couldn't stand my family anymore. Whenever I wanted to dance around, talk, be the feminine person I am, they would come down on me. 'Be a man,' they'd say. Oh my, can you imagine, *me* a man."

"So I left when I was eight years old. I moved in with a man who worked for the Department of National Resources. He gave me a roof over my head and money for school. I even did the first two years of junior high school. I was with him three years."

"You'd have sex with him?"

"Oh yes, of course. He didn't have a wife and family. No, not him. He liked young boys."

"Eight years old is awfully young, isn't it?"

"Not at all. I didn't start with him. I had sex with lots of boys and men before I went to live with him."

"And why did you leave him?"

"Well, I couldn't see giving myself to only one man. He demanded that, and I didn't want to, so I finally left and went into business. I worked for a while in one of those houses where the clients come in. You know, they have a whisky or a brandy with the boy and then it's upstairs. You finish them off and then it's back down for the next client. But I left there because you have to give a big cut to the owners. It's better to be in business for yourself."

Jesús and I began to wander aimlessly. He was in first-year engineering at the university, from a middle-class family. His father owned a small business in a city near the coast. He lived in an apartment with an older brother who was also going to university.

He finally suggested we go to a park by bus. He didn't have a penny, so I paid the two fares, a few cents. On the bus he spread his legs wide to press against mine. I left plenty of openings for a turn toward sex in our conversation, but he didn't seem to want to pick up on them. I began to wonder if I had misunderstood the whole thing.

The park was closed for the night at 5:00 pm. We went back to the centre of town. The unspoken agreement seemed to be that we were looking for someplace private, but South American towns are not exactly built for such privacy. It was getting later and we were getting nowhere. Finally, he said he had to be home by 7:00 pm.

"Why don't we go somewhere and sit down?" I suggested for the third time. He relented, but we walked another dozen blocks past as many cafés and restaurants before he found one that was right. It was a Chinese restaurant, almost empty, and well away from the bustling town centre. He sat down across from me.

"When we were back in the plaza this afternoon, when the soldier made you

move, you were watching me, weren't you?" I began.

"Yes."

"What were you expecting when you followed me from the park?"

"Expecting?"

"Yeah, what were you looking for?"

"I didn't mean you any harm."

"I know you didn't mean any harm. Look, let's be frank. Along with the other things I said I did, I work with the homosexual liberation movement in Canada. When I saw you looking at me in the park... well, that's what homosexuals do when we want to meet each other. I assumed you were homosexual. Are you?"

"I don't like the word," he said, scowling. "Are you really a homosexual?"

"One hundred percent. I said I worked with the gay movement."

The dam broke. "I've always wanted... imagined... dreamed about having relations... since I was small. But I was never able to do anything. I was always living with my parents or my brothers. I've had... relations a few times, but I always felt really bad afterwards."

"I want to get rid of these feelings. I've prayed to get rid of them, for my family's sake, our honour, for my own sake. But the feelings always come back. I end up hanging round the plaza. But after I'm with someone I feel disgusted. I feel contempt for myself."

"When I was younger I thought a lot about being with someone older than myself. There was a particular man, a neighbour. He was married. I was always thinking about him. It was anguish."

I talked about my own growing up in a small town in Ontario. My memories of self-hate were not so different from his. Then, about coming out, about gay pride, telling my parents, about the commune I live in, my lover.

He was wide-eyed. "I could never do that," he said, "leave my family for a commune. I'd be too ashamed."

"I felt the same way when I lived at home, but when I began working in the movement, getting to know and respect other gay people, it gave me confidence, it gave me pride."

"No I could never do that. I have to get over this..." He paused, and then, almost painfully, said, "Would you like to have sex with me?"

I almost had to laugh. "Of course I would. You're a very sexy man. But where? I don't know about you, but I've been looking for a private place all afternoon and there's no place."

"I could find a place. I know a place, once it gets dark. It's near where I used to live, on the edge of town where there aren't many people."

"Sure, but is it really private? Sex is something we should feel relaxed about. It's not often very good if you're afraid that someone is going to come along in the middle of things."

"I can't miss the chance," he replied. "It's crazy, but I've always dreamed of being with someone like you, a foreigner from Europe or America, with blue eyes. I don't know why."

"I'm flattered, but I think you've been watching too many American movies."

"Do the police hassle you?" I asked him. I had established that his name was William.

"Sure, they bother us a lot. We have to pay them off. When they pick us up, we pay them something and then they let us go. If you don't pay them, god knows when you'd get home."

"A lot of bars have opened in the last five years here in Bogotá, but who can go except those rich enough to afford a prostitute or the prostitutes who are investing in their clients?"

How can you build solidarity between people divided into two such worlds?"



"You always say 'we.' Are there a group of you?"

"Well, I say 'we' so as not to put anybody down. I know all the homosexuals in this village — city I should say, but you know, really this place is just a village. I use 'we,' but we're not really together in any way. We compete for business, you see. Nobody wants the competition to get the clients."

"But how many of you would there be in business in town?"

"All together there wouldn't be more than 70, certainly no more than a hundred. There are others, not everybody is in business. Some are hairdressers and the like. Even when the police round up everybody, we're never more than 70, and they don't miss more than a few."

"Do the police charge you? Is what you're doing against the law?"

"Not against the law, exactly. They say we're vagabonds. They think we make easy money. Easy money! If they only knew the way we have to work. Easy money indeed!"

"So how much money do you make?"

"Well, enough to pay the rent and food and clothes and maybe save up a little for tomorrow. You never know when you might need it. I make out all right. I'll never become a tycoon, but I do okay. Maybe I'll save enough to get a really good transplant, not one of these cheap jobs but a really good one."

"Anyway, if it's a Venezuelan I charge about 60 bolivares (\$12.00). I pay about a third of that for the room, and the rest is for me. Now, a Colombian I charge about 400 pesos (\$10.00). That's for normal sex. Special stuff is extra."

"Special stuff?"

"Yeah, you know, sometimes they want you to abuse them or insult them or tie them up — that sort of thing — masochism. I don't like that very much. So I charge more."

"That's quite a bit of money. What kind of men are your clients?"

"All kinds, tall and short. Fat and thin."

"No, I mean what class of people?"

"Oh, all classes, politicians, professionals, workers, robbers, drug addicts, I've slept with them all. It's not that they tell you, of course, but you can tell from their accents, the expressions they use. Of course I couldn't say, 'And you sir, you're a doctor aren't you, where do you practice?' They'd only lie anyway. Why should I make people lie? If I was a woman maybe. I'd collect them like trophies. But when you're a man, it's better not to ask too many questions. I just listen and work to please. Give them a little theatre, make them think I'm really into it. Of course you can't always be really into it. After all, it's just a business. But I'm a professional, so I have to be a good actor."

"So you do this full time?"

"What else could I do? I don't know how to do anything else."

Jesús and I walked to another plaza to wait for the dark. The place was dominated by the usual equestrian statue of Bolívar, the Liberator.

"Do you think he was a faggot?" I asked, pointing to the statue.

Jesús giggled. I think it was the only time I saw him laugh. Then he told me about Bolívar's wife and mistresses. It seemed that the Liberator's impeccable heterosexual credentials were established very clearly somewhere early in the educational system. "Why would you say a thing like that?"

"Well you know, being in the army all his life, spending all his time with men. They're forever talking about his comrades."

"Yeah, they say that about priests too," Jesús offered. "I knew one and he told me about them kissing and everything, but he talked about it as if it were something horrible."

"Are you religious?"

"Oh yes, I'm a Catholic. I even go to mass sometimes."

"But they say that being gay is a sin."

"I know. Sometimes when I go there I feel really bad, so I don't go very often."

"What about other gay people? Are there any clubs or anything here in town?"

"Oh no, that would cause a scandal."

"There are in bigger places like Caracas or Bogotá."

"I've heard that, but I wouldn't want to go there. They're all transvestites and everything. I don't like people who are obvious, who play at roles. There's a guy in town I met at school. He's sort of obvious. You can tell by his actions. I got to know him, and I suggested to some of my friends that he might come along with us sometimes. But they said, 'No! We're not going to be seen with someone like him.' So I told him that we could be friends, just the two of us. But not in front of anybody."

"After tomorrow when I go, would you like to keep in touch?" I asked.

"How?"

"We could write."

"No, I could never receive a letter. Somebody might read it or ask me questions."

"You could write me, then. I'd be interested in knowing how you felt about things. Maybe you could find someplace safe for me to write you. I could send you books and things about gay liberation in Spanish."

"No! I couldn't receive anything like that, ever. It's too dangerous."

"Okay, whatever you say. But I'll give you my address anyway in case you change your mind."

Dusk was falling. "Are you excited?" he asked.

"Sort of."

"Me too. I can hardly wait. Let's go, it'll be dark by the time we get there."

"So how long will you be able to go on like this?"

William's grin flashed through the dark. "Oh, a hundred years or so at least."

"Seriously?"

"Well, I figure until I'm about 30. I'm 19 now. Then maybe I'll go into business with younger boys. I'll set up a little hotel and run the place. I can live like that for the rest of my life. We all end up getting old. You have to prepare for that."

"Where, here in Cucuta?"

"Probably. I've traveled all over Colombia and parts of Venezuela. Someone likes me and says, 'Come along for a while,' and I go. But I don't like traveling so much. I don't have papers or anything, and I'm established here."

"You know the two places I'd really like to go? New York and Paris. I've read a lot about those places, and they sound like paradise. Really crazy places, where nobody bothers you and you can go out in broad daylight if you want to."

"What about San Francisco?" I said. "That's a famous gay city."

"No, I think I'd go to Los Angeles instead. It's near Hollywood, with all the movies and everything. I really love movie stars. I read all about them in the film magazines."

"Do you read any gay magazines?"

"There aren't any here in Colombia. It's not our time yet. We haven't produced any great writers. Men have had their time. They've reached the top. Now it's women. Women are becoming liberated. They're starting to come out with books and magazines. But we haven't yet. Maybe it'll be our turn next."

"But there have been great gay

writers," I protested, naming a few.

"Yes... and there was Pasolini, he died in a homosexual encounter. But they never tell you that in the papers. Or if they do they make it sound like a big scandal, and not just something normal like it is."

He changed the subject. "Your lover, what's he like? Is he masculine like you or feminine?"

"I guess he's masculine," I replied, "but I don't often think about it that way."

"That's really strange. Things sure sound different up there. And two masculine men can satisfy each other sexually?"

"We do just fine."

"Both together or first one and then the other?"

"There are lots of different ways to make love."

"That must be really nice, about as good as it can get, to feel for a person and be satisfied, too. But I don't see how you could tie yourself to just one man. I don't think I could."

"It's not quite that strict."

"Are you a Protestant or a Catholic?" he went on.

"Neither, I'm an atheist. I don't believe in gods."

"You're a materialist then. Me, I'm a Catholic. But I believe in good works more than faith. Some people say we have to live this life for the next, but I always think that we have to live life the way it is. And get as much out of it as possible. Even if there's reincarnation and we come back as another person or an animal, it will depend on what we do. So we have to live out who we are to the fullest."

He paused. "Listen, it's been nice talking to you, but I have to go to eat and then get ready for the night. Where are you heading tomorrow?"

"Well, I'm going to Bogotá, but I'm not in too much of a hurry. It's bound to be a little heavy up there with this hostage-taking at the embassy."

"Oh yes, the leftist guerrillas. I'd really like to have sex with one of those guys to see if they're half as macho in bed as they look up there behind a machine gun."

We both laughed and shook hands. I leaned forward and gave him a little kiss. He giggled and disappeared into the night.

The road up to the apartment buildings ran alongside a kind of space only found in the third world, a cross between a construction sight, garbage dump, pasture and jungle. Jesús was very nervous. I was instructed to pretend not to know him if we met anyone he recognized.

There was someone walking behind us when we walked up the road the first time, so we couldn't take the path into the bushes. We reached the top of the road, waited for a bus till the coast was clear and then walked back down the way we had come. Finally we managed to dash off along a little trail between the scrubby bushes. He grasped my hand and held it tight. It was the first time we had really touched.

After considerable blundering around in the gloom, we managed to find a place a little hidden by high grass and bushes. We embraced. He squeezed me as if his life depended on it. We kissed deeply. He suggested we strip.

We stood hugging in the cool night air, our pants around our ankles, his hard cock pressing up under mine. Sud-

denly he said, "I'm coming." He was, spurting out across my legs and into the grass. I bent down to take him in my mouth. "No, please don't," he said. We continued embracing.

"I'm sorry, I was too excited." He seemed next to crying. "I won't leave you on your own, I promise." He made as if to turn his back to me and then clutched me tighter. "Now I don't feel so good," he said.

Then several dark shapes emerged from nowhere along the path. "Christ! Get down!" We crouched. "Quick, get dressed!" For a moment I thought they were coming our way, but they disappeared.

He was trembling. "Do you want to go?" I asked.

"Yeah, let's get out of this place!"

We pulled on our clothes. He fairly bounded down the path.

Once on the road, I asked why he said he had felt bad.

"It's like I said, after I come I feel bad. It wasn't so bad this time. I didn't feel disgust like the other times. I've come like that before, without satisfying them, and they've made me finish, and it was really horrible. Has it ever happened to you before that someone has come and not satisfied you?"

"Of course, it happens to everybody. Relax, friend. It's not your fault. We were both really nervous. It's no wonder you feel bad, the way we had to sneak away together like criminals. If we'd had a private, comfortable place, it would have been really nice."

"You're not mad I didn't satisfy you?"

"Christ no. I haven't had a chance to talk to, never mind hug and kiss, another gay person since I got here. It's really been fine being with you this afternoon. It would have been nice to have sex with you, but under the circumstances there was nothing we could do."

"Shh, don't talk so loud. There are people around."

We boarded the little bus and were reduced to silence. It was my turn to feel bad. I felt such a longing to hold this man, to reassure him and comfort him. But there was no way. We were speeding to the end of the road. He was already late.

"What time are you going tomorrow?"

"I'd planned to go in the morning, but I could wait if you want."

"No, I've got classes all day. You'd better go."

The bus ride was a torment. There was so much I wanted to say. I began filling up with rage. Rage at the oppression that we bore so unevenly. All around us was complacent macho buffoonery, a system that started with the exploitation of a whole continent and ended up by granting the miserable crumbs of male privilege to keep half of an enslaved and tormented population in terror of the other half. A system that turned our warmest feelings of companionship into an agony.

We got down from the bus and walked in silence.

"I think the woman in that car was looking at us," he said.

"You'll remember what I said, won't you? Don't despise yourself anymore. What we feel is good. What they tell you are lies. Trust your feelings. You'll remember that?"

"I'll remember," he said without conviction.

We parted. In the open we couldn't even hug. The last thing he said was to wish me "felicidad."

Happiness. □

A flicker of light: the growing gay movement

Bogotá is a classic schizophrenic third world city. A cosmopolitan centre of corporate wealth and culture, it sucks into itself both the riches and the abject poverty of the surrounding countryside.

Colombia is ruled by a tiny elite. Its two principal parties, the Liberals and the Conservatives, are headed up by the same narrow, privileged social class that has dominated the country's economy and politics since the Thirties. Although the rivalry between the two great parties has sometimes degenerated into bloody civil war, both depend on American economic and military aid to sustain their privilege in the face of the growing misery and discontent of most of the population. In return, American corporations are given a free hand to do business with Colombian natural resources and cheap labour.

While rich and poor live in two separate worlds, in the larger cities such as Bogotá a small "middle class" lives a precarious existence. Over the years this liberal, professional class has produced both revolutionary leaders for the masses and technocrats for the corporations. Today it also seems to be producing the beginnings of a Colombian gay movement.

Manuel was my first contact in Bogotá. He survives by teaching a half course in French literature in one of the city's universities. When I talked to him about the possibilities of building an open gay movement in Colombia last February, he was pessimistic. He talked matter-of-factly about police brutality. "Queers, especially transvestites, are often rounded up. A favourite trick is to strip them, douse them with icy water and force them to stand out in the cold all night. If you can't afford to pay a bribe, rape and beatings are common."

Homosexuality itself is not a crime here. But inserting your penis into somebody's anus is. In 1970 the Liberal government reduced this act from the status of a crime punishable by one to three years in prison to a misdemeanour punishable by detention from one to three months. In 1971, under the subsequent Conservative administration, the original law was restored.

A new penal code which will be effective next year promises to legalize all private homosexual acts between adults over 14 years of age. But conservative forces are already criticizing its leniency, and the idea of an amnesty for homosexuals imprisoned under the old law has been dropped.

Manuel is deeply sceptical about the possibilities for legal change. "How can you talk about gay rights in a country

where the basic rights of the majority of citizens are not respected by the oligarchy or its belligerent army and police?"

Nor is it just the laws or the threat of police brutality that make people cautious. In a country where hunger stalks the unemployed, who can risk losing a job or the economic support of their family by coming out? Those who have no choice but to define themselves as gay easily fall out of society. Prostitution, their only recourse, is a major organizing principle of gay life.

Manuel went on to talk about the difficulty of organizing, even in the larger cities like Bogotá where the beginnings of a commercial subculture most closely approximate North American gay life. "It's true a lot of bars have opened in the last five years here in Bogotá," he said. "But who can afford to go except those rich enough to afford a prostitute or the prostitutes who are investing in their clients? How can you build solidarity between people divided into two such worlds?"

Although the problems are immense, the Colombian gay movement has seen a truly remarkable growth during the last year.

I talked with Guillermo, who holds a fairly secure position in one of the nation's larger banks, and is presently training to become a psychologist. Guillermo's coming to terms with his own sexuality lead him to writings on radical therapy and to a conviction that there could be no personal liberation without a struggle against oppression.

Two years ago he founded a consciousness-raising group which has become immensely popular. Its meetings were secret, but news spread by word of mouth. Although the group's composition is diverse, most of its members are drawn from the minority of Colombians who have some university training and who can aspire to a professional or semi-professional status.

*It was this group which spawned the collective of *Ventana Gay*, the country's first regular gay magazine. Until *Ventana's* appearance, the only Colombian gay literature had been a little journal called *El Otro* irregularly published almost single-handedly by Leon Zuleta, a philosophy teacher from Medellín. Zuleta is widely respected for his pioneering work in spreading the message of gay liberation across the country. In fact, it was through his efforts that the core of the Bogotá group first met.*

*But *El Otro* was a "theoretical journal," and its articles were so laced with the technical terminology of radical Freud-*

ianism, Trotskyism and avant-garde philosophy that it was incomprehensible to all but a handful.

*When the first issue of *Ventana* appeared last summer, it was sold out within a few weeks. Number 2 has already followed. *Ventana* is aimed at organizing and politicizing the broadest possible audience. It features articles ranging from a discussion of the country's anti-gay laws, through lesbian feminism to gay male lovemaking techniques.*

Guillermo is not so pessimistic in his analysis of the ghetto. "For the people in the city, or at least for a considerable sector of middle- and upper-class gays, the commercial ghetto represents a kind of institution, and it is practically the only place where people can openly meet. The situation is much like that described by Evelyn Hooker when she wrote about the ghetto in the US in the Sixties."

"For us, a real problem is the false sense of liberation that the ghetto gives people. People say 'Liberation? From what? Why?' In spite of our notorious 'machismo,' anti-gay discrimination and persecution is often not as evident as it is even in some of the 'advanced' countries or in some of the socialist countries. Our oppression is not so much legal as it is diffused through the cultural environment and in our own heads."

*These problems have not prevented gay encounter groups from forming throughout the country, in Cali, Neiva, Pereira, Pasto and Medellín. Bogotá now also boasts a Gay Alcoholics Anonymous and a Gay Esperanto Group, as well as the *Ventana* collective. The original *Grupo de Encuentro y Liberación Gay* is still going strong.*

*Earlier this year, Medellín physician Ebel Botero published a new book, *Homophilia and Homophobia: A Study of Homosexuality, Bisexuality and the Repression of Homosexual Conduct*. The book draws on the wealth of information about homosexuality available internationally and on the experiences of gay people in Colombia. The book will help meet the pressing need for unbiased information on gay sexuality in the country.*

There are still thousands of men like Jesús and Wiliam in Colombia — isolated in their closets or forced to the periphery of society. Uniting them across the chasm of class differences in a country as ripe for social upheaval as Colombia will not be easy. Lesbians are even more deeply submerged. But for the first time for Colombian gay people, there seems to be a flicker of light at the end of the tunnel.

“Q uiet on the set please,” barks the assistant director. The “A D” is the one they pay to keep order so the director can be nice to everyone. The set is hot and crowded. About 80 of us have squeezed into the lounge behind Gungel’s restaurant, now tricked out by the CBC design people as an all-purpose gay bar. “Roll sound, camera.” Yes, there is a clapper and it hasn’t gone digital yet. “Action.” The sound comes up (second-rate bar disco) and the “special business extras” who have been collected for this scene begin to move to the beat, smoke cigarettes, sip drinks, talk, cruise, fondle, kiss and generally do an odd, lurid version of the gay bar thing in front of the CBC film crew.

I am sitting out of the way, the cold eye of progressive gay journalism fixed on the filming of “The Running Man,” a TV drama due to be aired in February. But despite the “professional” role, I, too, slide into my own bar trance. I wish I had washed my hair and worn the black T-shirt I had considered for today’s outing. The crowd is attractive, young and dressy. I’m mildly cruising. One striking blond looks toward me. Forget it — I’m sitting in front of a mirror and he’s just checking out his reflection.

“Cut.” The music dies, the special business extras stop their special business, and attention shifts back up to the people behind the camera.

It is time to find someone to interview. Paul, the designer, is a quiet young ex-Englishman. He got the job of creating an authentic gay bar. Someone



“‘Are you a pitcher or a catcher?’ ... everyone seems to hope that the scene will die under the editing knife.”

at the CBC gave him a list and he went to look at the Toronto gay scene. I think he was a bit shocked. Director Donald Brittain (“After years in this business, it’s not a strange new world to me at all”) rather took to Dudes, but Paul found it too tense and sullen. So they took Gungel’s, changed a few pictures, sat a bizarre doll on the piano and ended up with something smarter and comfier than the run of bars.

Only two characters seem out of place here. There is a tall, straight-looking man in his late thirties sipping a drink like a man hoping to avoid trouble. The other oddity is a dangerous, dark-eyed gent in top-of-the-line black leather gear.

The sound man cuts the music, he is after some dialogue, but the crowd is told to keep moving to the beat and mouth silent conversation. The dark-eyed gent moves across the silent but

WATCHING THEM WATCHING US

The nice folks at the CBC say that their drama about a gay teacher isn’t really about homosexuality at all.

They’re right.

David Mole cruises the set of “The Running Man.”

busy room toward the straight fellow.

“Buy me a drink?”

“I’m waiting for a friend.”

“Are you a pitcher or a catcher?” asks the dark-eyed man.

Understandably enough, the straight man is at a loss for a reply to this odd question. A few more grisly lines from the same overworked imagination and the encounter breaks off. We endure this silly scene some eight times before they get it right.

The man in black leather is “the hooker,” and everyone seems to hope that this scene will die under the editing knife. (I must say I liked the look, but then, I wanna die like Pasolini.) The other man is Chuck Shamata. He plays Ben, the protagonist of this drama. Mr Shamata is an intelligent and competent actor. But he looks more and more anxious as the days go by. If nothing else takes off in this movie, the honest panic projected by Chuck Shamata’s Ben will surely save the show.

Ben — The Running Man — is a high-school teacher and apparently a good one, coach of the track team and that sort of thing. Finally his homosexuality is getting the better of him. The bars tempt him downtown from his suburban home, he deceives his wife and she deceives herself. But the Truth will out. He meets Michael, a nice, middle-class gay man, who tells him to get his act together. But no go. One of Ben’s students is troubled by homosexual desires, comes to him for help, gets a panic-stricken rebuff and kills himself (oh the Tragic Life of Homosexuals). Ben comes to his senses. Now he will face the truth... but that’s the end.

When the white folk make a show about the black folk, the black folk get to ask some standard questions and to raise some standard objections. So, my mission clear, I went to see Anna Sandor, who wrote the script. She turned out to be a likeable, able woman who lives surrounded by books and nice things for the wall.

“Why did you want to do a script with a gay theme?”

“I’ve always been interested in the topic of homosexuality,” Sandor began. “When I was a kid I read *Giovanni’s Room* by James Baldwin. It made my head whirl. Ever since then, the subject is one I have done a lot of



Director Brittain with actors Chuck Shamata and Don Scanlon: “There is a social responsibility.”

reading about. I felt it was a world I could write about. I approached it with a bit of trepidation, of course.”

“Why this story in particular?”

“I was reading about the Barracks raid, and the more I read the more upset I got, particularly about the teachers and the policemen who took it upon themselves to call their school boards. You know, how it’s fine to be anything if you’re gay, but stay away from our children. That’s how the idea got started.”

I ask what kind of research she did, and she noted that she had spoken to a number of gay people who had experiences of coming out late in life.

“I also did a lot of reading, especially anthologies of first-person accounts like *Coming Out* and *Lavender Culture*. I’ve been to gay bars, but to go and do research in bars didn’t seem right.”

Having discovered that Ms Sandor has read more gay literature than most of us, and holds views that put her at the progressive end of the gay movement, I regrouped and attacked on some specifics.

“Your only really ‘gay’ character, Michael, isn’t gay in any apparent way. Why is that?”

“Michael is a very together person, and the fact that he is gay is just part of



Scriptwriter Anna Sandor: “If Ben comes across as a character you can sympathize with, then I’ve done my job well.”

his life. I modelled him on somebody I know who said to me, ‘I don’t go around advertising it, but it’s not something secret.’ He is the man the hero could have been if he had dealt with his sexuality.”

I recalled that, in the script, Michael is very hard on Ben. “Surely a man in his position would have been more sympathetic?”

“Ben goes to Michael looking for sympathy, but what he needs to hear is the truth, to be told ‘you’re an adult, you’ve got responsibilities, now deal with them.’”

On the whole, Anna Sandor got the best of the argument. As she says, “I’m a writer, this story hadn’t been done and I wanted to do it. If Ben comes across as a character you can sympathize with, then I’ve done my job well.”

Some obscure CBC process has turned up a roomy apartment in a nice Roxborough Street house. Michael is supposed to live here. I want to meet him. He is, so to speak, the only gay man in the show.

The apartment has a little back yard, and that’s where I find the film crew at work. Everyone seems very relaxed. Donald Brittain had evidently won the crew’s confidence, and the professional process that turns out a dozen such TV dramas a season is rolling along. As the A D said to me, “Car chases, wife-beating, gays or whatever it is, it’s our work.”

Michael, that is, Vancouver actor Don Scanlon, finally emerges from the Winnebago where the actors hang out between scenes. I don’t know anything about Don Scanlon, and I don’t mean to suggest that gayness is always apparent even to the practiced eye, but Scanlon’s Michael looked pretty straight to me and I was sorry for it. I like gay men and I like to see them in TV shows.

Michael and Ben have two scenes to do today: an angry exchange when Ben comes looking for support as his life caves in, and a tense but finally consummated courtship over wine.

The first scene is giving trouble. The script and the action don’t quite fit. The actors and the director huddle on the stairs to get it right. Worse, Scanlon is having difficulty getting angry enough, fast enough, convincingly. God knows you would need a heart of stone to re-

ject a friend as trapped and desperate as Ben! Michael is going to come across like a creep, and that isn't what anyone had in mind. Later I discover that this scene is to be rewritten and reshot to improve Michael's image.

I am able to catch the action by squeezing into a corner in the hall, an unseen voyeur of the intimacy of these two men. The camera is more aggressive and moves in tight. A moment of tenderness approaches. It is late in the evening, wine has been spilt, they mop it up, they touch. "Must you go?" says Michael. "No," says Ben.

I hang about when the day is over to interview Don Scanlon. He says he would be glad to oblige another time. Perhaps I could give him my phone number? That's a line I've heard before. I give him my number, but this is not a relationship that's going to work. One can tell.

The CBC people were turning out to be very nice, open to talking about their work, and attentive to what we had to say about it.

Donald Brittain was very busy, of course, but he eventually made time to see me. We met in his Park Plaza hotel room at 8 am. He did the interview in a sort of third-world housecoat over a room-service breakfast, coffee and rather a lot of cigarettes, considering the hour.

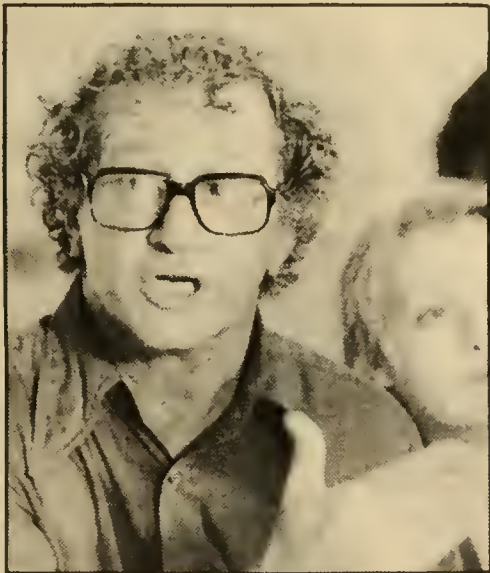
Montreal-based Brittain is an experienced and highly regarded documentary filmmaker with many substantial pictures to his credit. He was asked to do the show in part because a documentary style seemed appropriate for a series of social issue dramas. "The Running Man" script was ready and he liked it. Now in his early fifties, Brittain says he needs a new challenge. This show is something of a test for him.

"It is important to me to see how well I can do it," he says. "I was given a very serviceable script, a terrific crew and great freedom in casting. If the film stinks, it's my fault."

"There is a problem, isn't there," I said, "when you present fiction in documentary style?"

"It's an interesting issue. It's

*Director Donald Brittain:
"You often have to get people to do things that seem unnatural in order to get something on the screen which you think is true."*



something I have to come to grips with in every show I do. There is always some situation where I have to decide, will this distort the truth as I see it? Whether it's literally true doesn't worry me. You often have to get people to do things that seem unnatural in order to get something on the screen which you think is true. I think it has to be labelled as fiction so the audience knows what it is. But if you inject enough of the documentary feel, they might forget it's a play and that's exactly what you are trying to do."

"The show deals with a social issue as well as being an entertainment. How do you feel about that?"

"The film has to serve a purpose. That purpose is simply to alleviate the antagonism toward the gay world. I don't think there is anything terribly sensational about the subject matter. We aren't breaking new ground. You can't change anybody's mind with a film, but there is a little area you can help along. In the end you make a film for yourself, but there is a social responsibility."

I noted that gay people have increasingly complained that, like other oppressed minorities, the image that is presented of them is constructed by outsiders. I asked Brittain how he felt about that.

"Your point is certainly valid overall, but it should allow for 'outsiders' to examine a situation. I think that, as long as the outsiders are reasonably in tune with things, haven't got an axe to grind and are professional in whatever media they work in, their contribution needn't be rejected out of hand. If you go too far the other way it becomes an incestuous thing."

The Winston Churchill High School is at Kennedy Road and Lawrence Avenue in Scarborough. That makes it about an hour by subway and bus from downtown Toronto. The Eglinton East bus takes you into the suburban world where Ben lives, and where he must now come out as a gay man. Poor bloke, no one around here is going to be of much help. He will have to take the bus in the other direction and leave not just his heterosexuality but a whole life.

The filming is going well. In the morning they got some shots of the "track team" running about. This afternoon, Ben's principal will interrupt his coaching. He has some bad news.

Everything is set up. The actors and the director have done some casual rehearsals, the camera angle is fixed for the first take, the sound man, sensibly shaded from the hot sun with an umbrella, holds his boom over the spot.

"Action."

Suddenly all is very quiet, and a tiny drama inside the other drama of filmmaking has our complete attention.

"Got a few minutes?" asks the principal. He has on his good, summer-weight suit. His face is sad, marked by the trials and privileges of his job.

"Sure, I don't have a class until ten."

"I've been hearing rumours about your private life."

"I didn't know my private life was exciting enough to start rumours."

"They say you've been going to the fag bars downtown."

Ben protests. "My wife, my family,

you've met them, I'm no queer."

"Just letting you know what I heard, Ben. Be careful."

Maybe it was the beer at lunch, but I am moved. The moment was true.

The same scene is redone from three angles and shot perhaps eight times. It gradually loses its power, but the phrase "fag bars" gets me every time. Poor Ben. What a mess. "Cut it, print it."

Work is over, the crew packs up. Into the truck go lights, tape recorders, transformers, gels, mike stands, switching boards, bags, boxes, briefcases, actors, technicians, Donald Brittain and the garbage. They are off to another location: "Ben hears of Rick's suicide."

I'm not going, I'm through. I want to go downtown.

It was only toward the end of my time with the people making "The Running



"Ben's principal has some bad news.... 'They say you've been going to fag bars downtown.' The moment is true. The phrase 'fag bars' gets me every time."

Man" that I realized there was something wrong with my approach to their show. I kept asking an obvious question. I wanted to know what a group of mostly non-gay professionals thought they were doing making a drama about us. They, quite legitimately, told me that the product is what counts and that if it works, that is enough. That didn't satisfy me. I couldn't see how the product could "work" unless it was informed by the experience of being gay.

But the real problem with "The Running Man" is not that the white folk have made a show about the black folk. It is that "The Running Man" is not really about homosexuality at all. The gay world makes only a fleeting appearance, and the show takes up the issue of homosexuality only in the most personal kind of way.

People kept telling me this. The woman who did the casting told me it was a drama about the breakup of a marriage. Anna Sandor told me it was about self-deceit. Someone else said it was about mid-life crisis. They are right. That is the issue from their point of view. The gay angle mattered much more to me, but I was on a wild goose chase. I was asking questions about a drama they weren't making.

They know, as well as I do, that only the black folk can make that show.

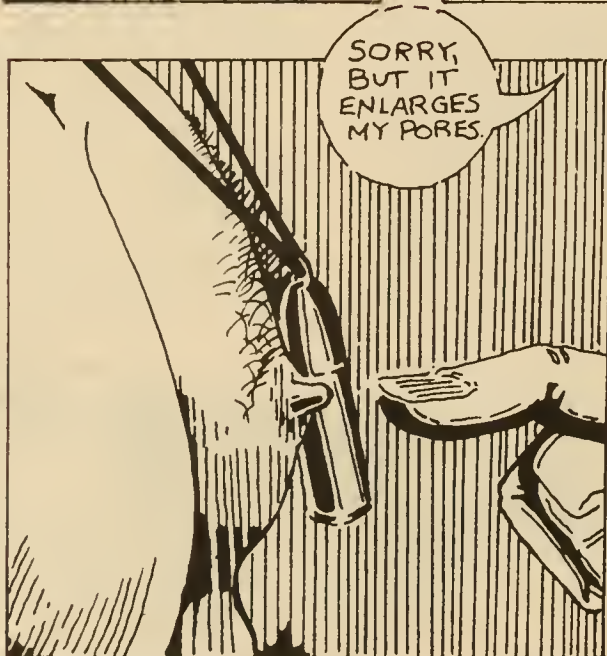
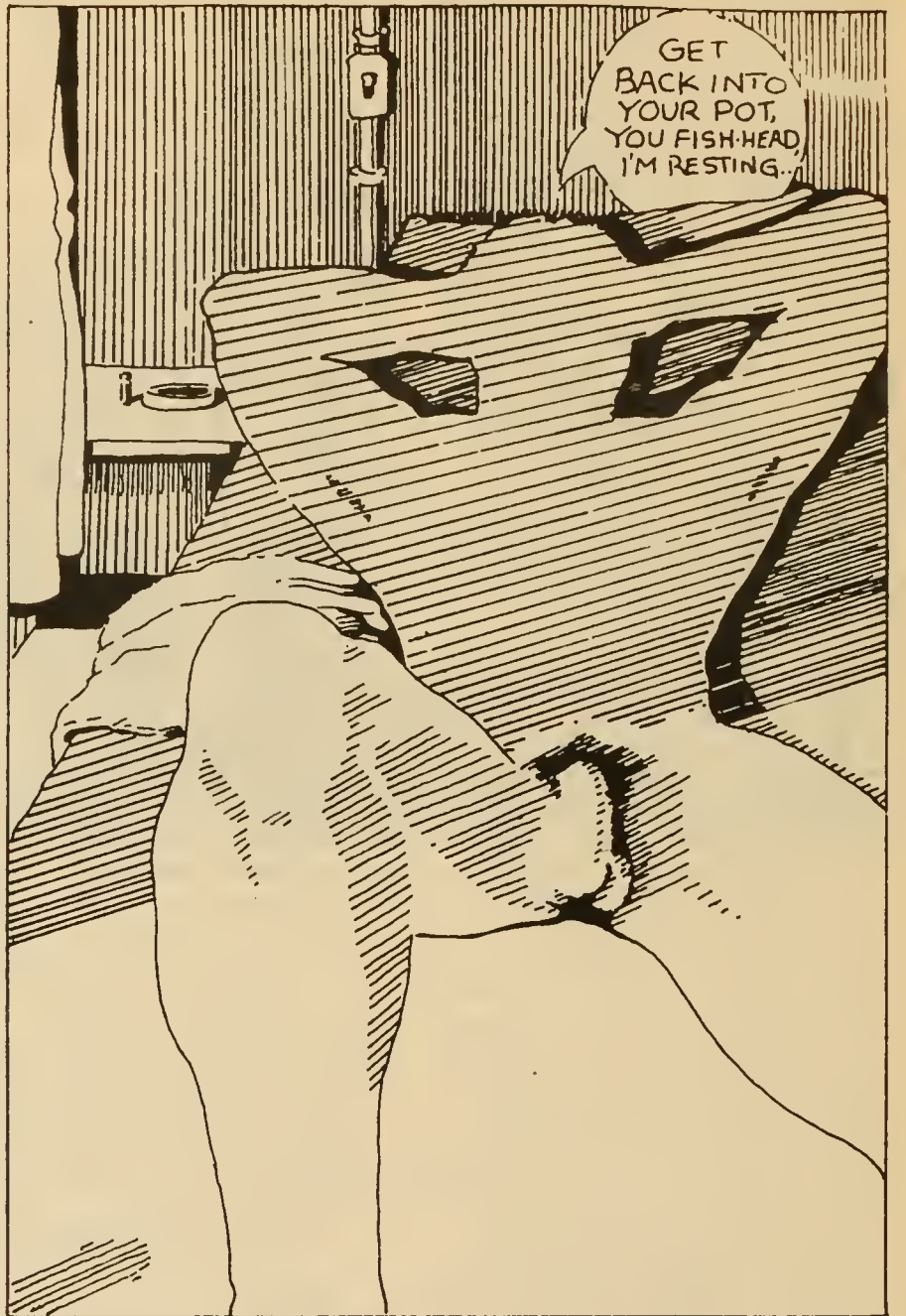
"The Running Man," fourth in the eight-run "For the Record" series of social issue dramas, will be aired by the CBC on Sunday, February 22, 1981.

David Mole teaches economics at the University of Manitoba

"Special business extras" at Gunsel's: "...cruising, kissing, generally doing an odd, lurid version of the gay bar thing in front of the CBC film crew."



GARY OSTROM: FRANK MALE STORIES



G. OSTROM © 1980 WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO BILL WARD

They started out two years ago on a Toronto rooftop, spoofing the "doo-wappa-doo" songs of their high-school days. Now, they could be on their way to international success. Norman Hay talks with The Nylons.

HIGH TRASH & HOT STUFF

Audiences across Canada have sung along with them, whooped and hollered, roared with laughter, been deeply moved and given them standing ovations. They're a smash.

They are the Nylons, four gay men who sing *a cappella*, that is, without instruments or any other form of musical accompaniment. All the complexities of melody, rhythm and harmony come from their own throats. This form of music is, of course, older than time, but as practiced by the Nylons it's unique.

They started out in Toronto less than two years ago. They were all theatre people, but in the show business vernacular they were "between engagements," for which read, out of work. Now, they may well be on their way to international success. Naturally they would like that, but they're being cautious. There have been offers, but the wrong booking in the wrong place at the wrong time in New York would be a major setback. The right equivalent could mean stardom. They have the talent, the originality, the drive. They're hot.

Paul Cooper, 30, is somewhat the leader of the pack. His roots are in Tennessee and Kalamazoo, Michigan, but the war in Vietnam drove him to Canada. For eleven years he has been an actor/singer in Toronto with, among other things, productions of *Hair* and *Godspell* behind him.

Paul originated the idea of the Nylons along with Marc Connors, 31, an Ottawa-born actor/singer/theatre man with a drama degree from the University of Alberta. Claude Morrison, 28, was born in Toronto, studied music here and in the United States, and lists among his credits an appearance with the Famous People Players in a *Liberace* show in Las Vegas. His vocal range includes a high falsetto which is used to sometimes startling effect in the Nylons repertoire. Ralph Cole, 37, was born in the United States, served in the US Air Force, and spent three years with the Lyric Opera company in Chicago. Since 1974 he has worked in Canada as an actor, singer and dancer. When the Nylons idea clicked with Paul, Marc and Claude, they sent to Victoria for Ralph.

The clicking of the idea took place on Paul Cooper's downtown roof when the three friends began singing together light spoofs of the "doo-wappa-doo" songs of their high-school days. They liked what they heard, both for its nostalgia and its endearing absurdity. From that, with a lot of work and discipline and the addition of Ralph, they put together an act. One of their earliest gigs was a performance for the annual dinner of Toronto's Judy Garland Memorial Bowling League.

Their first club engagement was at a Toronto cabaret called Van Sloten's in May 1979. They were fresh, eager and beguiling. Quite suddenly they became the talk of the town. One acerbic critic went so far as to say that the Nylons were famous for being famous. That

was during a 17-week engagement at the Basin Street Cabaret on Queen Street, where the group successfully followed Salome Bey's knockout, *Indigo*.

Another critic, writing about their Fifties and Sixties material, noted that "they send it up, satirize it, camp it up with such a fine sensibility that they achieve the kind of involving nostalgia reminiscent of the first Bette Midler album."

Since then, they have broadened their base by introducing new songs — some of their own, some by contemporary writers and performers — new choreography and new theatrical tricks. Their lighting is inventive and their sound system so sophisticated that, astonishingly, it can make one believe for a time that they have a full orchestra backing them.

Aided in their current run by the acoustics at the Bathurst Street Church Theatre (the front of the new home of the Metropolitan Community Church), they have also been experimenting occasionally with natural sound. Using no amplification at all, they recreate the intimacy of old-time vaudeville.

I talked to Paul Cooper in the roomy kitchen of his apartment above a store on Yonge Street. I said I felt that the uniqueness of the Nylons is a demon-

stration of a gay sensibility; it strikes me as most unlikely that a group of straight men would have developed the notion of their act in its nostalgia, irreverence and high camp. They had, for example, referred to themselves in the beginning as "high trash." They had taken an outsider's view of what, after all, was their own youth and musical environment.

Cooper, however, was reluctant to get involved in this notion. Quite rightly he pointed out that theirs is not a "gay act." They do no specifically gay material, though one does note that in Cooper's own love song, "Mirage," about a beautiful person coming towards him across a beach, there is a careful avoidance of gender. He also emphasized the fact that their audiences are primarily straight. Their success is in no way dependent on gay support. At a recent performance, I was aware that the crowd was made up overwhelmingly of non-gay couples in their late twenties and early thirties. It was a knowing audience of faithful followers.

And yet a friend in Ottawa told me that during the Nylons' run in a local club there, gay men rushed in every night to fill the front tables. They set the tone for the enthusiastic audience. Paul Cooper told me, too, that many

young gay people have made a point of telling the Nylons how good it feels to see four gay men up there performing so beautifully.

I don't resent the Nylons for not being more openly gay. I would feel the same way if I were a performer who had paid the dues, worked the toilets and waited for that magic moment to catch the brass ring. I resent instead the social conditions and climate that make the Nylons' circumspection necessary if they're to reach a wide audience and be a broad cultural success.

Paul Cooper and I talked about the Village People, about their spectacular rise and crushing defeat in *Can't Stop the Music*. (Possibly the worst film ever released? Certainly the silliest.) Cooper rightly sees no comparison with the Nylons. The Village People were put together by an opportunistic producer and set up as an elaborate fag joke, a one-dimensional gag that stretched too thin and fell apart. Andy Warhol said that everyone should be famous for fifteen minutes; one hopes the five men who were the Village People at least enjoyed their brief moment.

The four men who are the Nylons are different. If they make it, they will make it as a fine musical group.

I hope they do. □

Nylons Claude Morrison, Marc Connors, Ralph Cole and Paul Cooper: A fresh, beguiling approach to a musical form older than time.



False controversies in the media marketplace

The Body Politic is both a political magazine and a commercial enterprise. This simple fact is actually a complex paradox: *TBP* cannot criticize the commercial society we live in unless it is itself a commercial success.

One consequence of this paradox is that the advertising it carries cannot be politically pure, or even neutral. Those enterprises with the money to buy ads are more likely to be thriving businesses than struggling co-operatives, and businesses have to use whatever methods of advertising are most profitable, without regard for the quality of the product sold and with even less regard for the ethical value of the methods used to sell it.

A case in point is the ad in the November issue of *TBP* for Montgomery Leathers, featuring a drawing of a male torso which could be described as at best unrealistic and at worst pornographic. Pictures of faceless, passive human beings in the role of sexual objects give me the chills, especially when used to sell something else. But of course I'm a woman, a lesbian, a feminist, and a socialist, and my idea of what is erotic and what is offensive is bound to reflect my own political and sexual experience.

But even if my erotic and emotional experience is very different from that of gay men, I know that at least some of the men involved in *TBP* are interested in criticizing gender stereotypes and in overcoming patterns of role-playing and power-abusing which are inherent to heterosexuality — and not always absent in homosexuality.

So I wondered what my friends at the paper thought about this ad, and, as it turned out, there was an editorial blurb on page 3 of the same issue, discussing both the ad and various reactions to it, and asking for readers' opinions. The blurb said in part: "As long-time readers of this magazine are no doubt aware, the matter of sexual imagery in advertising has given us problems in the past, and we haven't been able to establish a cut-and-dried policy that can be applied to every case."

Here I threw up my hands. Of course there can't be a cut-and-dried policy that automatically separates good from bad! Even the Vatican sometimes has problems defining sin. To suggest that the only kind of policy one can institute is a rigid policy that censors out all evil is to set up the proverbial straw man: the reader is meant to conclude that "of course such a policy would be stupid," and therefore "of course there can't be a policy at all."

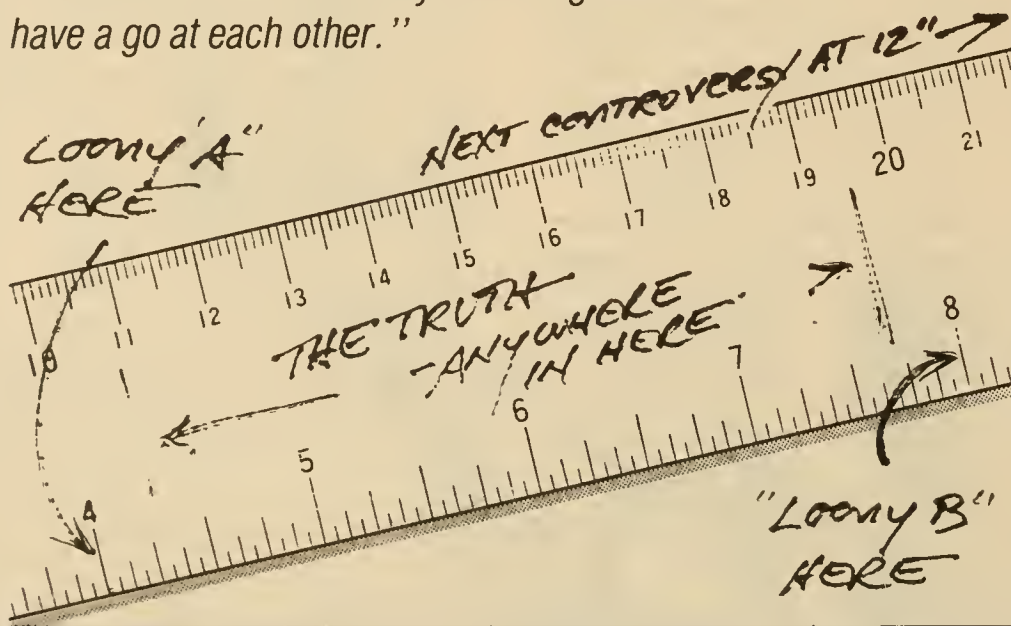
There are ways of discussing what is sexist and what isn't, just as there are ways of discussing what is homophobic and what isn't; there are traditions of political debate and political decision-making, and I don't see why we have to choose between the Inquisition on the one hand and the crass commercialism of "anything goes, as long as it pays," on the other. But most so-called communications media in our society prefer to believe that there are only these two alternatives. In that way, they can always say, "Well, we don't want to censor anything, so we'll print pictures of

men assaulting women or whites killing blacks, as long as there is a demand for them."

There was another example of this false opposition in the bit about the woman who walked into the office, complained about the leather ad, and didn't bother to explain why. She was being set up as the Spectre of Censorship, emotionally reacting to sexual material and wanting to ban it for no good reason.

The blurb sought to protect the paper from criticism by saying that all the angles had been considered, but that the collective couldn't decide where it stood on any of these issues — and it passed the buck even further by suggesting that diligent readers set pen to paper and produce some lively controversial copy.

"After listening to Loony A, the moderator will gasp and introduce Loony B, who holds the opposite position. The audience is supposed to identify with the moderator, and to sit back comfortably watching the fanatics have a go at each other."



The commercial media are very fond of setting up such false controversies. They work like this: an eminently rational "moderator" will introduce Loony A, who is from the start defined as having an "extreme" position; after listening to A, the moderator will gasp and say, "but let us now introduce you to Loony B, who holds the opposite position." The audience is supposed to identify with the moderator, who is, significantly, always sitting in the middle, and to sit back comfortably watching the fanatics have a go at each other.

Many people in the gay movement have innocently agreed to participate in such exchanges, and more often than not they have gone away feeling cheated. We want to dispel the darkness of prejudice, but we can't seem to do it except by allowing our thoughts and beliefs to be used as units of entertainment. What is most frustrating is that, far from encouraging audiences to become politically active, this type of "controversy" promotes apathy. Joe TV-watcher is just watching a show, and he is just as sceptical of the people who sell him politics as of the people who sell him ten kinds of beer which he knows all taste alike.

This sort of debate is false because there is no real issue out there that has

to be resolved, only a question pulled out of a hat.

The smiling interviewer makes sure that the passion is contained and that the antagonism is polite; the final impression is that it doesn't matter whether the Ku Klux Klan or the black activist wins. Who cares whether Coke or Pepsi is number one? Television, after all, has no consequences.

The Body Politic has for some time been encouraging debate on the role of feminism in the gay movement, and any controversy over the commercial exploitation of sexuality is bound to involve the larger debate on feminism. Unfortunately, the debate has all too often been structured in the Loony A vs Loony B format: as I remember, Andrea Dworkin's position on pornography was

the tirades of those who say that homosexuality is a perversion: we don't listen to the likes of Anita Bryant anymore.

Similarly, feminists cannot be expected to forever participate in Loony A vs Loony B exchanges, particularly in the pages of a political magazine. More personally, I find it difficult to put energy into a magazine which, after many years, continues to hold no clear position on the importance of overcoming sexism. As a feminist, I am willing to talk with people in all stages of the struggle, but when people have all the information they need, I am not happy if they continue to sit on the fence.

This does not mean that I expect gay men to convert to my own brand of feminism. As I said earlier, I recognize the vast differences between men and women in the areas of sexuality and emotions, and I expect that a non-sexist gay male aesthetic would differ in fundamental ways from a lesbian-feminist aesthetic. I do not believe that in order to overcome sexism gay men have to become lesbian-separatist souls trapped in faggots' bodies.

However, insofar as non-sexist gay men share many of the political values of lesbian feminists, I do expect some real dialogue to happen, and I see no reason why the feminist discussions about sexual imagery in advertising cannot be integrated — with suitable modifications — into the advertising policies of *The Body Politic*. When the anonymous editorial voice of *TBP* says that "some people are offended by certain images... but on the other hand they can't explain why," the implicit message is that feminism is only one of many possible positions, and that *TBP* has no commitment to it or against it. This is what an old professor of mine called "the bag theory of truth": you have your bag, I have my bag, and all opinions are equally valid. The bag theory of truth makes political decision-making either impossible or arbitrary, and it reinforces the belief that the media are "neutral" bulletin boards on which anyone can pin up his/her own one-sided opinion.

The defenders of the bag theory of truth usually say, "but we can't tell readers what to think, they have to make up their own minds." The intelligent reader, however, will reply that it's about time the collective of *The Body Politic* made up its mind. The editors of *Time*, for example, are not supposed to have any views, and claim to be neutral caretakers of bulletin boards, but it's not exactly a secret that they do indeed have views and that they use phony debates in order to maintain those views — just find two people whose opinions, lumped together and divided by two, add up to *Time's* happy middle.

Is *The Body Politic* attempting to be the bulletin board of the gay movement? Is the collective willing to continue working for no pay so that readers can be entertained by phony debates that are not designed to go anywhere? Finally, is gay liberation a collection of ideological commodities, from which the "consumers" select random products?

I want answers to these questions. □

presented just as the CBC would present a "militant homosexual." Instead of thinking the issues out with a view to political practice, the passive reader was led to wrap himself in his warm preconceptions and sigh, "I'm glad I'm not as extreme as she is."

If the collective had at that time exercised some political leadership, we would not today be back at square one. Of course disagreements within the collective ought to be articulated, and people ought to be allowed to change their minds, but the readers have to be informed about past debates and about their political implications. I find it quite tiring to see letters to the editor complaining about gay liberationists who "grovel before the feminist movement's sacred cows," especially when these letters are printed without comment, as though the uninformed anti-feminism of Mr X were equal in value to the considered opinions of those who have thought more deeply about the matter.

Anyone who works for a "magazine for gay liberation" has already made some decisions about some issues, e.g., that shame and secrecy are not virtues, that heterosexuals are not a superior race, etc. Such committed people cannot be expected to respectfully listen to

Few issues are so central to feminism as the nature of relations among women. Martha Fleming discusses three new French-language films which explore divergent views of women's ties with one another, and with the world.

MOTHER/DAUGHTER/OTHER

Probably there is nothing in human nature more resonant with charges than the flow of energy between two biologically alike bodies, one of which has lain in amniotic bliss inside the other, one of which has laboured to give birth to the other." The quote is from *Of Woman Born* by Adrienne Rich. An understanding of a daughter's relationship to her mother is an issue central to the strength of the women's movement. For lesbians, constantly probed by a recently post-Freudian society as to the "real" nature of their engagement or disengagement with mothers and "mother figures," the issue is doubly binding and demands close attention. For these reasons I watched both *Les bons débarras* and *Ma chérie* with great interest at September's Toronto film festival. They both deal with mother/daughter relationships in which the two are somewhat isolated, with only each other providing the constant contact and involvement necessary to humanity. My interest was well rewarded, though I can't say I found either film to be simpatico with my strong feelings on the subject.

Les bons débarras means "good riddance." It was written by the respected Québécois author, Réjean Ducharme. Set in contemporary rural Quebec, it is about a daughter romantically obsessed with her mother. Michelle and her young daughter Manon live with Michelle's brother, who is retarded. They cut firewood to make a living. Throughout the film, Manon is reading *Wuthering Heights*. Each line she reads from it, either to herself or to her mother, ominously seems to mirror the action in the film itself. It is a weary evocative device, and the use of the literary throws the relative extremes of a rather modern tale into a drama which makes the film slightly unbelievable.

The nights when Manon does not sleep beside her mother, she sleeps in her own bed with her mother's picture. Some nights when Michelle does not sleep beside her daughter, she sleeps with her current lover, the town's chief of police. In fact, one waking scene is repeated almost verbatim between Michelle and her lover and Michelle and her daughter: in both instances the other beseeches Michelle to come back to bed and relax and to allow the other to "take care of her."

When Michelle, in a riveting almost-love scene, admits to her daughter that she is pregnant by the cop, Manon sets

out to "obtain" her mother and drive others out of her mother's bed. To Manon, even the brother is a threat: Michelle often keeps nighttime vigil over him to keep him from drowning in his puke when he is drunk.

Michelle's boyfriend is a "good" man. When he is concerned about the financial and social responsibility for the unborn child he feels he has "saddled" her with, he is surprised when she turns down his offer to arrange an abortion. He says, "Then I'm not the father?" "No," she retorts, "you're not the mother. It's my body." He apologizes and one senses he understands the nature of her fundamental independence from him. He loves Manon, and wants her to be happy. The evening that he buys the child a bike for her birthday is the evening she chooses to strike him. Playing on both the sexual tension between herself and her mother and on a fear all mothers must have, Manon intimates that the cop has "handled" her. Michelle, all-believing, drives her lover from her house, weeping hysterically as she beats his car with a broom.

Manon then drives her mother's brother to suicide and one imagines that she will find a way to get rid of the imminent baby as well. The film closes as Manon reads the last line of *Wuthering*

Heights to her mother, who is waiting for a call about her missing brother — a call from the cop which Manon has just ignored.

Obviously the child has no context for her emotions outside of her home and family. Throughout the film, the mother's several lovers, past and present, and the brother's diffused sexual fantasies are evoked — but the child's sole focus is on her mother. To quote from the Festival booklet, "It is regional filmmaking at its best, intimately reflecting the character of the place of its genesis, but transcending that place to attain universality." Perhaps, but whose idea of Quebec rural, and whose idea of universality? And at the crux of both, whose rather Freudian Oedipal presumptions about latent and not-so-latent sexual tension in mother/daughter relationships?

Surely Quebec (though I qualify this by stating my Anglo-Canadian birth) is not entirely the seamy, tortured, literally incestuous pit of emotional hell depicted in books such as Claire Martin's *In an Iron Glove* and the early novels of Marie-Claire Blais. The province seems to be used as a familiar backdrop for tales such as *Les bon débarras*. And if the display of Manon's stunted emotional development and her closed

situation is an "epic insight into human nature," then I'm not part of the universe of which the film is touted to be representative.

The central shift into adulthood for all children is in their disengagement from their mother. The shift from mother to outside world is an intersection of both emotional and sexual refocusing. *Les bons* portrays a relationship in which the child has turned this vortex on herself; in so doing, the film has dramatically romanticized a relationship wherein both mother and daughter have failed. To me, this is not a theatrical "tragic flaw." It is an unwarranted elevation to myth of the suppression of women with the bonds which can be their greatest allies.

If *Les bons* is overly dramatic, *Ma chérie* is as measured on middle ground as the bourgeois lives of the two women who are almost its sole characters. Jeanne, a beautiful academic in a nameless field, lives with her drop-out daughter, Sarah, in a Paris apartment where the wallpaper in the bedrooms matches the patterns in the duvet covers. Acts of feminism are exemplified by Jeanne, up to her wrists in dishwasher, irritatedly switching off the radio because it is broadcasting an interview with a woman touted as being liberated

Les bons débarras: Mother/daughter relationships used to elevate women's oppression to the level of myth



Les bons débarras directed by Francis Mankiewicz. Quebec, 1980.

Ma chérie directed by Charlotte Dubreuil Films Molière. Belgium, 1980.

Simone Barbès ou la vertu directed by Marie-Claude Treilhou. Diagonale, MK2. France, 1980.

The Festival of Festivals, Toronto, 1980.



Simone Barbès: Charon-like, she ferries her customers into the forbidden spectacle of their fantasies

because she has a driver's licence. This is a world in which mother and daughter attend movies together, share hair-brushes, talk "openly" about sex and are mistaken for sisters while shopping. "Which pair of hands is that of the 35-year-old mother, and which of her 14-year-old daughter?"

As in *Les bons*, it's very two-against-the-world. But when the world is beautiful lovers and holidays in Portugal, they are in a position to make choices, and one can't feel too much sympathy for them — especially when the characters are as ill-developed as those in this film. Sarah's tantrums are so unprecedented that we feel we are about to be told that she is manic-depressive, or at least that she has a sugar imbalance....

When Sarah intimates to her mother that she has been sleeping with the girlfriend of a boyfriend, it is with a twinkle of taboo in her eye. In a scene which is meant to be comic, the elegant Jeanne backs out of the room and blunders into a large fern. Cut to a scene in the nameless hall of learning where Jeanne is surrounded by books, looking angst-ridden. When her secretary enters with another load of books, Jeanne looks into the camera and asks, "Have you ever gone to bed with another woman?" She proceeds portentously to tell us that she thinks Sarah is sleeping with this woman because there is no male figure around the house.

The following scenes are of Sarah complaining that Jeanne never brings her boyfriend home, and a number of ambiguous scenes such as Jeanne, her secretary and Sarah in a mud bath together. When Sarah moves out in the end, one has the sense that they never had much of a relationship to resolve, though the film has "touched" on a number of "central" feminist issues — working women, single mothers, mother/daughter tension, lesbianism. To blithely use the mother/daughter relationship merely as a ground from which to discuss feminist issues is to presume that this pivotal relationship is more of a context for discussion than the central content of that same discussion. It is to imply that this is already, in the main, a post-feminist world, a presumption which to me is the tragedy of the contemporary middle-class woman.

A film ostensibly about a lesbian creates an audience expectation both within and without the gay community. Shown in the context of a large film

festival, the reaction from within the community is to cry tokenism. But *Simone Barbès* is not about a lesbian. The lead character is a lesbian, yes, but that doesn't make the central issue of the film lesbianism. One might as well denigrate *Reggae Sunsplash*, another Festival flick, for not dealing in the main with the problems of blacks in America.

For me, *Simone Barbès* is a movie about quiet, unobtrusive human compassion, and a movie-about-movies. It opens with Simone, an usherette in a small Paris porno house, sitting in the lobby waiting to ferry, Charon-like, her customers into the theatre of their fantasies.

There is a very French school of structural film analysis which entertains a Lacanian approach to "the self" and "the other" in which the film represents the ultimate epitomization of "the other," and in which the act of watching a film becomes a sort of involvement in a "spectacle." Christian Metz, the champion of this school, compares film-watching to Plato's image of individuals locked in a dark cave, all watching the shadows of a fire play on the wall in front of them. Director Treilhou alludes to these theories with *Simone Barbès*, and also reinforces them with the central tenet of a perhaps better-known French philosopher, Simone Weil. Weil maintained that true love is the apprehension of the reality of others, and is only attained through what she called "attention," or a "just and loving gaze directed upon an individual reality."

We never see the porn flicks Simone ushers her customers into. This heightens the sense of them as forbidden spectacles, and alludes comically to our own presence in the theatre where we are watching *Simone Barbès*. Behind Simone, on the lobby wall which divides both her and us from the forbidden spectacle, are two huge, luminous neon eyes, ever alert, ever creating "the other" out of what they see.

Simone is accompanied only by her weeping workmate, and in this suspended carnival of a setting, the crocodile tears of lost love from Simone's fellow "ouvreuse" mix with the false cries of pleasure coming from behind the walls.

Throughout, Simone's conversation verges on Shakespearean monologic asides to the audience. This and the overt allusions to "watching film" serve

to set Simone slightly aside from the film itself. She is not quite "of the film," not quite "of the audience." She is conspiratorial with both, bringing the audience into the action in a fresh way, as though she were watching with us the film in which she is the central character.

The film is startlingly spare. Of the three distinct scenes, the first and last are tête-à-têtes. The middle scene is set in a bar crowded enough to make Simone's single lengthy conversation there appear quite solitary.

This middle scene is set in a macabrely surreal dyke bar. The programme notes tell us that it is "something of a wicked parody of Paris's Katmandu" club. Never having been to Paris, I can't confirm this, but quite definitely in this scene Simone metaphorically goes behind the lobby wall and enters her own "film." It is a spectacle she observes, and we observe it with her — she seems always to be in a corner of the frame looking in the same direction as the camera.

An octogenarian dance band plays mildly Sapphic tunes and then gives way to a young rock singer, the waitresses appear to be geishas in double drag, and a peculiar murder scene appears to be trumped up for the titillation of a rather disturbing husband and wife. Simone petulantly gives up waiting for her waitress lover Jakob, and after a terse conversation with her walks out the door.

In the last scene, we find her walking home, and on an apparent whim she gets into a car whose driver has been cruising her. She takes the wheel over from a very sad-looking older man who appears to have just come from the opera or perhaps a diplomatic function. Half-heartedly looking for a place to eat, Simone talks to him about nothing much, and yet the kindness with which she deals with him instills her light conversation with an unspoken consolation. The delicate way she handles his silent tears is extremely moving. One senses that she is giving him something she would give to anyone, throwing it where it may lie and where it may be needed most. Her unquestioning gift of brief companionship is a true grace. She drives herself part way home, says good-bye and gets out of the car. We hear Simone's heels click off into the darkness as the car disappears back along the road.

Simone's disengagement from and allusion to the spectacle of the film she is

in mirrors her respectful and moral disengagement from the theatre of the world with which she is involved. It is a moral tale — the subtitle of *Simone Barbès* is *La vertu*. Simone's virtue is her unobtrusive compassion. This is a truly great film.

Martha Fleming □

THEATRE

Bum play

Mixed Company by Stephen Ralstan. Produced by the New Drama Centre at the Bathurst Street Side Door Theatre, Toronto.

When is a workshop production ready for full public performance? *Mixed Company* raises this very problem. The New Drama Centre is, in theory, an admirable organization, since it intends to develop new dramatic talent in both playwriting and performance. Certainly alternatives are needed where all too often the gauge of what is good theatre is the Neil Simon-like fare on the stage of the Royal Alex or the sometimes over-produced and under-directed shows at Toronto Arts Productions.

The producers of the New Drama Centre had difficulty in getting Ralstan's work before an audience — the first theatre approached refused the play as being "too pornographic." Nonsense. The play was many things, but not pornographic. Did the theatre owners object to the language and the one bare bum, or did they object to the gay content?

Unfortunately, *Mixed Company* is in need of more than this production's trendy approach. Subtitled "A play about sexual diversity in Toronto," it deals with several years in the lives of three people who meet outside a Toronto singles bar. Margo has just left a protected life working for a rich recluse. Teddy is trying to model himself on what he thinks a man should be in our society. Robert, a gay man, had a devastating relationship ten years before and now is only into tricking. By the end of the play, Margo has found women's liberation, Teddy has begun an honest relationship with a woman he's met, and Robert decides to work on a relationship with a man he's met through a gay hotline service.

Such a schematizing of the plot reveals one of its main weaknesses — its predictability. Written as a series of blackouts, *Mixed Company* works best in several scenes which have a comic cabaret quality to them, such as one in which Robert picks up a man who works as Mickey Mouse in a touring company of *Disney On Parade*. The plotline leaves many unexplained points, such as why the uptight Teddy moves in with Robert, plays on his gay baseball team, and reads his porn. How — and why — does Teddy become comfortable with Robert? The play doesn't tell us.

The major drawback of the production, however, is the acting. Apart from Kathy Kinchen's Margo, who is often a believable character, the rest of the performers revealed varying degrees of amateurishness. In the climactic scene of the first act, the flashback of Robert's failed affair with Mat (Ross diRosa) had none of the power it was intended to have, due largely to diRosa's playing. In a play which appears to see the gay lifestyle as one of the alternatives in Toronto, it's an outrage that no man on stage could comfortably and unselfconsciously touch another man. We suffer an embarrassing injustice.

Jon Kaplan □

Needles of gayness in the operatic haystack

Otello by Giuseppe Verdi and *Lulu* by Alban Berg. The Canadian Opera Company, Toronto, September and October, 1980.

DID YOU KNOW that in a recent CBC radio poll of the ten most popular operatic duets, four of the ten weren't soprano/tenor love duets at all, but duets between characters of the same sex? Now, doesn't that tell you something about the relationship between homosexuality and opera?

Okay, so it doesn't.... The fascination many gay men have for opera has never been satisfactorily explained — why is it that such a specifically heterosexual art form is embraced by so many of us? The few needles of gayness in the operatic haystack do not account for the personal identification many of us feel with *Butterfly*, *Lucia*, or *Violetta*. It may be many an opera queen's fantasy to make it with a guy to the luscious tenor/baritone duet from *The Pearl Fishers* (devilishly hard to orchestrate, let me tell you!), but the fact stands that Zurga and Nadir's delicious thirds are describing their mutual love for the soprano, not for each other.

There is, of course, Tchaikovsky's pseudo-autobiographical *Eugene Onegin*, and Benjamin Britten's *Death in Venice* and his homoerotic *Billy Budd*. (In fact, only one of Britten's dozen-or-so operas has a traditional male/female plot.) But with scarcely any "new" operas being taken up by the public (in operatic jargon, "new" means twentieth-century), it seems we'll have to wait a while for our turn as the protagonists.

For the time being, one can expect a new look at the old war horses, with today's superstar directors adding new twists to timeworn plots. For instance, sooner or later someone will realize that *Der Rosenkavalier* can quite realistically be staged as a lesbian love story — it has a typical heterosexual triangle, but Strauss, who disliked the timbre of the tenor voice, cast a mezzo in the "male" role. With a few very minor adjustments (the lecherous bass can represent heterosexuality!) the plot would make just as much sense, and the ravishing trio which climaxes the score would be all the more poignant. Stranger things are being done on today's opera stages!

This gay viewpoint can be applied to the first two productions of the Canadian Opera Company's season, Verdi's *Otello* and Berg's *Lulu*. In Verdi's work, Jago rules over Otello by trickery and insinuation. Alan Monk, as Jago, had two Otellos to play against, and each reacted differently to his temptations.

Richard Cassilly's *Otello* was the figure in control for the first half of the opera. He was a dangerous man indeed when roused, but did not easily give in to Jago's ideas. When this Otello did seek vengeance for his wife's supposed infidelity, Jago swore "core, braccio, ed anima" (heart, arm, and soul) in Otello's cause. He was rewarded with an embrace from Otello at the end of the act.

In the case of James McCracken's *Otello*, however, the power was from the beginning in Jago's hand. Here was an Otello quickly crushed by the thought of Desdemona's betrayal, who looked anywhere he could for direction and comfort. The fact that McCracken was shorter than Monk gave credibility to this interpretation — he was physical-

ly as well as emotionally dominated by Jago. McCracken was constantly physical with Monk, holding onto him for sheer support by the end of the act.

Occasional productions of the Shakespeare play have presented *Otello* from a gay perspective. The Shakespeare scene corresponding to the opera's second act can be read as a type of marriage between the two men, who kneel, swear their love to each other and pledge vows.

Weakness then, Verdi's *Otello* turns to the physical and emotional support of his (presumably) closest male friend. As his macho warrior exterior is broken, he looks to Jago for strength and comfort.

Too bad the singers had to work in such an unimaginative physical production. Why, on the enormous O'Keefe Centre stage, did the opera play in about ten feet of depth? Wolfram Skalicki's sets seemed recycled from last year's *Simon Boccanegra* — they didn't work there, either.

In *Lulu*, on the other hand, Skalicki's set was one of the unifying aspects of the production. Laid in the wild-animal cage of a circus, the opera presented the bestial nature of human relationships. Most importantly, *Lulu* showed the debasement of women by a society run by men.

The amoral title character brings to ruin all those around her, among them the lesbian Countess Geschwitz. Obviously, Berg included the Countess to show just how devastating a love object Lulu is, in that Lulu's lethal magnetism extends even to women. Indeed, almost everyone Lulu comes in contact with is masochistically, if not suicidally, drawn to her. They seek their own destruction by courting Lulu.

At the same time, Lulu is not simply a femme fatale leading people to chaos. She is also a victim of her society, a society that requires her to be whatever those in power want her to be. The alternate casting of Carole Farley and Claudia Cummings in the title role

did not essentially alter this point. Farley was the better actor, Cummings the better singer, but both demonstrated that Lulu struggles as she must, to survive in her world.

Gschwitz is shown as a self-sacrificing martyr to her passion for Lulu. Most of the male characters revile her; one calls her "the devil." Even Lulu, for whom Gschwitz has contracted cholera and gone to jail as a murderer, only speaks kindly to her when she needs a favour. Her reaction to Gschwitz ranges from mild interest to irritation at her constant attention. At one point, she even tells Gschwitz: "You are no human thing — not like others. Not enough for a man's anatomy, and you've too much brain in your skull to be a natural woman. That is why you are mad!"

Still, the Countess is the most sympathetic character in *Lulu's* menagerie of unsavoury figures. Faithful to the end, she has the last words of the opera.

After both she and Lulu are stabbed by Jack the Ripper (a symbolic statement of what men do to women in this society?), Gschwitz crawls toward the dead Lulu, swearing her eternal love.

Obviously the opera does not present an especially positive image of a lesbian. Even the music emphasizes her isolation, for Gschwitz is associated with primitive, pentatonic scales, usually used in Western music to represent the oriental, the exotic — the Other.

Fortunately, Lotfi Mansouri ignored Berg's explicit instructions that the Countess be at all times "mannishly" dressed. Evelyn Lear's dignified and understated interpretation particularly suited this unsteretyped approach to the character.

In the powerful final scene, we are presented with true opera/theatre, a fusion of the best of several art forms. Despite (or because of?) the conflict between the coolness of the twelve-tone music and the heated drama of the stage action, this production worked. If only *Otello* had worked as well.

John Allec and Jon Kaplan □

Lulu: "You've not enough for a man's anatomy, and too much brain to be a woman."



Mythological herstory, but uncertain sources

Ancient Mirrors of Womanhood: Our Goddess and Heroine Heritage by Merlin Stone. New Sibylline Books, 1980. \$7.95 US.

Merlin Stone's introduction to Volume One of *Ancient Mirrors of Womanhood* points out with justice that Western scholars have dismissed the religious beliefs of other cultures as myths, while Judeo-Christian beliefs are accorded dignity as religions. The shift away from religion in this century has caused many

people to deny altogether the importance of religious beliefs. Because male researchers were not interested in following up the clues to goddess religions, it has been assumed that they were few and of little importance.

In fact, however, Stone has been able to compile dozens of stories and poems about goddesses — or the Goddess — from China, the Celtic culture, Central and South America, the Middle East, Africa, and Oceania. Each is briefly introduced with information on the goddess, her place within that culture, on modern survivals of belief and sometimes on the sources used by the author.

In the Chinese tale of Gum Lin, a human girl and a dragon's daughter conspire to release the water from the dragon's lake in order to end a drought. Songi the Mother gives African women livestock, fruit trees, and houses so that they can be independent of men. When the Australian men keep all the water for themselves, the goddess-heroine Lia leads the women to the source of a great

river; once on the other bank, the women decide not to return.

Not all the legends are of cooperation among women. Again and again the wives, and even goddesses, are abused. Celtic Macha, forced to run a footrace while she is in labour, places a curse on the men of Ulster. The Mayan moon goddess Ix Chel still bears on her face the scars of assault by her jealous husband, the sun. Many others share this depressing thread of marital violence.

It's valuable for us to know about these powerful and nurturing healer, warrior, and lover goddesses, even if the spiritual rather than purely legendary essence does not emerge. After all, what can you expect of translations of legends. But is that what these are? It's hard to tell. Frequently no source is mentioned. A poem on the goddess Anatolia is "based on the many statues and shrines of the goddess" in pre-literate times. Surely that means it's Stone's own writing? Again, "references found in several different texts" — but which? — are cited as the source of another poem. Some of the cultural parallels drawn are rather daring, and without wishing to seem imprisoned by the narrow biases of traditional male scholarship, I would have been grateful for a few footnotes and a glance at the

bibliography that is predicted for Volume Two.

However valuable as an indicator of our past or as a sourcebook of ideas for feminist art, it is not good enough as either scholarship or literature. Too many "probablys" and "as some have speculated" cry out for supporting evidence; too many Tolkienesque passages impose a Celtic mythic style on African or Aztec religious accounts.

But with all its shortcomings, *Ancient Mirrors of Womanhood* is a very accessible collection of writings about the goddesses and heroines of many cultures, and useful to anyone with an interest in women's spiritual history.

Lynn Murphy □

Learning to be eloquent

Choices by Nancy Toder, Persephone Press (PO Box 7222, Watertown, MA 02172)

Choices is a long novel in two sections, the first focussing on the four-year-long love affair between two psychology majors and college roommates, Sandy and Jenny, before the women's movement gave such relationships a context. For Sandy it is an experience that defines her life, which she expects to spend with Jenny. For Jenny it is an isolated and isolating experience from which she is determined to escape. As passionately involved as Sandy, Jenny nevertheless feels that she must go to graduate school and find a husband. The second section opens some years later. Jenny has married and become involved in family counselling. Sandy is a therapist working with lesbians, and she has been in a good relationship with Shelly long enough to toy with the idea of having an affair. Alone at a conference, Sandy meets Jenny again in a confrontation that challenges both their choices and temporarily also threatens their mates.

Nearly every question about lesbian identity is raised and considered at length in discussions between characters or in their musings about their feelings and experiences. Though the book is clearly slanted in Sandy's direction, Jenny is not allowed to become simply a flat villain and sell-out. The reality of both choices is made clear.

This is a first novel by a woman who is herself a clinical psychologist specializing in therapy for lesbians. The language is surprisingly free of jargon, and the characters are not simply expanded case histories, but the novel does have the serious flaws of a novice in the craft and a specialist in therapy. It cries out for a good and firm editor to reduce its length by a third, to insist on more manifesting of experience and less earnest explanation. Advice Sandy is given before she makes a speech, "You don't have to be eloquent... Just tell it like it is," is not good advice for either a speaker or a writer. Slang and clichés may make an easily accessible style, but they diminish feeling and reduce thought. The writing does improve as the novel progresses, and I suspect readers really interested in the subject matter will be less troubled than I am by the fact that this is apprentice work by a woman who does not yet know how to write a novel. No one who is a lesbian could help finding this book sometimes moving, sometimes thought-provoking, no matter its gaucheries. Nancy Toder is both genuine and intelligent. Now that she has the experience of this book behind her, she may learn also to be professional and eloquent.

Jane Rule □





Herculeine Barbin: "Where the experts saw a 'case,' we — the perverts — see a body denied its life, a voice that went unheard."

A piece of the True Sex

Herculeine Barbin: Being the Recently Discovered Memoirs of a 19th-Century French Hermaphrodite. Introduced by Michel Foucault. Pantheon (Random House in Canada), \$6.50.

As soon as a human body comes out of a mother's womb, everyone feels obliged to squeal: "Ah! Is it a BOY, or is it a GIRL?" Everyone knows, after all, that in order to be a person one has to have one, and only one, gender (everyone except the Metropolitan Toronto police, whose forms for arrested per-

sons used to have "male," "female," and "homosexual"). We are all made uncomfortable by persons whose gender is not immediately clear and distinct; in English, "it" is not used even for household pets.

Michel Foucault, who is probably the world's expert at debunking expertise, has unearthed and published some interesting documents relating to a "case" of hermaphroditism. The main part of the book is the autobiographical account of a girl-turned-boy, a person who had rudimentary genital organs of both kinds. Since at birth no penis was apparent, the baby was declared to be a girl (what is a girl but a non-boy?) However, in late adolescence this unfortunate girl experienced all the pain of

partly descended testicles and all the shame of hairy arms and legs, a flat chest, no menstruation, etc. Well, said the experts: a mistake was made by the quality control people, but never fear — Camille Barbin, heretofore a girl, is *really* a boy. (A key piece of evidence is that this victim was passionately attracted to women, and had had a lover for several years. One could have classified her as a lesbian with somewhat peculiar genitals, and then they would all have lived happily ever after, but of course no one thought of that.)

This autobiography, unfortunately written in a very stilted style, shows how the medical-judicial obsession about the True Sex led her — now a him — to committing suicide at the age of 25.

Although our victim, being of the pious type, meekly welcomed the "knowledge" that was being extracted from her body in order to control her, she does have one moment of rebellion, one outburst of revolutionary sanity. As she contemplates her bleak future, she longs for death, and bitterly writes: "When that day comes a few doctors will make a little stir around my corpse; they will shatter all the extinct mechanisms of its impulses, will draw new information from it, will analyze all the mysterious sufferings that were heaped up on a single human being. O princes of science, enlightened chemists, whose names resound throughout the world, analyze then, if that is possible, all the sorrows that have burned, devoured this heart down to its last fibers; all the scalding tears that have drowned it, squeezed it dry in their savage grasp!"

The repressive role of medical science is being studied by feminists and by Foucault and his followers: a relevant recent example is Pierre Hahn's *Les homosexuels sous le second empire*. What is, for me, most interesting about this person is that she tells us what it was like to be a lesbian in France in the 1850s and 1860s. Socialized as a girl, raised in all-female schools, this person did not survive for long after her gender was changed on her birth certificate. Her sentimental and prudish descriptions of a secret, passionate affair are uncannily familiar: we are reading lesbian history, not medical history.

Where the experts saw a "case," a "subject," a lump of matter containing some timeless truth, we — the perverts — see a body denied its life, a voice that went unheard. We too see a truth in that dissected corpse, but it is not a cleanly wrapped, objective Truth: it is a piercing cry denouncing the tyranny of normality.

Mariana Valverde □

AESTHETERA

□ Finally, something from the Fifties that one *can* be nostalgic about. The Buddies in Bad Times production of *Lana Turner Has Collapsed!* last month in Toronto is the most delightful and refreshing theatre I've seen in a long time. It's mostly about New York poet Frank O'Hara — I say mostly because the constant and loving presence of O'Hara's poetry is not so much an homage as it is part of Gilbert's chatty and sometimes camp ruminations on — what else? — sex and art. He well understands O'Hara's conviction that, for fags at least, language, the body, gossip, friendship and art are all bound up. In making this point, the startling last scene crosses from theatre over into performance: O'Hara takes a white page with a newly-written poem and rubs it on his friend's chest and stomach and crotch, and then over his own body. And indeed, it's hard to tell which is sexier, the performance or O'Hara's poems themselves.

—AW

□ Toronto filmmaker Bruce Glawson's *Michael: A Gay Son* has won the Best Documentary award at the 16th Yorkton International Film Festival. The film (to be reviewed in the next *TBP*) has been shown in Toronto, San Francisco and Montreal, and will soon be available for distribution across Canada. For information, write Bruce Glawson, 213 DeGrassi St, Toronto M4M 2K8.

—JA

New periodicals

□ From Sydney, Australia, a new journal of gay studies called *Gay Information* is

being published every two months. The publication will contain abstracts of important articles that have appeared in other magazines, essays and letters dealing with current attitudes and trends in gay lifestyle and behaviour, reviews, lists of resources and bibliographies. The publishers hope to provide a forum for gay viewpoints and reactions to ideas expressed.

Subscriptions are \$5 for five issues and are available from Gay Information, PO Box 943, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010, Australia.

□ From Centennial College in Toronto, a new journal for women, *Canadian Women's Studies/Les cahiers de la femme*, is a bilingual publication including articles, fiction, poetry, reviews and photography. Four issues a year will be published and subscriptions are available from CWS/CF, Centennial College, Room 1090, Box 631, Station A, Scarborough, ON M1K 5E9.

Books

□ *The Herpes Book* by Richard Hamilton, MD. JP Tarcher, 1980. \$9.95.

rarely dangerous sexually-transmitted disease which has yet to afflict the gay community to the extent that it has our straight friends. If you are one, however, who has been affected and are interested in learning more, a very straightforward and accurate book has been written. In clear but not condescending language, the cause, symptoms, treatment and prevention of this painful condition are defined. Although your doctor should be able to explain

herpes adequately, for those particularly concerned, *The Herpes Book* is recommended.

— Stephen Atkinson

□ *Everywoman's Almanac 1981*. The Women's Press, 1980. \$5.95.

An attractive and sturdy appointment calendar and handbook from The Women's Press which provides a useful way of organizing time, remembering all the things that have to get done and keeping track of names, addresses and telephone numbers. There is also a resource list of Women's Centres in Canada and short descriptions of women's services as they should exist. This book is completed with drawings, photographs and text that show women relating to themselves, other women and men in affirming ways.

□ *Gayellow Pages 1981, Canada and USA*. Renaissance House, 1980. \$8.50. Covering both Canada and the US, this is a comprehensive and up-to-date guide to bars, baths, bookstores, businesses, publications, organizations, and services for gay men and lesbians. *Gayellow Pages* is perhaps the most detailed guide

Our Contributors

John Allec plans to take a course this winter on how to type... **Stephen Atkinson** is a Toronto doctor studying psychiatry... **Martha Fleming** is a Toronto critic on the Editorial Board of *FUSE* magazine... **Jon Kaplan** is a Toronto freelance editor... **Lynn Murphy** is a Nova Scotia librarian, and member of the Canadian Library Association's Gay Librarians Interest Group... **Jane Rule** is a novelist living on Galiano Island, BC... **Mariana Valverde** is researching socialism in 19th-century France.

available. In Canada, copies are sold at the Women's Bookstore and Glad Day Books in Toronto, Numbers in Calgary and the Country Mouse Bookstore in London, Ont.

□ *Men in Love. Men's Sexual Fantasies: The Triumph of Love over Rage* by Nancy Friday. Delacorte, 1980. \$15.95. A collection of erotic fantasies, solicited from volunteers and tied together with commentary from the author. The stories fall into several categories, including a section on homosexuality. Although the fantasies themselves are genuine, there is some problem in generalizing from them about the nature of fantasy. The participants were self-selected and therefore atypical. The commentary consists of a somewhat superficial formula derived from the tradition of Freudian psychoanalysis but full of inappropriate value judgments. The book has proven very popular — little wonder — yet the banal analysis prevents it from making any serious contribution to our understanding of fantasy or sexuality.

— SM

□ *Which Way Out of the Men's Room? Options for the Male Homosexual* by Gordon Johnston. AS Barnes, 1979. \$15.50.

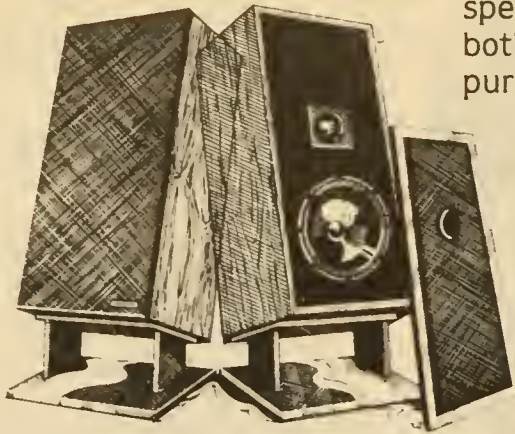
A long dissertation on gay male psychology and social practice, parts of which were excerpted in *Christopher Street* earlier this year. Written in the most impenetrable sociological jargon imaginable, it's unlikely the book's dubious assertions will receive the critical attention they require.

— AW

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Remembrance of flings past

Pictorial attempts to convey the meaning and dynamics of S/M are not often successful. Mere physical representation is usually inadequate to reveal the emotional and symbolic meanings involved. Drawings are often more appropriate than photos for the task, as there is more for the viewer's imagination to fill in. Photographs tend to be too explicit, to show the act without the context of meaning upon which it depends. But some photographers, particularly Arthur Tress and Robert Mapplethorpe, have had some success in this area. Both are at least acute observers of the totemic and fetishistic aspects of gay eroticism.

Two new books bring very different approaches to photographic depictions of S/M. Jimmy de Sana's *Submission* (Scat Publications, 32 W 40 St (11B), New York, NY 10018 USA, no price given) contains about 30 harshly-lit photos of men and women variously involved with leather face masks, tit-clamps, bathroom fixtures and high-heeled shoes. No one's face is ever seen and the pictures are more concerned with static poses, stark interiors and odd angles than with the revelation of any particular personal dynamic.

The two-paragraph introduction by William Burroughs finds the "gloomy" quality "as clearly derived from Christianity as a black mass." He mistakes De Sana's hermetic vision for S/M and "deviant sexuality" as a whole. He (or the editor) also misspells Aleister Crowley's name.

Larry Townsend's *Book of Men in Bondage* (\$9.95 US from the editor, 525 N Laurel Ave, Los Angeles, CA 90048 USA) is a collection of more-or-less candid photos, many by Townsend himself. The book does not strive for the art-gallery quality of De Sana's but will probably be more satisfying to devotees of bondage and its related arts. The photos are taken from Townsend's many previous books of illustrated erotic stories. A catalogue is available.

The published diary or journal perhaps requires a specialized taste, but two new gay contributions to the genre should at least find a place on the shelves of those interested in gay lives and attitudes in earlier times. English poet David Gascoyne's *Journal 1937-1939* is the more literary and succinct of the two, "full of valuable reflections on the poet's job and the area of his responsibilities; and side by side with this a vivid portrait of Paris as it was — seething with hope and despair — just before the war came and dispersed us all," Lawrence Durrell writes in his preface. The price is £4.95 from Enitharmon Press, 22 Huntingdon Rd, E Finchley, London, England.

A Gay Diary, 1946-1954 is the second volume of Donald Vining's edited diaries. *TBP's* reviewer pronounced the first volume "a jewel." A writer for *Gay Books Bulletin* on the other hand was paralyzed with boredom. Decide for yourself. The book is available in cloth (\$14.95 US) and paper (no price quoted) from The Pepys Press, 1270 Fifth Ave, New York, NY 10029 USA.

Several new books of poetry should be noted. Unhappily there is no room to review them as they deserve. The latest

in the series of collaborations by poet Richard Ronan and artist Bill Rancitelli is *Buddha's Kisses* (\$4.95 US paper, \$30 signed lettered cloth; Gay Sunshine Press, Box 40397, San Francisco, CA 94140 USA). Ronan's work has been approvingly characterized as both "simple" (Winston Leyland) and "baroque" (Joe Brainard). Rancitelli's calm drawings are always a happy addition.

With four books published, Ronan is making a reputation for himself as a gay-



Greeting card from Kyle Studio, Box 551, Decatur, GA 30031 USA.

poet. Gabriel Lampert is so far "unknown," with only 90 copies of his first book sold. But his work is no less deserving of notice:

*I fucked him seven times that night in the church,
Pumping endless love into his pale body,
Desperately hoping to cop some love myself.*

*He saw my want and promised to return,
But never did, and turned instead to Jesus
To slake that awful thirst — and I was angry.*

*Now, over the shoulder of six winters
looking back,
I see myself stretched out upon his body,
And celebrate that he did not come back
To nail me to that cross.*

His book, *Aleph*, is \$3 US from the author, Box 4455 Las Cruces, NM 88003 USA.

Also worth looking into are Maurice Kenny's latest, *Only As Far As Brooklyn* (\$3 US, Good Gay Poets, Box 277, Astor Station, Boston, MA 02123 USA), Larry D Hamilton's *Hotel Chelsea and the Sound* (\$4.55 US, Orange Books, Rt 3, Box 129, Bay City, TX 77414 USA), and one of the few books of gay poetry from England, Martin Humphries' *Mirrors* (\$3 from the author, 27 Charmouth House, Dorset Rd, London, SW8, England).

Finally, a little book being advertised here and there in the gay press, *Peggy Puritan's Gospel of Gossip* by David Gill (\$1.95 US, DG Publishing, 2833 Yorkshire Blvd, Louisville, KY 40220 USA). If you think giving your characters names like Tammy Tampex and Fifi LaDouche is screamingly funny, this is the book for you. The only thing gay about it is the accompanying package of nude polaroids of the author. And there is nothing gay about those either. □

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HOME OF THE STARS

BetweenTheLines

by Ken Popert

Growing pains

At the age of 16, I finally admitted to myself that I was a homosexual. And when I reached 26, I told my parents that I was gay. Those ten years in between made up my gay infancy, childhood and adolescence, a period when I struggled blindly to grow into an adequate version of a gay man. I count my coming out to my parents as the culmination of that formative time because I think we can claim to have achieved some minimal measure of self-confidence, self-respect and personal integrity only when we have stopped hiding from those closest to us.

Coming out is a not a single event for any of us, for our lives are parcelled out to many widely separate groups: family, friends, neighbours, fellow workers, employers. The decision to sweep away the web of silence and deception which we have spun around our lives can produce vastly varied consequences. We must carefully weigh the possibilities in coming out to someone who has the power to change our lives.

But what of our parents? By the time most of us have settled into gay life and have begun to chafe at the need for a wall of deception which threatens to extend to the end of our lives, we are no longer at the mercy of our mothers and fathers. Society dictates that at a certain point in their children's lives, parents decline to the status of interested bystanders, no longer providing the roof overhead and the food on the table. Whatever we do, whatever we become, they can only observe and advise.

And yet, coming out to my parents was one of the hardest things I've ever done. Why did it take me so long?

During those many years when I could easily have told them and didn't, I had what seemed to be good reasons. I told myself that it would break their hearts to know that their son was gay, that they would blame themselves or that they would withdraw their love. And I believed it, at first.

But, with repetition, the excuses wore thin. In truth, I knew they wouldn't die from learning I was gay, no more than they had from other issues which had divided us. And I also really knew that, no matter what, they would continue to love me in their way. No, I had been trying to blame my parents, but the problem was with *me*.

I was afraid of growing pains and so I was trying not to grow. We gay people are born late in our own lives and, despite our tardy start, we grow only slowly and painfully, with little help from others. But we can at length grow into a self-respect which is complete only when we demand the same respect from others. That is what happens when we struggle to come out to those who have no power to effect revenge.

Of course, coming out to those near to us is something more than a rite of passage or an act of emotional hygiene. It has a political aspect. Each time one of us comes out, all of us are just a tiny bit safer in this world.

Now I know that some people say it makes no difference whether we come out or not, that even if all of us were out, we would still find ourselves no better off than visible minorities, like

the Jews in Nazi Germany or the native people of Canada.

The argument sounds plausible at first, even wise, but it glosses over an all-important point of difference between us and visible minorities. Members of oppressed racial groups suffer because they are ghettoized, cut off from the hostile majority and forced to associate only with each other. Such isolation makes it easy for the majority to accept their further brutalization, for the acts of brutality fall on the heads of strangers, those others.

But gay people have a *choice*. We can remain in the closet, hidden from the straights in our lives, while at the same time populating the gay ghetto on weekends, swelling the throng of those others, those strangers against whom any brutality is acceptable. Or we can come out and stay the hand of oppression, for every one of us is linked to the heterosexual majority by ties of family and friendship, ties which are stronger than the need for scapegoats. It would be difficult for the majority to acquiesce in the persecution of gays, knowing that those close to them would be among the victims. But they have to know before they can resist. It's up to us to tell them.

Seven years ago I told my parents I was gay. My father said: "I think you're making a mistake." My mother said: "You've always been full of surprises." They had a lot more to say, too. But they didn't curl up and die. Nor did they cast me out with injunctions about darkening their doorstep. We talked about it for an evening. And now and then since that time. They have accepted Brian as a sort of daughter-in-law substitute. And life goes on as before. We are neither closer nor more distant as a result of my coming out to them. And it didn't solve any of the problems outstanding between us. But it wasn't supposed to, was it?

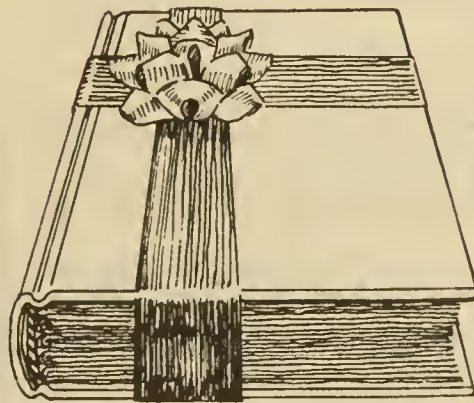
What did change was me. The tension of deceit evaporated — it used to tie me in a knot every time I saw them. Coming out to them pulled down the wall between the two halves of my life, making it whole again. I didn't feel born again; I just felt a little better.

The best result was something which I fully appreciated only later. In coming out to my father and mother, I incidentally created two more points of resistance to gay oppression. My parents lived in the suburbs of Toronto; they had little personal experience to set against what they were told about the important social issues of our time. They were ripe for manipulation by the media and political exploitation by the Right.

Until I came out to them, they had no independent knowledge of gay people. All they knew was what they read in their dreadful suburban newspapers and what they saw on television. They may not now understand their faggot son completely, but they do know he's not the terrifying threat he's purported to be. And they may not be enthusiastic cheerleaders for gay and lesbian liberation, but neither can they now be frightened into passive support for Right-Wing tantrums against us.

That's progress. □

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International

LESBIAN FEMINIST S&M support group has published 45-page booklet including articles on theory and politics, personal experience, reading list — \$3.00, plain wrapper. Samois No 2, PO Box 2364, Berkeley, CA 94702. Free hanky color code card for lesbians included.

Halifax, NS

ATTRACTIVE, WELL-EDUCATED feminine-appearing gay woman, early 20's, wishes to meet fine, sensitive, intelligent woman for friendship or possible relationship. My interests include dancing, music and partying as well as quiet times (walking, dining out). Send detailed introduction, photo if possible. Discretion assured. Drawer C153.

Southern Ontario

YOUNG BUT MATURE female who is into outdoors athletics and likes to be herself, doesn't like to play roles, seeks the same who is honest and sensitive for friendship and possible relationship. Send photo and details. Drawer C176.

YOUNG GAY FEMALE seeks warm, sensitive, honest, affectionate, intelligent, attractive woman for possible long-term relationship. Must live in Hamilton or close to. Send phone and details; discretion assured: PO Box 243, Stoney Creek, Ontario L8G 3X9.

FRIENDS ↗

International

BLACK AND WHITE MEN TOGETHER. At last, an international social/support group. Write: BWMT-ZF, 279 Collingwood, San Francisco, Ca 94114.

CHINESE MALE, aged 30, seeks young and good-looking male friends. I am effeminate although I do not dress up. I seek sincere guys who consider looks as not so important in friendship. My interests include travelling, music and reading. Write with photos to: Terence Wee, 41 Jalan Kasa, Taman Sentosa, Johore Bahru, Johore, Malaysia.

National

GOOD-LOOKING 30-YR-OLD seeks someone who shares my lifelong dream of living off the land in the Canadian or Alaskan bush. Please write for information: Jim, PO Box 32211, Fridley, Minnesota, USA 55432.

YOUNG MAN SEEKS to sponsor professional body builder for competition. Generous situation for right person. All expenses paid. Send photo, Drawer C178.

Alberta

MALE, 32, 5'8", 150 lbs, seeks same 21 to 30 for friendship and possible relationship, Peace River, Grande Prairie region. Interested in books, theatre, sports. Photo appreciated but not necessary. Box 1837, Fairview, AB T0H 1L0.

MALE, 37, 5'6", 150 lbs, nice looking. If you're a professional man, 40 and up, visiting Calgary and need company of a very discreet guy, drop me a line. For meeting you at your hotel room, let me know in good time for reply. Drawer C124.

CALGARY, W/M, 27, 5'10", 155 lbs — well-defined, straight-appearing, affectionate, college graduate. Seeks meaningful relationship with guy under 28. Photo, candid letter, phone number appreciated. Drawer C143.

EDMONTON: PRIVATELY GAY white male, age 50, 140 lbs, 5'9", into rubber boots and clothing, would like to hear from other young, slim, clean-shaven gay males with similar interests. Would like to be father to obedient son; have apartment to share with suitable party. Replies from other areas of Alberta or those wishing to relocate to Edmonton answered. Write me about yourself, enclosing full body photo and phone number if possible, and your interests in S/M, B/D, J/O, W/S etc. All correspondence treated in confidence. Drawer C142.

YOUNG HUNG GUY seeks young guys into J/O fantasies and realities — jockey shorts, lounging around in shorts and socks. Photo and phone for mine. David. Drawer C160.

Northwest Territories

LONELY AND UNDERSEXED male, freezing in the boonies! Am 5'8", brown eyed and hairy. Need sincere relationship, but emphasis on companionship. Would like to hear from

NWT gays and businessmen visiting Yellowknife. Photo appreciated. Drawer C134.

Atlantic Canada

HALIFAX, 32, 5'11", 185, with many interests, enjoys life. You find out the rest. Want to share? All replies answered. Drawer C089.

HALIFAX CORRESPONDENTS wanted. I am 29, male and hiding out in the valley. Hopefully we can get a friendship going — hopefully! Drop me a note and we'll take it from there. Write: Brian Dale, Box 1297, Wolfville, NS BOP 1X0.

GAY MALE, MARRIED, 31, prefer men 21 to 40. 175 lbs, 6'2", average looks, affectionate, honest, sincere, discreet. Interested in music. Seeks friend for casual meetings, must be discreet. Fredericton area. Drawer C116.

HANDSOME PRINCE TYPE — classic features, tall, lean, masculine, blond, intelligent, cultured, socially aware, from sheltered sexual background. In final year of professional degree program (relocation possible). Would like to meet a handsome devil, clean-shaven, who is basically a nice guy. Photos answered. Drawer C162.

CLEAN, STRAIGHT-APPEARING well-built white male, 38, 5'10", 180. Casual meetings or long-term friendship. Discretion essential. Halifax area. Drawer C184.

GOOD-LOOKING slim guy, 28, seeks friends, companions, pen pals. Many interests. Sincere, open, discreet, honest, horny, hung. Drawer C170.

British Columbia

VANCOUVER: YOUNG MALE, 24 yrs old, 5'7", 128 lbs, brown H and E, good job, serious and sincere, seeks friend, financially secure, serious and sincere, wishing to build a meaningful relation. Snap to Drawer B995.

VANCOUVER: MASCULINE male, 35, 5'11", 180 lbs, stable and considered attractive. I am new in town and would like to meet honest and sincere guys, preferably of the athletic type, for friendship and possibly a meaningful relationship. My interests include racket ball, sailing, would like to start bodybuilding. Photo appreciated but not required. Drawer C140.

VICTORIA MALE, 32, no special looks but sincere, easy-going. New to city. Seeking masculine friends under 35, especially successful non-bar types. Discreet, friendly. Drawer C157.

BOYISH ORIENTAL STUDENT, 22, 5'9", 126 lbs, seeks affair with guy(s) any race around same age. Searching together can be fun. Drawer C201.

VANCOUVER: WANTED: Good-looking slim guy under 25 for regular meetings with successful attractive executive. Must be discreet, honest, straight appearance, working or student. I am 40, bi, good-looking, 6', 160 lbs, athletic and trim. Have a great deal to offer and share as a person. Don't go to bars or baths so your replying is the only way we can meet. Please let me hear from you with your description and interests. Phone and photo appreciated. Can assist with accommodation if required. Discretion essential and assured. Drawer C172.

Winnipeg

I'M 28, BLUE-EYED, very well-hung, and muscular. If you are a bodybuilder, I want to meet you. Discretion. Drawer C104.

Montreal

TEACHER, 36, WISH discreet relationship, slim, handsome, young student, CEGEP, high school, college, university. Have apartment downtown. Canadians, Americans, Europeans, Asians welcomed. Drawer C067.

GAY WHITE MALE, 41, just moved from Toronto, 5'4", 147 lbs, hirsute, considered handsome, seeks same for mutual satisfaction. Clean, discreet. Businessman, bi's, married OK; your place. Photo, phone. Am versatile, will answer all. Drawer C149.

MONTREAL MALE, 24, happy, intelligent and horny, enjoy nature and the outdoors life. It's fun to find yourself alone in the woods with nobody around, but it's even better when there is someone with you whom you like. If you're interested in sharing some weekends cross-country skiing, running, hiking, write to me. Drawer C151.

Northern Ontario

ATTRACTIVE MALE, 41, 5'11", 150 lbs, masculine, seeks attractive, well-endowed younger male, must be honest. In need of lots

of love and closeness. Answer all, picture returned. Drawer C154.

NORTHERN ONTARIO gay looking for young gay in 20's who is willing to locate in the North. Am a professional wishing someone who is tired of city life and would like the experience of Northern life. Drawer C159.

Ottawa/Eastern Ontario

SLIM WRY MALE, 125 lbs, 28 yrs, seeks active, non-drugged mind in agile, youthful body for entertainment and companionship. Discreet. Drawer C144.

PETERBOROUGH AREA, separated gay male, 52, looks 40, 140 lbs, 5'4", average looking, neat, honest, own apartment. Likes movies, dancing, quiet times at home. No drugs, tired of bars. Seeks same or masculine 40's or 50's for lasting relationship. Must be discreet. Reply with phone and photo. Drawer C148.

HORSEMAN, BROCKVILLE area, seeks friends both sexes. Interests: horse shows, art, music, theatre, country living, companionship. Phone number and address, please. Drawer C166.

Saskatoon

YOUNG GAY MALES, straight appearance, ages 22, 29, would like to meet other males the same up to age 35 for get togethers and friendship. Discretion assured and expected. Photo and phone appreciated. Drawer C126.

Southern Ontario

ST CATHARINES, 31, 5'8", 140 lbs, beard, tired of bars, seeking friends in area. Enjoy music, plants, people, shows, dinners, home life. Am quiet, cuddly, honest, discreet. Drawer C097.

W/M, 30, 5'11", 175 lbs, black, curly hair, blue eyes, muscular build, attractive. Not into bars or baths. Interests include music, live theatre, films, books, chess. Would like to meet someone with similar interests between 21 to 35 years. I am a sincere person without any hang-ups, sensitive and gentle, not into S/M or B/D. Photo and phone if possible, Burlington, Ontario. Drawer C129.

35-YR-OLD MALE looking for bisexual or gay friend, age no barrier. Interests: swimming, tennis, good food. Kitchener-Waterloo. Drawer C136.

FRIENDSHIP SOUGHT. I'm 6 ft, 185 lbs, educated, like sports, outdoors, shows, plants, home life, bridge. Looking for young person to share with. Drawer C146.

'FOPFAC' URGES YOU! Write Phil, Drawer C198, *Body Politic*. He's absolutely delightful, charming, sensitive, intelligent, neat, personable, attractive, 28 yrs old, 135 lbs, slender, blond, bearded, from England. Not into spiders, scatology, drugs, weirdos, bars, whiplash or limnology. Bright, handsome young gays should be meeting him. (Ad placed by 'Friends of Phil's, Find a Companion Committee.')

BUFFALO: GAY male socialist, 26, 5'11", brown hair, eyes, seeks politically progressive man 25-30, Southern Ontario, W.N.Y., for friendship, possible relationship. All replies answered. Drawer C193.

MASCULINE MALE, 20's, own apartment, into J/O, Fr A/P, seeks guys of similar interests. Also open to new and different experiences and ideas. Niagara region. Drawer C185.

GAY MALE PROFESSIONAL, 35, 5'11", 225, hairy, average looks and endowment, looking for casual romps with clean-cut guys 20-40 who travel through or near London. Privacy assured and expected. Box 7092, Stn E, London, Ont.

Toronto

LEATHER/LEVI MAN, 40, 5'10", 165, visits Toronto periodically, wants to meet horny guys for leather/levi fantasy and action, but not S/M. Photo and raunchy letter appreciated. Drawer C093.

GOOD LOOKING slim male, 29, seeks companion. I am looking for men 21-35 yrs who, like myself, are tired of the bar scene. My interests include ballet, books, languages and travel. I am sincere and will answer all letters. Drawer C088.

PROFESSIONAL career-minded male, 38, 6', 170 lbs, young in mind, heart and body, educated, stable and independent, seeks friends and companions 21-35, either sex. Let's share movies, dinners, quiet walks, good music, plays; good times, bad times. Drawer C091.

SINCERE DOCILE MALE, 40, 5'6", 135 lbs, quiet, clean-cut office worker, new to gay life, seeks companionship of older lonely, dominant gay male 50-65. No drugs or rough stuff. Drawer C099.

ATTRACTIVE MASCULINE MALE, 30, 135 lbs, 5'6", brown hair, discreet, warm, sincere, honest, seeks same 28 and under. Pen-pals welcome. Will reply to all. Photo appreciated. Drawer C133.

MALE, 27, 5'7", 135, not masculine, enjoys drinking. Looking for first-time discreet relationship to serve in any way the orders of understanding, older, firm, dominant male, to 60. Photo appreciated. Mike, Drawer C131.

YOUNG, PASSIVE, ATTRACTIVE male seeks older males into S/M, B/D. Send photo. Drawer C130.

GOOD-LOOKING guy, 35, needs to be deeply and frequently anally stimulated. I'm 5'11", 160 lbs, dark complexion, hairy body, not fat, not effeminate. Box 290, Stn M, Toronto M6S 4T3.

SLIM WRY in Ottawa Section travels to TO and hopes for engaging companion with eclectic tastes. Discreet. Drawer C144.

SEEKING NEW FRIENDS, for social and fun times, also serious and intellectual interests. Am 31, physically fit, warm, genuine, management career. Drawer C147.

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 "He'll blow your mind and your X"
 —Ontario Censor Board
 DON'T MISS HIM! Drawer C145

W/M, 45, FRENCH CANADIAN, 5'8", 180 lbs, educated, visiting Toronto periodically, wants to meet horny guys 25-50 for torn jeans/levi/leather fantasies and action. French passive, Greek active, no S/M, dinner, escort, no hustlers, letter appreciated. Drawer C150.

I'M LOOKING FOR baby face, sensitive, sophisticated, straight-looking friend under 25. I'm 21, 5'7", 120 lbs, gray eyes, enjoy photography, quiet times, discos, intelligent people. Please include photo and phone. Drawer C152.

CANADIAN male, early 40's, wish to meet similar for lasting friendship and hopefully more. I am not into bar scenes, S/M, etc. Please write with phone number if possible. Discretion assured and expected. Drawer C141.

GWM, 30, 138 lbs, 5'6", brown hair, honest, sincere, considering going south in '81. Would like a possible friend to join in, under 28, must pay own way. Would also like to hear from those living in Key West area. Picture essential, will reply to all. Drawer C135.

SPANKING AND PADDLING by white masculine male, age 30, seeks masculine men to age 38 who are comfortable in faded levis, gym shorts, jock straps. Include phone number and description. Drawer C138.

CAPRICORN MALE, age 26, 5'10", 145 lbs, sandy brown hair, blue eyes, nice body and good-looking, seeks masculine male 21-32. Photo and phone if possible. Willing to work at creating relationship if both interested. Drawer C137.

SINCERE GUY, 40, 140 lbs, not into bars, baths or discos, prefer theatre, movies, eating out, travel, etc. Seeks one over 30 with similar interests for warm relationship. Phone appreciated. Drawer C106.

WASP, 29, 5'10", 150 lbs, reasonably intelligent, good-looking and successful, desires long-term relationship with same. Interests include X-country skiing, cycling, long walks, quiet times and intelligible conversation. Serious enquiries only. Drawer C128.

ATHLETIC, GENEROUS male, 47, seeks sincere muscular male under 30. Write: PO Box 504, Stn K, Toronto. Phone and photo if available.

DISCIPLINARIAN, 40, can provide old-fashioned 'no-nonsense' strapping for men. Prefer slaves over 35, but will consider sincere applications from younger men. Respectful letters from novices may be considered. Include physical description and phone number. Get down on your knees and write today! Box 1014, Stn K, Toronto, Ont M4P 2V3.

ARE YOU 20-35, clean-cut, slim, quiet, masculine, reasonably intelligent and in search of a companion/lover who enjoys travel, movies, conversation, outdoors, books, music? I am 32, 5'8", 155 lbs, brown

TBP CLASSIFIEDS

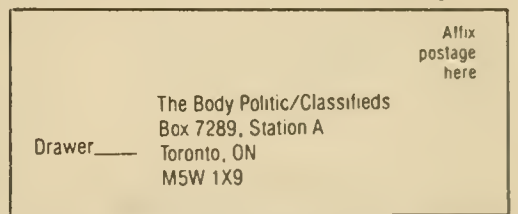
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\$4	\$4	\$4	\$4	\$4
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\$10.20	\$10.40	\$10.60	\$10.80	\$11.00
\$11.20	\$11.40	\$11.60	\$11.80	\$12.00
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Business ads: multiply above amounts (if over \$4) by three. Minimum charge for businesses is \$6. If more space is needed, use a separate sheet and charge 20¢/word, 60¢/word for businesses.

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hair/eyes, masculine, average build. We both want to share a discreet relationship with a special person. Drawer C155.

PROFESSIONAL WRESTLER, 28, 6'3", 220 lbs, muscular. Moving to Toronto, seeks friends and companion. A nonsmoker, not into bar scenes, prefers jogging, outdoors, reading, theatre and films. Photo and phone appreciated. Drawer C156.

INSTRUCTOR & PROFESSIONAL with own business, 47-year-old male searching for strong, gentle, honest man capable of giving and receiving large amounts of love and affection. Interested in around same age group or older, for loving sexual working relationship. Drawer C158.

ORIENTAL, 24, 140, 5'10", college, wine and brie, Bertolucci, Muzak, fair-weather jock, seeks easygoing 5'10" Clark Kent for regular sex. Drawer C200.

DOMINICANS (WEST INDIES): Is there a way that gays meet on the island of Dominica or in Toronto? If so, how? where? White Canadian needs to know. Contact Bob, *Body Politic*, Drawer C199.

MAN looking for healthy, happy, intelligent, well-balanced, physically fit guy. Someone with a sparkle in his eye, an engaging grin, and interests beyond being gay, probably in 20's or early 30's, at home in the city and up north in a canoe, for something worthwhile hopefully longlasting. I'm 37, work in teaching and social services, 6', 180 lbs, personable, stable, reasonably bright, considered attractive, versatile, warm, busy, independent. Likes: building, making things, writing, canoeing, music, art, swimming, kids, dogs, horses, yogurt, TV, movies, reading, being with my friends, being alone, talking, laughing, loving, staying home, going out, the city, the country, the wilderness. Dislikes: cruising, bars, baths, pickles, chrome and glass furniture, strobe lights, using a want ad to meet someone. Photo appreciated but not essential. Bob, Drawer C197.

29-YR-OLD BUTCH dude, dark hair, moustache, short trimmed beard, slim 150 lb, masculine build and well hung. Dig moustaches, beards, tight faded levis, work boots or cowboy types. Other interests include: nature, outdoors, hiking, antiques, music, especially C&W, bluegrass, disco, some dancing. Would like to meet another butch buddy with similar interests between 21 & 35 for friendship, companionship and good times. Bikers, truckers welcome! Those who reply with photo receive mine and quick reply. Drawer C196.

SLIM MALE, 38, wants male for relationship. Must be slim; Asian or Black preferred but not required, age young to 40. Am open, intelligent, easygoing, semi-professional; enjoy conversation, reading, theatre, travel. Drawer C194.

AM I THE ONLY person who is interested in a long-lasting relationship based on love and understanding? W/M, 26, looking for same with interests in the arts, skiing, walks, talks, and a one-to-one relationship. Sincere replies only. Drawer C192.

MALE, 49, French active, seeks well-built, well-hung guys who like to lie back and let it all hang out. Drawer C190.

MALE, 27 YEARS OLD, interested in meeting new friends and possibly more. I am 6', have light brown hair, warm eyes and cuddly moustache. It can be frustrating going to a bar occasionally and standing on display in a sober state. Doesn't anyone enjoy conversation, movies, music, walking or getting to know someone? If you are an exception, don't hesitate to reply: Drawer C189.


ATTRACTIVE MALE, 37, with dark hair and moustache, seeks solid and sincere men for companionship. If you are between 25 and 35 years of age and genuinely want to establish a friendship with a guy who is humorous, serious, sensuous and affectionate, take a chance and reply: Drawer C188.

DOCILE MAN, 40, medium build (170 lb), 6 feet tall, needs occasional rugged strapping and/or whipping. Prefer tall, older, well-built man with private dungeon, but would appreciate this necessary treatment from any experienced master. Physical description and telephone number respectfully requested. Drawer C182.

HORNY, WELL-ENDOWED, average-looking man in 30's wants regular straightforward sex. Will exchange phone, photo, etc. for yours. Drawer C181.

GOOD-LOOKING, slim, masculine bi-guy, 33, 6', 155 lbs, little experience. Would like to meet similar attractive males, 21-35, for occasional get-togethers, to learn and have fun. Phone/photo appreciated. Drawer C180.

CAN I FIND A LOVER by advertising in the classified columns of *TBP*? Friends, colleagues, and past experience all say no. Help me prove them wrong! I am a successful professional man, 40, cultured but down to earth, stable, intelligent, both fun-loving and serious, reasonably attractive, and 100% gay. My interest include music, theatre, travel, good meals, and quiet and lively times at home. You are a younger man than I, in the early stages of your career, or possibly still a student. You are intelligent and articulate. Like me, you have plotted a course for your life. Each of us wants to share the joys and sorrows of his life with one special man in a lasting relationship based upon respect and trust, and, with luck, love. Write now to Drawer C122.



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Winnipeg
589-6133

SUCCESSFUL GAY professional man, 40, warm and loving, attractive and intelligent, desires cute cuddly young man as companion. Long-term relationship possible. For prompt response, write in detail to Drawer C119.

CANADIAN MALE, new to Toronto, has lived in Latin America. Would like to meet Latin American friend(s) with whom I can practice speaking Spanish occasionally. Drawer C164.

MALE, GOOD-LOOKING, 45, 6'1", 162. My cock stays soft but I'm turned on by all anal sex, toys, water sports, sucking, kinkiness, want to meet hunky guys who like it the way it is, for trippings on acid, sex, smoke, aml. That your scene? Write to Drawer C161.

YOUNG SLAVE, 21, brown hair, blue eyes, muscular build, with full leather, desires dominant leather master into everything your aggressive needs require. Will serve totally; cigars and toys taken respectfully. Full instructions and photo begged for. Drawer C174.

GAY C.A. STUDENT wants to meet other C.A. students, C.A.'s or other professionals under 30. I'm 25, brown hair and eyes, attractive, enjoy sports, music, theatre, movies and cuddling. Discretion assured. Drawer C173.

MALE, 40's, non-smoker, physically and mentally fit, seeks masculine males 30 to 50 for friendship. Discretion assured. Drawer C171.

SINCERE, HONEST, 25, romantic at heart, needs similar companion to 30. Intelligent, many interests. Straight appearance and discretion vital and guaranteed. Care to chat? Drawer C169.

MALE, 38, 5'2", 115 lbs, would like to find out if I'm bisexual. Will someone please help me? Write with photo and phone. Drawer C168.

WHITE MALE, 30, 5'7", 135 lbs, likes music, art and science. Seeking similar Black non-smoker, 30-45. Box 24, Stn K, Toronto, ON M4P 2G1. Telephone: 485-1290. Photo and phone get quick reply.

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Toronto, ON M5B 1G5
Wholesale inquiries invited
(416) 977-4718

GAY WHITE MALE, 37, 6'4", 185 lbs, slim build, mature, quiet, sensitive, considerate type of guy with versatility, sense of humour, occasional refined tastes. Interests diversified, newcomer to Toronto from Ottawa, seeks masculine, close friends for companion-type relationship. Anyone looking for just sex can forget about this ad. French, Italian or Maltese plus professional males, most welcome. Non-smokers preferred, but not important.

Discretion expected and returned. All replies will be carefully screened, only those serious, honest and sincere will be answered. Phone number appreciated, photo if possible, but not essential. Reply: Box 1063, Postal Stn Q, Toronto, ON M4T 2P2.

DOCILE MAN, 40, would like strong men (preferably older) to use the school strap on his hands. (Victim has own strap!) Physical description and phone number appreciated. Drawer C183.

CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING. Complete beginner (friendly and easygoing) seeks others for weekend cross-country skiing outings. Drawer C187.

MALE, WHITE, TWENTIES. Looking for same. 6', 160 lbs. Well-hung, athletic, enjoy swimming, running and weightlifting. Anxious to make friends this winter. Live downtown. All replies answered. Drawer C186.

MASCULINE GUY, 34, 5'9", 145 lbs, with cropped brown beard and hair, handsome, casual, open, educated, very athletic, strong and gentle, sexually aggressive but often socially retiring, thoughtful, romantic, attentive, stable, constant, very willing to work at creating a good and lasting relationship. Enjoy art and collectibles, exercise, sports, travel, movies, plants, outdoors, sunning, cycling, quiet evenings. Have much to offer but my good life is hollow without that special warm friend and lover. Love to hear from guys of similar physique, outlook, interests. Drawer C177.

OSHAWA-WHITBY AREA. I'm married, bisexual, mid-thirties, and looking for gay or bisexual friends preferably younger than myself. I have varied interests; write and tell me yours. Photo appreciated, discretion assured. Write to S.D.O., Box 273, Oshawa, L1H 7L3.

HOMES Hamilton

QUIET WHITE MALE, 30, has 19th-century, luxury, 3-bedroom apartment to share. 10-minute walk from King and James. Share rent of \$400 monthly. Prefer honest, clean, self-supporting male. Sex is not the immediate object of this ad. Serious enquiries only. Phone Stuart, 526-9449, after 6:00 pm, or write Drawer C132.

Toronto
HOUSE FOR RENT or sale — 9-room Cabagetown house. Phone 961-4161.

DOWNTOWN
DAILY AND WEEKLY RATES
**The St Leonard
Hotel**
418 SHERBOURNE ST. (BETWEEN WELLESLEY
AND CARLTON STS), TORONTO, CANADA M4X1K2
TELEPHONE (416) 924-4902

SMALL, INEXPENSIVE, furnished room wanted in downtown area by discreet, responsible, professional guy. Seek privacy and right to entertain (quietly). Drawer C179.

THREE GAY MALES looking for people (responsible, progressive/left, passionate with a sense of humour) who are looking for a mutually supportive, comfortable and co-operative home. Share large, four-bedroom house. One room available immediately. Dundas and McCaul. Telephone: 977-9916.

BATHURST/ST CLAIR. One-bedroom, unfurnished duplex, hydro, cable-TV included. Complete kitchen, private garden, garage. Quiet, responsible non-smoker. \$275/mo. 654-5639.

CABBAGETOWN: Furnished 1-bedroom basement apartment. Clean, carpeted, full kitchen, ample closets, linen, cable and TV. Share bathroom with owners. References required. \$400/mo. Call Linda or Dave, 924-0863, evenings/weekends.

Vancouver
INTERESTED IN SHARING house in Gulf Islands with clean living, hard working person into rural lifestyle. M.A.C., Box 682, Vancouver, BC.

Winnipeg
SINGLE GAY MALE looking for home/apt to share with same in the vicinity of Winnipeg general post office for approximately two weeks starting in December. Please write: T M Taylor, Box 24, Group 12, RR 1C, Winnipeg R3C 2E4.

READING

GAY LITERATURE — Walt Whitman Bookshop, 1412 Sutter St, San Francisco CA 94109. Fiction — Non-Fiction; New — Out-of-Print; Hardcover — Paperback. Catalogue, \$1.00.

FREE AD, and contact magazine, *Justice*, RR 4, Harrow, Ontario N0R 1G0.

UNIQUE, OUTSPOKEN article on feminism, S/M, pornography, sexuality, etc. Send \$1.50 to Lone Amazon, 5527 Dover St, Oakland, Ca 94609. Bulk rates available.

GAY LITERATURE. Comprehensive 48-page catalog, 2400 works and current reduced price booklist including adult paperbacks. \$2.00 refundable with first purchase. Elysian Fields, 81-13BP Broadway, Elmhurst, NY, USA 11373.

LETTERS

LETTERS UNLIMITED. Exclusive Pen/Letter Club for gay people. Write: L.U., PO Box 271, Kelowna, BC, Can V1Y 7N5.

I LIKE PENPALS. Whether you live on the east coast, the west coast, or no coast at all, try investing 17¢. If you will, I will. And I'm pretty nice guy, too. Male, 29. Brian, Box 1297, Wolfville, NS, B0P 1X0.

DOWN EAST YOUNG jock wants to hear from young guys and jocks elsewhere. Your sneakers, socks and jocks interest me. Write with details of your offer. Will exchange. All replies answered. Drawer C114.

CHERS AMIS: Je souhaite maintenir correspondance avec jeunes gents 'gaies' (gay). J'ai 23 ans, je suis professeur des enfants, il me plaît les intérêts culturels. Je parle l'espagnol, et le français plus au moins. J'invite aux jeunes gens qui soient tendres, tranquilles, romantiques. Personne se repentira. Drawer C139.

QUERIDOS AMIGOS: Yo soy un joven 'gay' y deseo mantener correspondencia con jóvenes que tengan estos mismos intereses. Yo tengo 23 años, soy profesor de niños, me gustan los intereses culturales. Hablo más o menos el francés. Les invito a que me escriban: gente tierna, romántica. Nadie se arrepentirá. Drawer C139.

SERVICES

International

UNCUT MALES? Are you interested or fascinated by uncircumcised males? Info: UMA, Box 1011, Corpus Christi, Texas 78403. State over 18.

National

THE GAY LEISURE LINK, a social introduction service for gay people. For information send 25¢ to G.L.L., PO Box 4662, Vancouver, BC V6B 4A1.

Toronto

OPENLY GAY PSYCHOTHERAPIST, individual, couple counselling, also sexual dysfunction counselling. Confidence guaranteed. Registered massage therapist available. Eugene Allen Schoentag, 524 Bathurst, 967-0272.

SORE? STIFF? TIRED? Tense? Aches and pains? Call Chris, 485-1290.

LEAVE HOME this morning, entertain guests tonight. Call 368-6925 between 9-11:30am Mon-Wed after January 3/81. Home Cleaning Service — Matt Gould.

MASSAGE on your gift list? For your self, friends, lovers. Reasonable. Bill Berinati, 967-9195.

PIANO LESSONS. Young, patient, fully qualified teacher (A.R.C.T., Univ. of Toronto) welcomes new students all ages, all levels. Rosedale. Please call 923-5201.

CHICKADEE FIREWOOD, seasoned two years. Split and delivered, \$45; cord, \$165. Bush all hardwood. Days, 366-9881; evenings, 366-2406.

PRISONERS

A NOTE TO PRISONERS who wish to have pen pals — Metropolitan Community Church is offering a pen pal service to men and women prisoners through the church's prison ministry. The address is Prison Ministry, 29 Granby St, Toronto M5B 1H8.

21-YR-OLD WHITE MALE, 5'11", 187 lbs, large frame, hazel green eyes, light brown hair, doing a lot of time but seeking correspondents who might help me keep a civil

and constructive mind, also learn about your clean, friendly country. Am an optimist, intelligent, enjoy reading, music, boxing and football, classy and stylish things, rare moments, warm and meaningful. Ron A Tanner, No 153-355, PO Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio, 45699.

GAY MALE wishes to correspond with others — I enjoy sports, antiques, kindness. I'm 6', 185 lbs, masculine, with brown hair, green eyes. I need sincere letters. Please write to: Randy Ziegler, No 95842, Box 97, State Prison, McAlester, Oklahoma 74501.

MALE, 40, wishes to correspond with sincere, intelligent people willing to share their time and lives with one less fortunate. I am 5'10", 170 lbs, with brown eyes and black hair. My hobbies are sports, music, poetry, photography, reading and writing. Will answer all who write me. Carl Shelton, No 159021, PO Box 5500, Chillicothe, Ohio.

WHITE MALE, 30 years old. Looking for someone or a couple of people to help me get into my profession, photography. Only sincere persons answer. Write: Nicko Coffey, Box 3600, Guelph, Ontario N1H 6P3.

TRAVEL

KEY WEST — It's forever summer on the AMERICAN MAÑANA ISLAND. Call toll-free 1-800-327-9191, ext 499 (in Florida, 1-800-432-7999, ext 499), or write Key West Business Guild, PO Box 1208, Key West, Florida, 33040 for our new directory and map.

HOLIDAY ECONOMICALLY in London, England. Self-catering holiday flatlets, twin-bedded, separate kitchen, located inner London from \$48 (Can) per person per week. Write: Michael Browning, 19 Grosvenor Rd, Chiswick, London W44EQ.

TRAVEL COMPANION, 32, 5'10", 135 lbs, Taurus, seeks person to work and travel through USA/Mexico for three months. Have truck and tipi, into organic lifestyle, survival. Rainbow gathering New Age departing from Vancouver Jan 15th, no alcohol or bars; smoke ok, dog ok. Prefer person between 28 and 40. Photo welcomed. Edward Birens, General Delivery, Point Roberts, WA 98281.

QUEBEC CITY. Central. Room in man's private apartment for travellers. Shower facility. State approximate arrival time, address. Will confirm or infirm. Double occupancy, \$10. Single \$7/day. Reserve one week in advance. 166 W St. Cyrille, Quebec G1R 2A5.

WORK

Work Available, Toronto

REQUIRED: EXPERIENCED cleaning person for downtown apartment once every two weeks. \$5/hr. Drawer C165.

MESSAGES

KURT — We met at 'Leatherfest.' We spoke, but you didn't hear what I said. You made an offer, I backed out. I was thoughtless. And I was wrong. Please forgive me. Can we start again? I'd like to make it up to you. Let me know. J. Drawer C202.

JACQUES, Joyeux Noël et Bonne Année. Je t'aime pour toujours, mon amour. Gary.

TO EVERYONE AT GAUT (and Alan). I think you're the nicest bunch of fags around. Thanks for a wonderful introduction to Toronto gay life. Love, the youngest member.

OTHER

Business

HEALTH CLUB for sale, downtown location, beer, wine license, sauna, swimming pool, fully equipped, ex. facilities, locker room, sundeck. (416) 922-1197, 921-4027.

GAY BOOKSTORE FOR SALE: Well-established Western Canadian gay bookstore. Good base. Excellent growth pattern. Will send prospectus and financial statements. G.A.F., 1008 - 1005 Jervis St, Vancouver, BC.

For Sale

MALTESE PUPPIES, registered and inoculated. Available December 1, \$300. Also Burmese kittens, \$200. Please call after five and on weekends, (416) 920-3285.

Relationships

HI! I AM a white male, 21, 5'8", 140 lbs, with a sexy, athletic body, handsome face, dark hair, and sensual green eyes. I'm interested in moving to either Montreal, Calgary or British

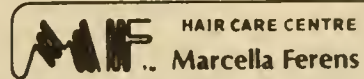
Over 5,000 Balding Men Love Marcella Ferens

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Find out why thousands of once skeptical men and women are smiling again. Visit or call the new Marcella Ferens Hair Care Centre recently opened in Toronto to arrange a free consultation.



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964-7224

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GYM & SAUNA

TORONTO

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TUESDAY, ROOM \$3, LOCKER \$1

**12½ Elm St. (laneway)
West of Yonge
2 blocks south of Gerrard
(416) 977-5997**

Columbia, and settling down in a relationship with you! I believe in honesty, and enjoy making love, parties, movies, music, dancing, travel, swimming, wrestling, weightlifting, and romantic evenings at home. If you are 21-25, masculine, handsome and somewhat similar to me, I want to hear from you! I am financially independent and should have no trouble finding a job. Tell me a bit about yourself and please include a photograph. I will do the same and promise to answer all letters. Don't hesitate — I may be the guy you've been looking for! If we are meant for each other, I will come to you. Let's find out! Drawer C175.

Investment Funds

INVESTOR has funds available to be used for a gay cause. Please submit ideas to David, PO Box 5431, Stn A, Toronto.

Wanted

WOULD LIKE TO BUY record book, new or used, kept by schools to maintain record of strappings. Usual sources (school supply houses) useless. Any information appreciated. Drawer C167.

Bridge, Chess

TORONTO — Single male seeking three congenial, serious, mature bridge players of either sex — not beginners. Sex is definitely not the object. Drawer C105.

INTERESTED IN a friendly game of chess? Your place or mine, prefer Toronto downtown area. Is this ad for real? Absolutely! Drawer C195.

Marriage

CALGARY GAY MALE, 26, attractive, seeks gay/bi female for marriage for legal purposes. May live in my house. Drawer C095.

Ontario Friends

INFARM BOY, 38, attractive, sincere, wishes to meet man on farm for occasional weekends, etc. Drawer C163.

TRANSVESTITE MALE, 30, 5'8", 135 lbs, feminine features, wishes to meet new friends. I love elegant clothes and glamorous makeup, and go out frequently in public. Enjoy dancing, dining, theatre, etc. Would especially enjoy hearing from interested women. Drawer C191.

CommunityPage

The Community Page is a listing of lesbian and gay groups in Canada and Quebec which primarily direct themselves toward alleviating or struggling against gay oppression. It includes: democratically constituted organizations, cooperatively run clubs and community centres, bookstores which sell gay and feminist literature, and non-profit gay periodicals.

Organizations wishing a listing, or a revision of information presently listed, should contact: *The Body Politic Community Page*, Box 7289, Station A, Toronto, ON M5W 1X9.

ALBERTA

Calgary

- **Camp 181** (a social club for women and men), c/o Eleanor, no 3, 2311-17A St SW, T2T 2S4. Ph: (403) 245-2336.
- **Dignity/Calgary**, Box 1492, Stn T, T2H 2H7. Ph: (403) 269-7542 or 282-0574 (evenings only).
- **Gay Academic Union**, Student Clubs, MacEwan Hall, Univ of Calgary, T2N 1N4.
- **Gay Information and Resources Calgary (GIRC)**, Old Y Bldg, Suites 317-323, 223 12 Ave SW, T2P 0G9. Ph: (403) 264-3911. Information and counselling Mon-Fri, 7-10 pm. Socials, discussion groups, newspaper, gay rights action. Mailing address: Box 2715, Stn M, T2P 3C1.
- **Gay Youth Calgary**, Box 1133, Stn M, T2P 2K9. Meets Thurs, 8 pm, Rm 319, 223 12 Ave SW.
- **Integrity: Gay Anglicans and their friends**, c/o Box 34, Stn G, T3A 2G1. Ph: (403) 233-7404 or 264-5965 (evenings only).
- **Lesbian Friendship**, Box 6093, Stn A. Ph: (403) 238-0140, evenings.
- **Metropolitan Community Church**, Box 6945, Stn D, T2P 2G2. Ph: (403) 277-4004. Services Sundays at 11:30 am at Backlot Theatre.
- **Parents of Gays and Lesbians**, c/o GIRC, Box 2715, Stn M, T2P 3C1. Ph: (403) 252-8727.
- **Womyn's Collective**, c/o GIRC, Box 2715, Stn M, T2P 3C1. Ph: (403) 267-3098.

Edmonton

- **Dignity/Edmonton**, Box 53, T5J 2G9.
- **Gay Alliance Toward Equality (GATE)**, Box 1852, T5J 2P2. Office: 10173-104 St. Ph: (403) 424-8361.
- **Metropolitan Community Church**, Box 1312, T5J 2M8. Ph: (403) 482-4213.

Lethbridge

- **Lethbridge Gay Community Centre**, c/o GIRC, Box 2715, Stn M, Calgary, AB T2P 3C1

Medicine Hat

- **Medicine Hat Gay Community Centre**, c/o GIRC, Box 2715, Stn M, Calgary, AB T2P 3C1.

Red Deer

- **Gay Association of Red Deer (GARD)**, Box 356, T4N 5E9.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Kamloops

- **The gay group** in this city can be contacted by writing to Box 3343, Kamloops V2C 6B9. Meet friends, peer counselling, information.

Nelson

- **The gay group** here can be contacted by writing: Woodland, Box 326, Nelson, V1L 5R2.

Prince George

- **The gay group** in this city can be contacted through the Prince George Crisis Centre, 1306-7th Ave, V2L 3P1. Ph: (604) 563-1214.

Prince Rupert

- **The gay group** in this city can be reached by writing to Box 881, V8J 3Y1.

Vancouver

- **Archives Collective**, Box 3130, MPO, V6B 3X6.
- **Coming Out (Gay Radio)**, c/o Vancouver Cooperative Radio, 337 Carrall St, V6B 2J4. Thurs at 6:30 pm, 102.7 MHz FM.
- **Dignity/Vancouver**, Box 3016, V6B 3X5. Ph: (604) 524-1657.
- **Gayblevision**, monthly television show produced by and for gays, 837 Bidwell St. Ph: (604) 688-6813.
- **Gay People of Simon Fraser**, c/o Student Society, Simon Fraser University, Burnaby V5A 1S6. Ph: (604) 291-3181 or 291-3111.
- **Gay People of UBC**, Box 9, Student Union Bldg, University of British Columbia, V6T 1W5. Ph: (604) 228-6781. Meetings every Thurs at 12:30 pm in SUB 207/209.
- **Integrity: Gay Anglicans and their friends**, Box 34161, Stn. D, V6J 4N1. Ph: (604)732-0412.
- **The Lesbian Show**, Co-op Radio, 337 Carrall St, V6B 2J4. 102.7 MHz FM, Thurs at 7:30 pm.
- **Metropolitan Community Church**, Box 5178, V6B 4B2. Ph: (604)681-8525. Services 8 pm Sundays, at 1811 West 16th Ave.

- **SEARCH Community Services**, 28-448 Seymour St, V6B 3H1. Ph: (604) 689-1039.
- **SEARCH Youth Group**, c/o SEARCH, 28-448 Seymour St, V6B 3H1.
- **Society for Education, Action, Research and Counselling in Homosexuality (SEARCH)**, Box 48903, Bentall Centre, V7X 1A8.
- **Society for Political Action for Gay People (SPAG)**, Box 2631, Main PO, V6B 3W8. Ph: (604) 876-2674.
- **Vancouver Gay Community Centre (VGCC)**, Box 2259, MPO, V6B 3W2

Victoria

- **Feminist Lesbian Action Group (FLAG)**, Box 237, Stn. E, V8W 2M6.
- **Gay Men's Discussion Group**, meets twice a month. Call NEED for time and place.
- **NEED (Victoria Crisis Line)**, Ph: (604) 383-6323, 24 hrs a day. Some gay info available.
- **University of Victoria Gay Focus**, Student Union Bldg, U of Victoria, Box 1700, V8W 2Y2.
- **WAVES, Rights of Lesbians Subcommittee**, Box 237, Stn E, V8W 2M6.

MANITOBA

Brandon

- **Gay Friends of Brandon**, Box 492, R7A 5Z4. Ph: (204) 725-4386.

Winnipeg

- **Council on Homosexuality and Religion**, Box 1912, R3C 3R2.
- **Dignity/Winnipeg**, Box 1912, R3C 3R2.
- **Families of Gays**, Box 27, UMSU, Univ of Manitoba, R3T 2N2. Ph: (204) 783-4549.
- **Gays for Equality**, Box 27, UMSU, Univ of Manitoba, R3T 2N2. Ph: (204) 269-8678.
- **Manitoba Physicians for Homosexual Understanding**, Box 3911, Stn B, R2W 5H9.
- **Project Lambda, Inc**, gay community services, Box 3911, Stn B, R2W 5H9.
- **Winnipeg Gay Youth**, Box 27, UMSU, Univ of Manitoba, R3T 2N2. Ph: (204) 269-8678.
- **Winnipeg Lesbian Society**, 730 Alexander St. Ph: (204) 786-4581.

NEW BRUNSWICK

Fredericton

- **Fredericton Lesbians and Gays (FLAG)**, Box 1556, Stn A, E3B 5G2. Ph: (506) 472-9576.

Western NB

- **Northern Lambda Nord**, Box 990, Caribou, Maine 04736 USA. Serving Western NB and Northern Maine (Madawaska/Victoria, NB, Temiscouata, Quebec, and Aroostook, Maine).

NEWFOUNDLAND

Corner Brook

- **Community Homophile Association of Newfoundland (CHAN)**, Box 905, A2H 6J2.

St. John's

- **Community Homophile Association of Newfoundland (CHAN)**, Box 613, Stn C, A1C 5K8.

NOVA SCOTIA

Halifax

- **The Alternate Bookshop**, 1588 Barrington St, 2nd flr. Mailing address: Box 276, Stn M, B3J 2N7.
- **Expression**, c/o The Alternate Bookshop, Box 267, Stn M, B3J 2N7. A support group for transvestites and transsexuals, presently in formation.
- **Gay Alliance for Equality Inc (GAE)**, Box 3611, Halifax South Postal Stn, B3J 3K6. Ph: (902) 429-4294. Gay helpline (information, referrals and peer counselling): (902) 429-6969, Thurs, Fri and Sat, 7-10 pm.
- **Gays and Lesbians at Dalhousie (GLAD)**, c/o SUB (Student Union Building), Dalhousie University.
- **Sparrow**, Gay Christians, meet every Sunday at 8 pm, at the Universalist Unitarian Church, 5500 Inglis St. Mailing address: Box 3611, Halifax South Postal Stn, B3J 3K6. Sparrow coffeehouse: every Sunday at The Turret. Call Gayline (429-6969) or GAE (429-4294) or The Turret (423-6814) for dates and times.
- **The Turret Gay Community Centre**, 1588 Barrington St. Ph: (902) 423-6814. Mailing address: Box 3611, Halifax South Postal Stn, B3J 3K6.

Wolfville

- **Gays**, Box 1297, B0P 1X0.

ONTARIO

Georgetown

- **Georgetown Gay Friends**, Box 223, L7G 4T1. Ph: (416) 877-5524.

Guelph

- **Guelph Gay Equality**, Box 773, N1H 6L8. Gayline: (519) 836-4550, 24 hrs.
- **Guelph Gay Youth Group**, Info: (519) 836-4550. Mon, Wed and Thurs, 8-10 pm.

Hamilton

- **Gay Fathers of Hamilton**, offers support, advice, and pot luck suppers twice a month. Call Gayline for meeting places and times.
- **Gayline Hamilton**, information on all groups and activities, and peer counselling. Ph: (416) 523-7055 Wed through Sun, 7-11 pm.
- **Gay Monitors Committee of Hamilton**, an educational and information service agency of HUGS. See **Hamilton United Gay Societies (HUGS)** listing.
- **Gay Recreation Committee of Hamilton**, a recreational service agency of HUGS, sponsors dances, bowling league and other events.
- **Gay Women of Hamilton**, support group. Call Gayline for meeting places and times.
- **Hamilton United Gay Societies (HUGS)**, a meeting of men and women, young and old, with discussions and speakers on topics of community interest. Meetings on alternate Wednesdays, Rm 619, Togo Salmon Hall, McMaster University, 7:30 pm. Call Gayline for further information.
- **Lambda Gay Youth of Hamilton**, support group. Call Gayline for meeting places and times.
- **Address for all Hamilton groups listed above:** Box 44, Stn B, L8L 7T5.

Kingston

- **Queen's Women's Centre**, 51 Queen's Crescent, Queen's University, K7L 2S7. Ph: (613) 542-5226.
- **Queen's Homophile Association**, Student Affairs Centre, 51 Queen's Crescent, Queen's University, K7L 2S7. Ph: (613)547-2836.

Kitchener/Waterloo

- **Foundation for the Advancement of Canadian Transsexuals (FACT)**, Box 1497, Stn C, Kitchener N2G 4P2.
- **Gay AA**, Ph: (519) 742-6183.
- **Gay Liberation of Waterloo (GLOW)**, c/o Federation of Students, University of Waterloo, Waterloo N2L 3G1. Ph: (519) 884-GLOW.
- **Gay News and Views**, radio programme, Tues and Wed, 6:15 pm, CKMS-FM, 94.5 MHz, 105.7 MHz cable.
- **Gay Rights Organization of Waterloo**, Box 2632, Stn B, Kitchener N2H 6N2.
- **G.R.O.W.**, Box 2782, Stn B, Kitchener N2H 6N3.
- **Kitchener/Waterloo Gay Media Collective**, Box 2741, Stn B, Kitchener N2H 6N3.
- **Kitchener-Waterloo Gay Youth**, c/o Federation of Students, University of Waterloo, Waterloo N2L 3G1.
- **Leaping Lesbians**, radio programme, Thurs, 6 to 8 pm, CKMS-FM, 94.5 MHz, 105.7 MHz cable.
- **Lesbian Organization of Kitchener (LOOK)**, Box 2531, Stn B, Kitchener N2H 6N3.
- **Young Men's Athletic Club**, Box 2041, Stn B, Kitchener. Ph: (519) 579-1505. Licenced dances every two weeks, 1st and 3rd Fri of each month. Phone for location.

London

- **Foundation for the Advancement of Canadian Transsexuals (FACT)**, Box 4724, Stn D, N5W 5L7. Ph: (519) 644-1061.
- **Gayline**, Ph: (519) 679-6423. Info 24 hrs/day. Peer counselling Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat, 7-11 pm.
- **Homophile Association of London, Ontario (HALO)**, 649 Colborne St, N6A 3Z2. Ph: (519) 433-3762.
- **London Lesbian Collective**, Box 4724, Stn D, N5W 5L7.
- **Metropolitan Community Church**, Box 4724, Stn D, N5W 5L7. Services Sundays at 7 pm Unitarian Church, 29 Victoria St. Singing at 6:45 pm
- **Western Gay Association**, c/o University Community Centre, University of Western Ontario. Ph: (519) 679-6423.

Mississauga/Brampton

- **GEM Gay Community Outreach**, Box 62, Brampton L6V 2K7.
- **Gayline West**, Ph: (416) 274-5068. Peer Counselling telephone service.

Niagara Region

- **Gayline**, Ph: (416) 354-3173.
- **Gay Unity Niagara**, Box 692, Niagara Falls L2E 6V5.

Ottawa

- **Dignity/Ottawa/Dignité**, Box 2102, Stn D, *K1P 5W3.
- **Dykes and Fags (Carleton University Gay People)**. For more information call (613) 238-1717.
- **Gays of Ottawa/Gais de l'Ottawa**, Box 2919, Stn D, K1P 5W9. GO Centre: 175 Lisgar St. Gayline: (613) 238-1717. Office: (613) 233-0152.
- **Gay Youth Ottawa/Hull/Jeunesse Gai(e) d'Ottawa/Hull** may be contacted at the same address and phone number as Gays of Ottawa. Meetings/drop-ins, Wed, 8 pm, 175 Lisgar St.
- **Integrity: Gay Anglicans and their friends**, St George's Anglican Church, 152 Metcalfe St, K2P 1N9. Ph: (613) 235-1636. Meeting and Eucharist every second Wed (2nd and 4th Weds of month), 7:30 pm, at St George's Church.
- **Lesbiennes et gais du campus/Lesbians and Gays on Campus**, c/o SFUO, 85 rue Hastey Street, K1N 6N5.
- **Metropolitan Community Church**, Box 868, Stn B, K1P 5T1. Ph: (613) 741-0783.
- **Parents of Gays**, Box 9094, K1G 3T8.

Peterborough

- **Gays of Trent and Peterborough (GTP)**, Box 1524, K9J 7H7. Office: 262 Rubidge St, Rm 203. Ph: (705) 742-6229, Wed, 7:30-9:30 pm, Thurs, 7:30-9:30 pm.

Thunder Bay

- **Northern Women's Centre**, 316 Bay St, P7B 1S1. Ph: (807) 345-7802.
- **Gays of Thunder Bay (GTB)**, PO Box 2155, P7B 1S4 Ph: (807) 345-6932

Toronto

- **Association of Gay Electors (AGE)**, 29 Granby St, M5B 1H8.
- **Association of Gays in the Media (AGM)**, 29 Granby St, M5B 1H8.
- **Association of Gay Social Services Workers**, Box 182, Stn O, M4A 2N3.
- **Came Out Decades Ago (CODA) Older Lesbians and Gays**, Box 6248, Stn. A, M5W 1P6
- **Catalyst Press**, 315 Blantyre Ave, Scarborough, M1N 2S6.
- **Centre of Affirmation and Dialogue**, St Philip House, 507 Queen St E, M5A 1V1. Ph: (416)362-2662. Meetings at 7:30 pm. Parents of Gays: Mondays; Married Gay Men: 1st and 3rd Weds of month; Gay Couples: 2nd and 4th Weds of month; Senior lesbians and gays over 40: 1st and 3rd Thurs of month.
- **Dignity for Gay and Lesbian Catholics**, Box 249, Stn E, M6H 4E2. Ph: (416) 960-3997.
- **Families and Friends of Lesbians and Gays (FFLAG)**, 29 Granby St, M5B 1H8.
- **Foundation for the Advancement of Canadian Transsexuals (FACT)**, c/o Miss S C Huxford, 618-2757 Kipling Ave, Rexdale M9V 4C4. Ph: (416) 745-5462.
- **Gay Academic Union**, c/o Clarence Barnes, Dept of Chemical Engineering, Univ of Toronto, M5S 1A4.
- **Gay Alcoholics Anonymous**, answering service, Ph: (416) 964-3962.
- **Gay Alliance at York**, c/o CYSF office, 105 Central Square, York University, 4700 Keele Street, Downsview, M3J 1P3. Meetings/coffeehouses 7-10 pm, Rm 305, Founders College. Ph: (416) 667-3509 or 667-3632.
- **Gay Anarchists**, c/o Ian Young, 315 Blantyre Ave, Scarborough, M1N 2S6.
- **Gay Asians of Toronto**, Drawer R999, TBP, Box 7289, Stn A, M5W 1X9
- **Gay Community Appeal of Toronto**, Box 2212, Stn P, M5S 2T2. Ph: (416) 869-3036.
- **Gay Community Calendar**. Ph: (416) 923-GAYS, 24-hour recorded message.
- **Gay Community Services Centre**, 29 Granby St, M5B 1H8. Distress and counselling line: (416) 977-9835. Drop-in Mon-Thurs, 7:00-10:30 pm, Fri and Sat to 11:30 pm.
- **Gay Fathers of Toronto**, c/o MCC, 29 Granby St, M5B 1H8. Ph: (416) 977-9799. Offers support, advice, and dinner twice a month.
- **Gay Liberation Union (GLU)**, Box 793, Stn Q, M4T 2N7. Ph: (416) 363-4410.
- **Gay Youth Toronto**, 29 Granby St, Suite 301, M5B 1H8. Ph: (416) 977-2184. Meetings at the 519 Church St Community Centre, Tues, 7:30 pm.
- **Gays at U of T**, c/o SAC office, 12 Hart House Circle, University of Toronto, M5S 1A1. Meets Fri, 7:30 pm, 33 St George St.
- **Glad Day Bookstore**, 648 A Yonge St. M4Y 2A6. Ph: (416) 961-4161.
- **Hassle Free Clinic**, 556 Church St, (at Wellesley), 2nd floor. VD testing and information. Women's clinic, Ph: (416) 922-0566. Men's clinic, Ph: (416) 922-0603. Call ahead.
- **Integrity: Gay Anglicans and their friends**, Box 873, Stn F, M4Y 2N9. Ph: (416) 921-4778 (before 9 pm). Meeting with Eucharist on 2nd Tuesday of month at 8 pm, and meeting with Evensong on 4th Tuesday of month at 8 pm, at Holy Trinity Church, Toronto Eaton Centre.
- **Lesbian Mothers' Defence Fund**, Box 38, Stn E, M6H 4E1. Ph: (416) 465-6822.
- **Lesbian Organization of Toronto (LOOT)**, Box 70, Stn F, M4Y 2L4.

- ☐ **Metropolitan Community Church**, offices 29 Granby St, M5B 1H8, services at 175 St Clair Ave West. Supper Sundays at 6 pm, Singspiration at 7:10 pm, Worship at 7:30 pm. Ph: (416) 977-9799.
- ☐ **Osgoode Gay Caucus**, c/o Osgoode Hall Law School, 4700 Keele Street, Downsview, M3J 2R5. Same regular meetings as **Gay Alliance at York**. Ph: (416) 661-2244.
- ☐ **Parents of Gays**, c/o 29 Granby St, M5B 1H8. Ph: (416) 977-9835 or 961-3415.
- ☐ **Pink Triangle Press**, Box 639, Stn A, M5W 1G2. Ph: (416) 977-6320.
- ☐ **Right to Privacy Committee** (defence committee for The Barracks accused), meets 2nd Mon each month, 8 pm, 519 Church St. Mailing address: 29 Granby St, M5B 1H8. Donations: Make payable to John Higgins in Trust. Mail to Hallman and Higgins, Barristers and Solicitors, 85 Richmond St W, Suite 620, M5H 2C9.
- ☐ **Toronto Area Gays (TAG)**, Box 6706, Stn A, M5W 1X5. Ph: (416) 964-6600. Peer counselling service.
- ☐ **Toronto Lambda Business Council**, Box 513, Adelaide St Stn, M5C 2J6.
- ☐ **Toronto Organization of United Church Homosexuals (TOUCH)**, Box 249, Stn E, M6H 4E2.
- ☐ **Toronto Women's Bookstore**, 85 Harbord St, M5S 1G5. Ph: (416) 922-8744.
- ☐ **Tri-Aid Charitable Foundation**, 8 Irwin Ave, M4Y 1K9. Ph: (416) 924-2525.
- ☐ **Wages Due Lesbians**, Box 38, Stn E, M6G 4E1. Ph: (416) 465-6822.
- ☐ **Women's Archives**, Box 928, Stn Q, M4T 2P1.
- ☐ **York Rainbow Society of the Deaf**, c/o MCC, 29 Granby St, M5B 1H8.

Windsor

- ☐ **Gay AA**. Ph: (519) 258-7967.
- ☐ **Windsor Gay Unity**, Box 7002, Sandwich Postal Stn, N9C 3Y6. Gayline: (519) 252-0979. Gayline is answered by a woman Tuesdays 7-10 pm.

QUEBEC

Hull

- ☐ **Association Gale de l'Ouest Québécois (AGOQ)**, CP 1215, Succ B, J8X 3X7. Ph: (819) 778-1737.

Lennoxville

- ☐ **Gay Students' Alliance (GSA)**, Box 631, Bishop's University/Champlain Regional College, J1M 1Z7.

Montreal

- ☐ **Association Communautaire Homosexuelle de l'Université de Montréal**, 3200, Jean-Brillant, Local 1265-6, Pav des Sciences Sociales, Université de Montréal, H3T 1N8.
- ☐ **Association pour les droits de la communauté gaie du Québec (ADGQ)**, CP 36, Succ C, H2L 4J7. Bureau: 1264 rue St-Timothée. Ph: (514) 843-8671.
- ☐ **Comité de soutien aux accusés de Truxx**, a/s 1217 rue Crescent, H3G 2B1.
- ☐ **Communauté homophile chrétienne (Catholic)**, 354, rue Murray. Ph: (514) 688-9071.
- ☐ **Contact-nous**, gay VD service, information and referral. Ph: (514) 842-5807.
- ☐ **Coop-Femmes**, CP 223, Succ Delorimier, H2H 2N6. Ph: (514) 843-8998.
- ☐ **Dignity/Montréal**, Newman Centre, 3484 rue Peel. Ph: (514) 392-6741.
- ☐ **Eglise Communautaire de Montréal, Montreal Community Church**, CP 610, Succ NDG, H4A 3R1. Ph: (514) 845-4471.
- ☐ **Fédération canadienne des transsexuels**, 16 rue Viau, Vaudreuil J7V 1A7.
- ☐ **Fraternité-Halte Inc**, 5342 boul Saint-Laurent, H2T 1S1. Ph: (514) 521-5360.
- ☐ **Gaiécoute**, ligne téléphonique pour francophones. 7 pm - 11 pm every night. Ph: (514) 937-1447.
- ☐ **Gay Health Clinic**, Montreal Youth Clinic/Clinique des Jeunes de Montréal, 3658 rue Sainte-Famille, H2X 2L5. Ph: (514) 843-7885, 843-5255. Mon, Wed and Fri evenings.
- ☐ **Gay Info**, CP 610, Succ NDG, H4A 3R1. Ph: (514) 486-4404, Thurs and Fri, 7-11 pm. 24-hr recorded message at other times.
- ☐ **Gayline**, (514) 931-8668 or 931-5330, 7 days a week, 7-11 pm.
- ☐ **Gay Men and Women of McGill**, University Centre, Rm 408, 3480 rue McTavish, H3A 1X9. Meets Thurs, 7:30 pm, Rm 425.
- ☐ **Gay Social Services Project**, 5 rue Weredale Park, Westmount H3Z 1Y5. Ph: (514) 937-9581.
- ☐ **Gay Youth Group**, open to gay males 14-22, meets Saturdays 2-4 pm, call Gayline for info.
- ☐ **Integrity: Gay Anglicans and their friends**, c/o 305 avenue Willibrord, Verdun H4G 2T7. Ph: (514) 766-9623.
- ☐ **Lesbian and Gay Friends of Concordia**, 1455 ouest boul de Maisonneuve, H3G 1M7. Ph: (514) 879-4500 from 9 am to 5 pm.
- ☐ **Librairie l'Androgyne/Androgyny Bookstore**, 1217 rue Crescent, H3G 2B1. Ph: (514) 866-2131.
- ☐ **NACHES: Montreal's Gay Jewish Group**, CP 298, Succ H, H3G 2K8. Ph: (514) 488-0849.
- ☐ **Older Gays Group**, meets 1st and 3rd Wed each

- month, at 5 rue Weredale Park, Westmount H3Z 1Y5. Ph: (514) 937-9581, ext 238, for info. Ask for Barry.
- ☐ **Parents of Gays**, a/s CP 610, Succ NDG, H4A 3R1. Ph: (514) 486-4404.
- ☐ **Pro-Cathédrale du Disciple Bien-Aimé**, 4376 de la Roche. Ph: (514) 279-5381.
- ☐ **Productions 88**, 1406 rue de la Visitation, No 3, H2L 3B8.
- ☐ **Transvestites à Montréal**, social support for transvestites, CP 153, Succ Victoria, H3Z 2V5. Ph: (514) 486-4404 (Thurs and Fri only).
- ☐ **Women's Homophile Association of Montreal**, a/s Susan Shea, 1967 rue Eric, H2K 2M5.
- ☐ **Women's Information and Referral Centre**, 3585 rue Saint-Urbain, H2X 2N6. Open Mon-Fri, 9 am-5 pm, Tues 5 pm-9 pm. Ph: (514) 842-4781.

Quebec

- ☐ **Centre Homophile d'Aide et de Libération (CHAL)**, CP 596, Succ Haute-Ville, G1R 4R8. Bureau: 175 rue Prince-Edouard. Ph: (418) 525-4997.
- ☐ **Groupe gai de l'Université Laval**, CP 2500, Pavillon Lemieux, Cité universitaire, G1K 7P4.
- ☐ **Paroisse Saint-Robert** (Eglise catholique eucharistique), 310, rue de la Couronne, G1K 6E4.

SASKATCHEWAN

Carrot River

- ☐ **Carrot River Gays**, c/o 18-303 Queen St, Saskatoon S7K 0M1. For Melfort-Tisdale area.

Kindersley

- ☐ **West Central Gays** (Kindersley-Eston-Rose-town), c/o Drawer 1, Box 7508, Saskatoon.

Moose Jaw

- ☐ **Moose Jaw Gay Community Centre**, c/o Box 1778, S6H 7K8.

Prince Albert

- ☐ **Prince Albert Gay Community Centre**, Box 1893, S6V 6J9.

Regina

- ☐ **Dignity for Gay Catholics and Friends**, Box 1375, Fort Qu'Appelle, S0G 1S0.
- ☐ **Gay Regina**, a political action group, c/o 2242 Smith St, Box 3414. Ph: (306) 522-7343. For info concerning social functions, contact Regina Gay Community Centre.
- ☐ **Regina Gay Community Centre**, 2242 Smith St. Ph: (306) 522-7343. Counselling and information Tues and Sat, 6:30-9:00 pm.

Saskatoon

- ☐ **Gay Academic Union**, Box 419, Sub PO 6, S7N 0W0.
- ☐ **Gay Community Centre**, Box 1662, S7K 3R8. 245-3rd Ave South. Ph: (306) 652-0972.
- ☐ **Grapevine**, a group of Christian and Jewish gays. Ph: (306) 343-5963.
- ☐ **Lesbian Caucus**, Saskatoon Women's Liberation, Box 4021, S7K 3T1.
- ☐ **Stubble Jumper Press**, 21-303 Queen St, S7K 0M1.
- ☐ **Subcommittee on Gay Rights**, Saskatchewan Association on Human Rights, 311-20th St W, S7M 0X1.

PROVINCIAL

- ☐ **Alberta Lesbian and Gay Rights Association (ALGRA)**, Box 1852, Edmonton, AB T5J 2P2.
- ☐ **Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario (CGRO)**, Box 822, Stn A, Toronto, ON M5W 1G3. Ph: (416) 977-1605.
- ☐ **Manitoba Gay Coalition**, Box 27, UMSU, Univ of Manitoba, Winnipeg, MB R3T 2N2.
- ☐ **Ontario Gay Teachers' Caucus**, Box 923, Stn F, Toronto, ON M4Y 2L8.
- ☐ **Saskatchewan Gay Coalition**, Box 7508, Saskatoon, SK.

IS YOUR ENTRY CORRECT?

Keeping the Community Page up-to-date depends on you. If the information presented here about groups in your area is not accurate, please let us know. Send corrections, changes and new listings to: *The Body Politic Community Page*, P O Box 7289, Stn A, Toronto, ON M5W 1X9.

The Body Politic is looking for articles about gay groups across Canada to run each month on its Community Page. If you'd like to tell people all across North America about your group, send us a story about it (maximum length, 1000 words) along with some photos.

Please note: Community Page entries for publications and for national and binational organizations, not printed this month for reasons of space, will return as usual in the February 1981 issue.



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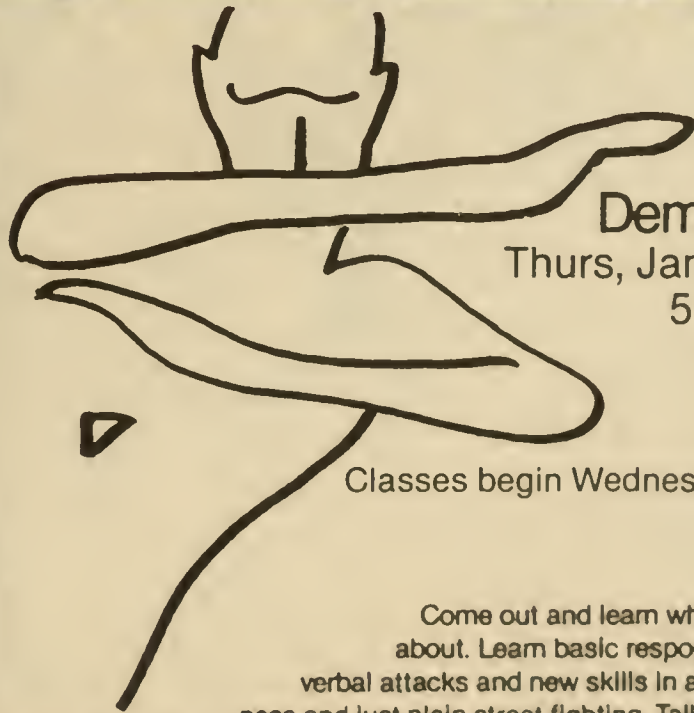
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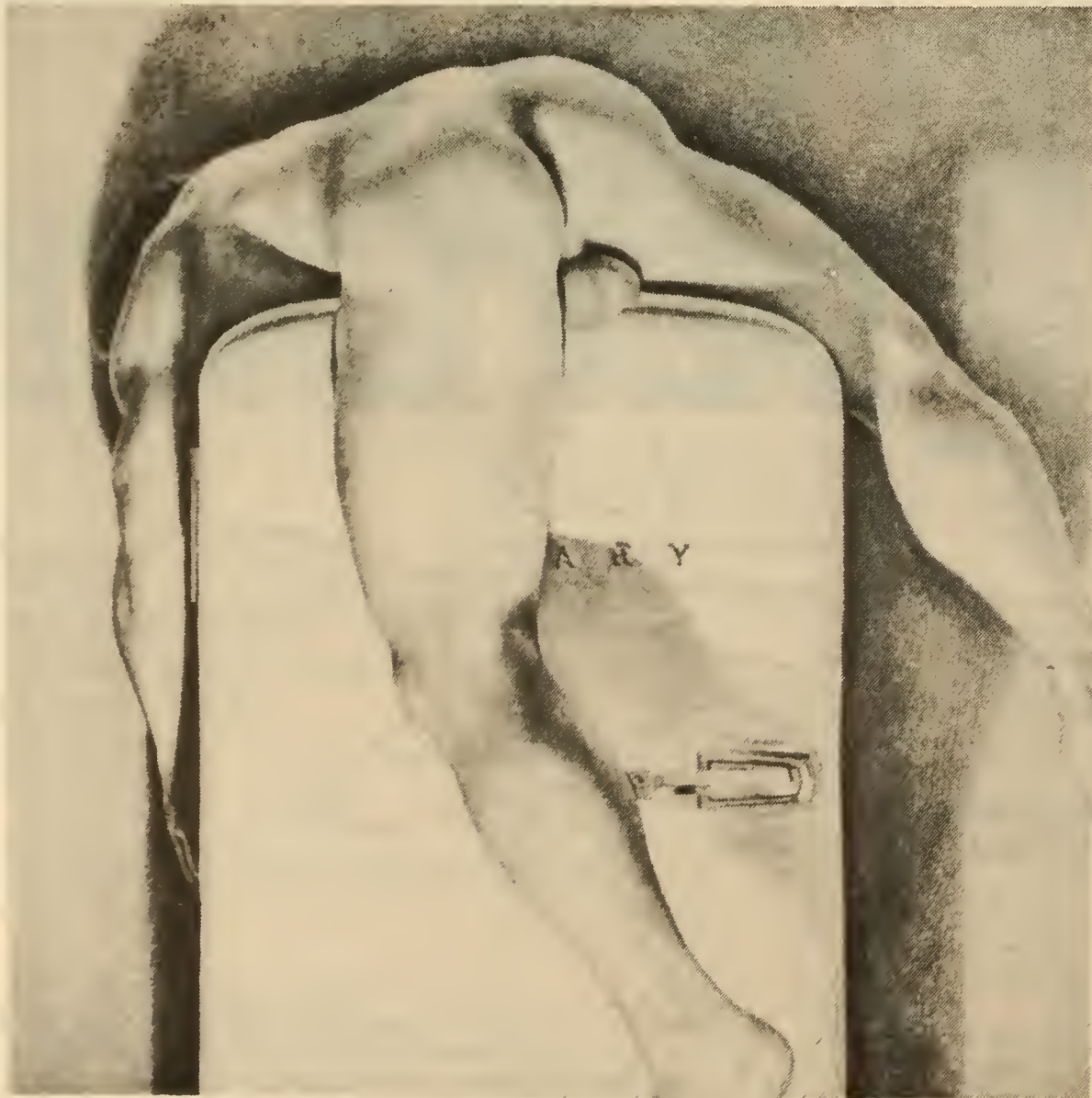
For further information contact the Gay Liberation Union, Box 793, Station Q, Toronto, ON M4T 2N7. Ph: 968-0975.

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by Paul Pearce

Fast and loose for the holidays

All my childhood memories of Christmas are properly white. Southern Ontario is soothing that way. This past Christmas in Toronto was to be the exception.

When I woke up the bedroom was stuffy and damp and I knew it was going to rain. David felt hot against me and he wanted to cuddle. I didn't. I'm convinced committed cuddlers are simply trying to capture more than their fair share of the bed — they always cuddle on your half. By the time I had escaped David's amorous clutches to go downstairs and put on the coffee, the rain had started. It would continue all day.

We both slept in late because we had had a few friends over for supper on Christmas eve. The menu had included cold salmon and roast beef, very un-Christmasy food, we had all laughed a lot, drunk more than we ought, and said a great many silly things. This morning David was going to do his family duty, one he enjoyed, travelling to his sister's farm for Christmas dinner. Again this year he extended his family's invitation to me as well, and again I declined. It was at least five years since I had visited my own family at Christmas and I saw no reason why I should subject myself to someone else's.

Don't get me wrong. I'm very fond of most of my family, they are good people, and David and I both enjoy the time we spend with them. But I won't visit at Christmas. I resent the way Christmas has become the great time of family solidarity, reuniting us with our unsatisfying past, playing on our guilt and nostalgia to shore up the facade of blood-love as the basic fabric of society. As a gay person who has found more of life and love outside the family, I find Christmas an oppressive time. It denies those feelings, thoughts, and relationships that are most important for me.

So this year I was going to spend Christmas at the baths.

When I had announced my plans the night before, everyone had been suitably amused. Now, with the rain pelting down and my head somewhat the worse for wear from the booze, it seemed less amusing. But David was deserting me and I had nothing else to do.

"If you really are going to the baths, I can drive you down," David offered as he was getting ready to leave.

"No, it's out of your way. I can struggle down on my own."

"It's not that far out of my way, and there's no hurry for me to get there."

"I'm sure it's an inconvenience."

"Paul, I said I don't mind."

"Don't worry about me," I pouted.

David let me out at the front door of the baths. I kissed him good-bye and sent my best wishes to his family.

Tim was working on the door, smiling, friendly as ever, and mercifully he didn't wish me a merry Christmas. I always go to this particular bath because of the crowd it attracts, mostly middle-aged, middle-class; nothing too kinky every happens — or, if it does, all the regulars talk about it for weeks. It's all very comfortable. Surprisingly, the men there Christmas day were younger than

usual, 25 to 30, more my own age. The place wasn't packed, but I would estimate there were at least 40 people there, a goodly number I thought.

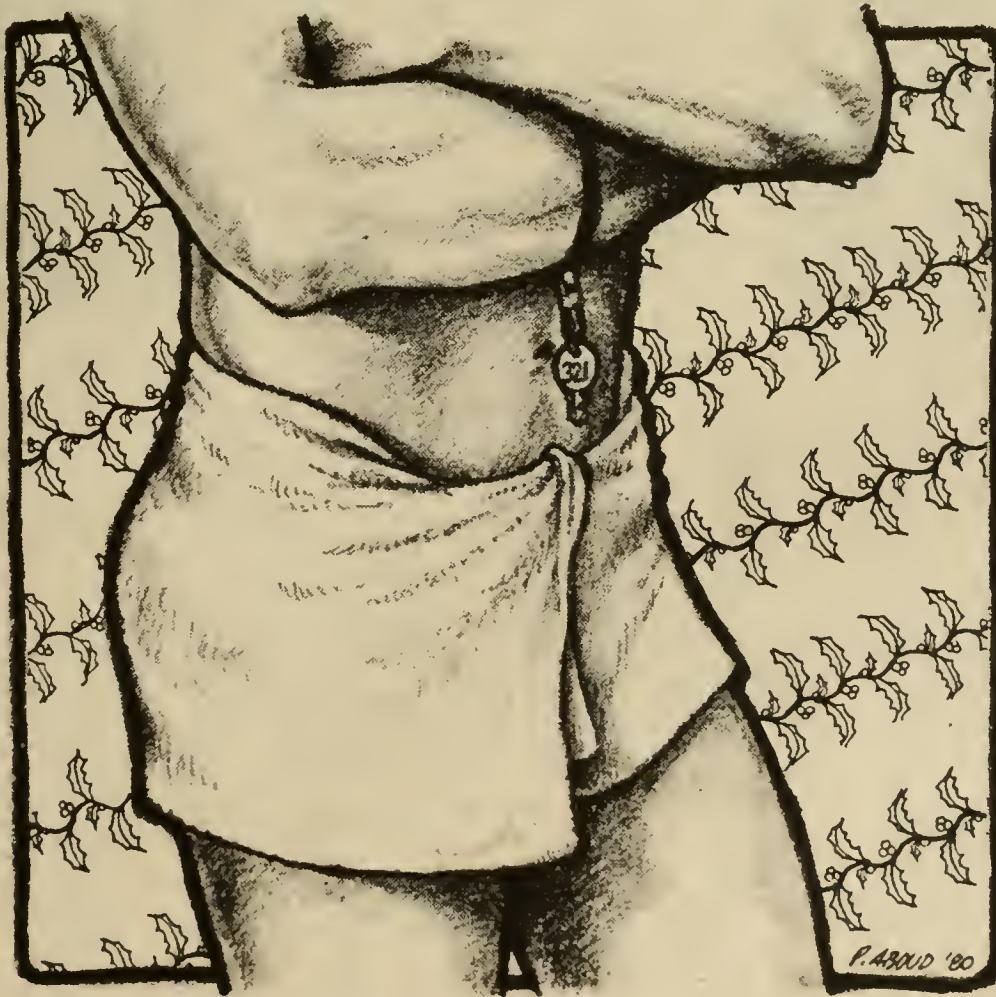
After I undressed I performed my bath ritual. First a shower, followed by a long, soothing stretch in the whirlpool, then a quick shower to cool off, downstairs to the wet sauna where I stay until I can't breathe, and finally another shower when I wash my hair and shave. All this probably prematurely ages the skin but it does wonders for the head. I wrapped myself in a fresh dry towel (not very sexy but street clothes or "costumes" aren't allowed) and walked about a bit.

In the television room they had set out a big buffet in honour of the holiday: white tablecloth, red candles, green

could talk to, but without success. I didn't want to have sex. I wasn't even horny. With coffee in hand I returned to my room and sat there, covering as much of me as possible with my white terrycloth uniform. The lights in the rooms are very bright and most people cover them with a shirt or extra towel to give themselves a more romantic look (takes at least five years off your age if you do it right), but I let mine be. Still, a few people asked if they could join me and I politely said no thanks. This had been a stupid idea and I was bored. I fished a dime out of my jeans pocket and went to the pay phone to call Rickie.

Rickie and I go back almost a decade; he's my best friend, the person to whom

"I resent the way Christmas has become the great time of family solidarity, reuniting us with our unsatisfying past. So this year I was going to spend Christmas at the baths."



cocktail napkins — the whole works. There were plates of pickles, cut veggies with a gaudy blueish-green dip, even Christmas cake — it, however, seemed a little short of the requisite amount of fruit and nuts.

Nobody but the staff was eating any of it. The rest of us seemed to interpret this modest attempt to create something of the festive spirit as a personal affront — it implied we had no place else to go, that this was the best we could do. I suddenly thought of the Christmas day footage all the local television news shows love so much: a group of derelicts or old people gathered together in a mission or church basement picking at their "hot Christmas dinner." I joined the line-up at the counter buying hot dogs and coffee.

This was not turning into a fun experience. I searched the halls for someone I might know, someone I

I can say almost anything, a luxury one never has with lovers.

"Rickie, how would you like to come up to my house and share a bottle of champagne I have in the fridge?"

"I thought you were going to the baths today."

"That's where I'm calling from but it's a drag and I want to leave. So what do you say?"

"It's pouring rain. I'd get drenched before I even got on a bus."

"You can take a cab. I'll pay."

"But I have to go to Brian and Ken's for supper and it's already getting late."

"Please. It's vintage, 1971. I'm dying here — totally unappreciated. Do you have any idea what it's like to be unappreciated on Christmas day?"

"Well, all right. But it will take me at least an hour. I have to finish up here first."

If I beg, Rickie gives in. He's a clever

tactician and always lets me win the unimportant contests of will.

I didn't want to sit at home waiting, so I decided to stay a bit longer and went back to my room. It was then I recognized someone I knew. He was a man I'd had sex with a number of times over the years; a big man, well over six-foot, handsome, but now a good 30 pounds overweight. He thought of himself as being very sexy, a real stud, and because he did, I did. He walked past my room six or seven times before he spoke, endearingly shy for a man who tried to look self-confident and cocky. What I love most about big men is the smallness inside that always peeks out, the hesitation that makes their big bodies seem like too-large overcoats they're never allowed to exchange for a better fit.

When he finally did speak, it was just a casual "Hi." The nonchalance was belied by the growing tent at the front of his towel and I invited him in.

We had a lot of fun, as we always do together. He talks dirty and makes it sound a product of his lust and not of an overripe porn novel. That turns me on, and our sex was very rough-and-tumble, with lots of wild groping, hard kisses, biting, and slapping. I've never been able to explain to some of my friends how rough sex can often be more loving and giving, more truly concerned with satisfying each other's need for closeness than so-called affectionate sex. But that's what I always feel with this man.

We were able to spend only a short time together. I had to get home to let Rickie in and my friend had a plane to catch for Los Angeles and his wife. All the same, our meeting had changed my day and I thanked him for coming in. He just smiled and kissed me good-bye.

I showered, dressed and raced off for home, wishing Tim a merry Christmas on my way out the door.

By the time Rickie arrived it was almost dusk. We sat in the living room drinking our champagne and munching on dark Upper Crust Christmas cake, sticky with exotic dried fruit and brandy, and in my best storyteller manner I related my day at the baths. It amused us both to hear me tell it. Less and less light penetrated through the rain as we chatted about everything and nothing, and we were soon sitting in darkness. I thought of reaching over and putting on the light but I didn't. In that dim room I felt very close to Rick, knew how much I loved him, and was glad I was spending part of that ridiculous day with him.

At 6:30 he decided it was time to leave for his dinner party. I turned on the light, walked him to the door and then went to bed for a little snooze til David returned.

My plans for this Christmas are still up in the air. I do know I am not going to spend the day with either my own or David's family. For part of the day I will be with good friends, I hope, people like Rickie. We'll eat very rich food, drink too much, and talk fast and loose.

Will I go to the baths? It depends how horny I am. □

Gay Books

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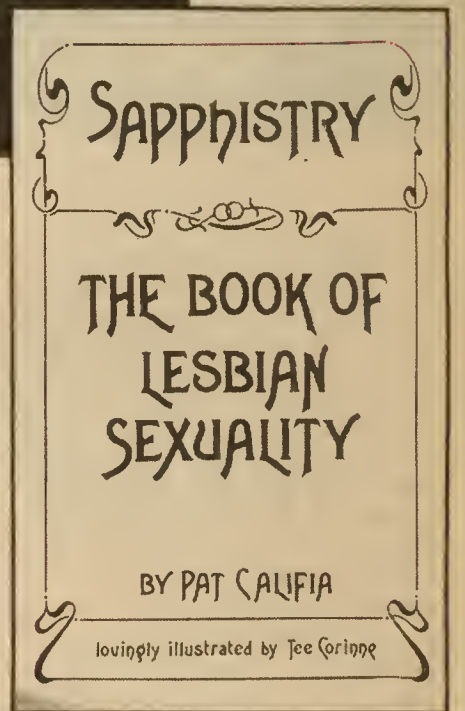
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